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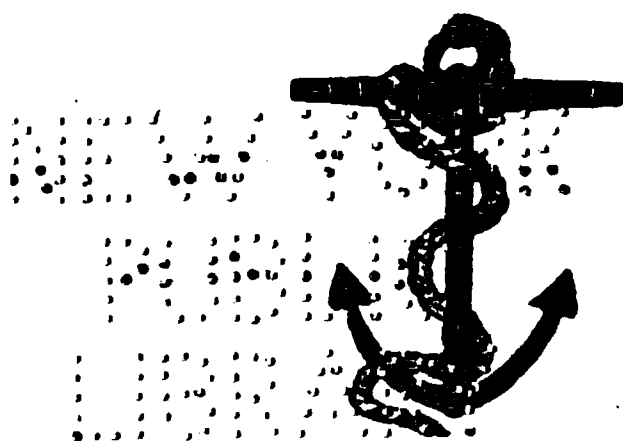
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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

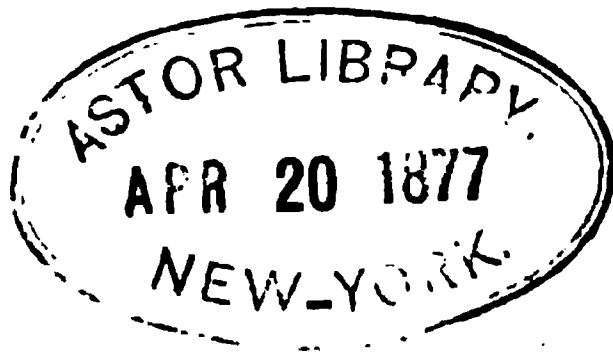
VOLUME THE SECOND.



"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

LONDON:
HUNT AND SON, 6, NEW CHURCH STREET, WEST,
EDGWARE ROAD.
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1853.



HUNT AND SON,
NEW CHURCH STREET, WEST,
EDGWARE ROAD,
LONDON.

P R E F A C E .

THE Second Volume of the *Yachting Magazine* is now completed, and it would be a dereliction of duty, and a trait of ingratitude, if I allowed this opportunity to pass without noticing the kind and generous assistance I have received from the contributors to this work—to individualize would be invidious—therefore to one and all I return my most grateful thanks.

The sale of this work is rapidly increasing, and although difficulties have been met with in its progress, I hope, by the aid of those for whom I have exclusively published, to steer this barque into the haven of prosperity, for which no exertion shall be needed to render it deserving.

THE PROPRIETOR.

December 1st, 1853.

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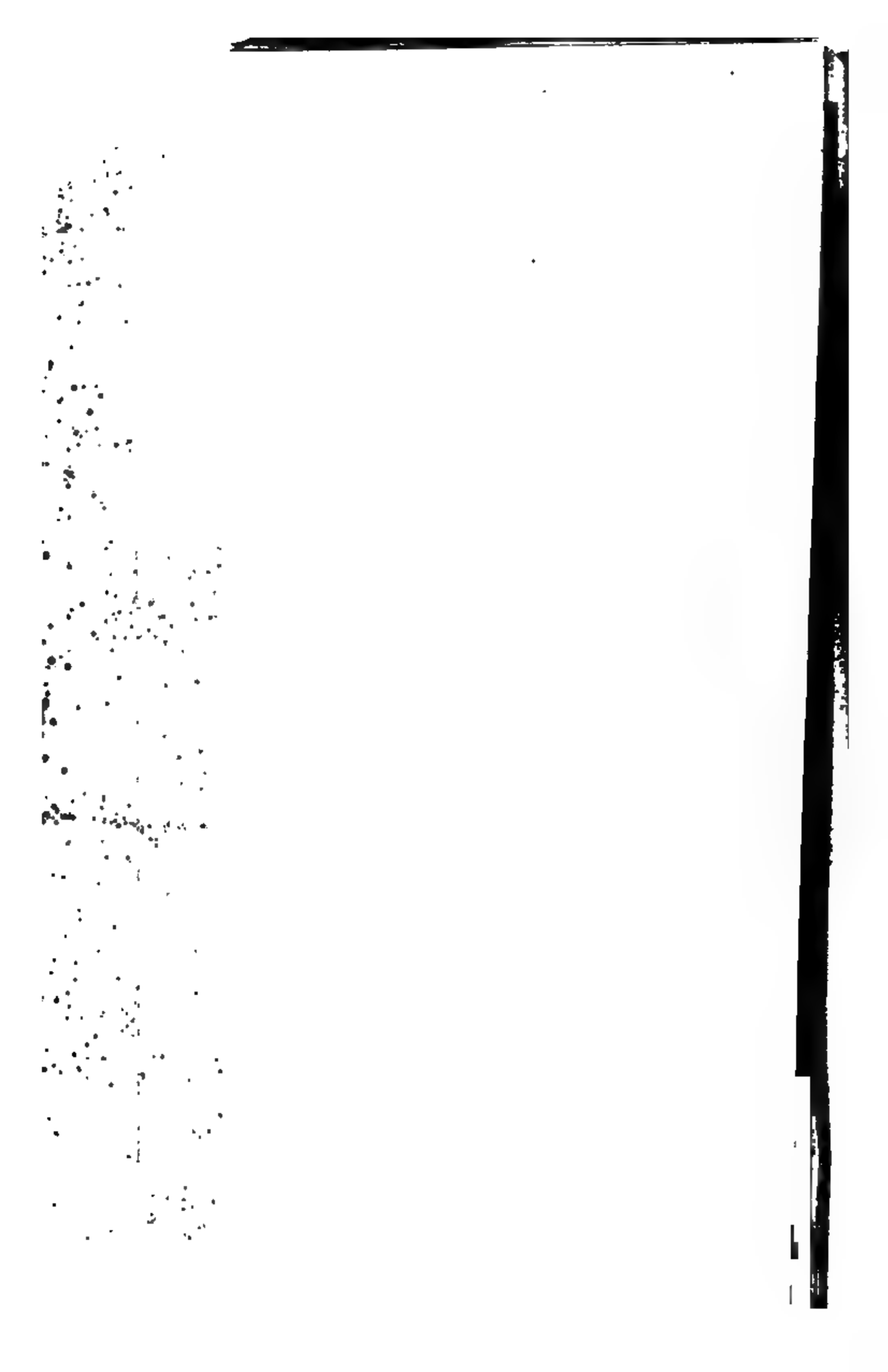
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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1853.

RACING RECORDS OF THE ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

(*Written expressly for this Magazine.*)

In our Number for February '53 (No. 7,) we laid before our readers an account of the origin of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, we now proceed to detail for their information the "racing records" of this ancient nautical society, accompanied by a chart of the harbour of Cork, drawn by Edmund T. Bricknell, Esq. We shall in our next number give copies of the old paintings of the "Water Club Fleet, by Monamy," executed more than a century ago for the then Earl of Inchiquin, and generously presented to the club, from the collection at Rostellan Castle, by the present Marquis of Thomond in 1849. The first regatta of this club of which we can at the moment obtain authentic record, took place in *July*, 1829. It commenced on Friday, *July* 24th, with a race for a prize of ten sovereigns for which were entered the following vessels:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Earl.....	9	H. Townsend, Esq.....	Cork.
Naiad.....	9	W. J. Coppinger, Esq.....	Cork.
Elizabeth.....	8	Edward Hoare, Esq.....	Cork.
Milesian.....	8	J. Morrogh, Esq.....	Cork.

Won by the *Naiad*.—The *Milesian* did not start.

Monday, July 27th, 1829.—There was a prize of 40 sovereigns for second class yachts under 45 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Young Paddy</i>	42	J. C. Beamish, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Peri</i>	27	J. Molony, Esq.....	Dublin.
<i>Liberty</i>	42	Earl of Errol.....	Southampton.
<i>Vampire</i>	44	Dennis George, Esq.....	Dublin.

Won by the *Young Paddy*.—*Peri* did not start.

Second race, a cup, value 30 sovereigns, for third class yachts, under 30 tons, for which three started.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Peri</i>	27	J. Molony, Esq.....	Dublin.
<i>Gannet</i>	29	T. P. Boland, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Fenella</i>	15	Capt. M. F. Berkeley.....	Southampton.

Won by the *Peri*.

Tuesday, July 28th.—A cup, value 25 sovereigns, for fourth class yachts, under 20 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Sally and Elizabeth</i>	18	T. Drew, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Fenella</i>	15	Capt. Berkeley.....	Southampton.
<i>Wild Irish Girl</i>	19	Jas. Hammon, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Giaour</i> ,.....	18	A. Hargrave, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Fancy</i>	14	J. Galway, Esq.....	Cork.

Won by the *Giaour*.

Wednesday, July 29th.—A prize of 60 sovereigns, for first class yachts, under 100 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Liberty</i>	42	Earl of Errol.....	Southampton.
<i>Vampire</i>	44	Dennis George, Esq.	Dublin.
<i>Young Paddy</i>	42	J. C. Beamish, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Juverna</i>	64	George O'Kelly, Esq.,.....	Dublin.
<i>Black Dwarf</i>	64	Pentheny O'Kelly, Esq.....	Dublin.
<i>Ganymede</i>	69	Lieut. Col. Madden.....	Dublin.

Won by the *Vampire*.

Black Dwarf, Juverna, and Ganymede, did not start.

Thursday, July 30th.—There was a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns, with 2 sovereigns entrance by each vessel.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Giaour.....	18	A. Hargrave, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.
Wild Irish Girl.....	19	J. Hammond, Esq.....	Cork.

Won by the *Zephyr*.

There was also a challenge cup, of the value of 100 sovereigns, for which the entries were withdrawn; the reason thereof we are not at present able to discover.

In the year 1830 the regatta commenced on *Friday, July 23rd*, Thomas Hewitt and B. R. Shaw, Esqrs., being secretaries thereof.

On the first day a cup value 30 sovereigns, for third class yachts not exceeding 30 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Wild Irish Girl.....	19	W. Congreve, Esq.....	Waterford.
Peri.....	27	J. Molony, Esq.....	Dublin.
Emerald	28	A. Daunt, Esq.....	Kinsale.
Altisidora.....	28	J. Saunders, Esq.....	Southampton.
Newgrove	24	M. O'Connell, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Passage.
Giaour	18	A. Hargrave, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Fenella</i>	15	Captain Berkeley.....	Cork.

The fog proved so thick upon this day that seven of the above named vessels returned to their moorings. The eighth though last, proved not to be the least, *Fenella*, gallantly held on, went round the prescribed course, and consequently won the cup.

The second race which took place was for a sweepstakes of one sovereign each with 10 sovereigns added by the committee, to be run for three times by sixth class yachts not exceeding 10 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Nymph.....	9	J. Bergen, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Pearl</i>	9	W. Roche, Esq.....	Cork.
Naiad.....	9	W. J Coppinger, Esq.....	Cork.
Medora	6	T. Berners, Esq.....	Waterford.

Won by the *Pearl* by half a bowsprit's length.

On the second day, *Saturday, July 24th*, a cup of the value of 40, sovereigns, brought to the starting buoys the following second class yachts not exceeding 45 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Peri.....	27	J. Malony, Esq.....	Dublin.
Druid.....	44	W. Latham, Esq.....	Liverpool.
Erin.....	32	R. Shaw, Esq.....	Cork.
Thetis.....	37	De Courcy O'Grady, Esq..	Cork.
Zephyr.....	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.

Won by the *Druid*.

A prize of a cup, value 20 sovereigns, was run by fourth class yachts, not exceeding 20 tons, and for which contended.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Wild Irish Girl.....	19	W. Congreve, Esq.....	Waterford.
Fenella.....	15	Captain Berkeley.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.
Giaour.....	18	A. Hargrave, Esq.....	Cork.
Red Rover.....	17	W. McCreight, Esq.....	Kinsale.

Won by the *Zephyr*.

Monday, July 26th.—Third day, the sports commenced with a race of fifth class yachts, not exceeding 15 tons, for a cup value 15 sovereigns, for which started.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Fancy	14	J. Galway, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Peri</i>	12	R. Mansfield, Esq.....	Castletownend
Sylph.....	12	R. McSwiney, Esq.....	London.
Camilla.....	14	T. Cherry, Esq.....	Waterford.

This cup was run for twice, and was ultimately won by the *Peri*.

The second race, a sweepstakes of two sovereigns each, with ten sovereigns added by the committee, brought out five competitors.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Wild Irish Girl.....	19	W. Congreve, Esq.....	Waterford.
<i>Fenella</i>	15	Captain Berkeley.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.
Emily.....	15	Lieutenant Keane, Esq.....	Dublin.
Red Rover.....	17	W. McCreight, Esq.....	Kinsale.

Won by *Fenella*, at 10 P.M.

Tuesday, July 27th, (the 4th day.)—The first class yachts exceeding 45 tons, started for a cup value 50 guineas.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Cork.
Paddy from Cork.....	99	J. C. Beamish, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Morning Star</i>	64	J. Smith-Barry, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	19	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.

The *Zephyr* appears to have been admitted here in order to make up the entry.—The cup was awarded by the stewards to the *Morning Star*. There was a sweepstakes on this day for third class yachts, not exceeding 30 tons, three sovereigns each, with fifteen sovereigns added by the committee, and for which were entered the *Wild Irish Girl*, *Peri*, *Emerald*, *Newgrove* and *Zephyr*; but for some reason, we have no authentic information what, this race did not take place.

The Regatta for the year 1831 commenced upon the 9th of August; and the first event which took place was a race for a cup of the value of 40 sovereigns, between second class yachts not exceeding 45 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Lalla Rookh</i>	34	Captain Westenra.....	London.
<i>Druid</i>	44	W. Latham, Esq.....	Liverpool.
<i>Adelaide</i>	42	W. Lander, Esq.....	Kinsale.
<i>Thetis</i>	37	The O'Grady, Esq.....	Carrigmahon.
<i>Peri</i>	26	J. Molony, Esq.....	Dublin.

Came in as follows: *Druid* No. 1, *Adelaide* No. 2, *Thetis* No. 3. The *Lalla Rookh* did not complete the entire course.

The second race was for yachts not exceeding 30 tons,—prize, a cup of the value of 30 sovereigns.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Blonde</i>	30	E. Townsend, Esq.....	Passage.
<i>Circe</i>	30	B. Verling, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Zephyr</i>	20	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Passage.
<i>Peri</i> ...	27	J. Molony, Esq.....	Dublin.
<i>Emerald</i>	28	A. Daunt, Esq.	Kinsale.

They came in as follows: *Emerald* No. 1, *Zephyr* No. 2, *Peri* No. 3, *Circe* No. 4.

The fifth class yachts, not exceeding 15 tons, competed for a cup value 15 sovereigns.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Pearl.....	15	T. Jervis, Esq.....	London.
Peri.....	12	Captain Mansfield.....	Castletownend
Colleen Rue.....	12	A. Morris, Esq.....	Cork.

Won by the *Colleen Rue*.

The second day, the 10th *August*, the first race which took place was for yachts of the first class, exceeding 45 tons.—The prize a cup value 50 sovereigns.—The following vessels started.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Dolphin.....	70	G. Courtenay, Esq.....	Cork.
Morning Star.....	64	J. Smith-Barry, Esq.....	Cork.
Elizabeth.....	65	J. Moore, Esq.....	Cowes.
Iris.....	75	T. Gregg, Esq.....	Belfast.

They came in as follows: 1st *Iris*, 2nd *Elizabeth*, 3rd *Dolphin*. The *Morning Star* kept the lead until she carried away the jaws of her gaff off Poor Head.

August 11th.—First class yachts exceeding 45 tons, (Irish build,) contended for a cup given by the club, of the value of 60 sovereigns.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
<i>Dolphin</i>	70	G. Courtenay, Esq.....	Cork.
<i>Morning Star</i>	64	J. S. Barry, Esq.....	Cork.

They started at 2 o'clock, and the *Dolphin* proved victorious.

Previous to the above race, upon the same day, the second class yachts not exceeding 45 tons, (Irish build) started for a challenge cup given by the club of the value of 40 sovereigns.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Blonde.....	30	E. Townsend, Esq... ..	Cork.
Zephyr.....	20	J. Phipps, Esq.....	Cork.
Circe	30	B. Verling, Esq.....	Cork.
Peri.....	27	J. Molony, Esq.....	Dublin.
<i>Adelaide</i>	42	W. Lander, Esq.	Kinsale.

They started at 12 o'clock. The cup was eventually won by the *Adelaide*.

This brings our records of this ancient and interesting yacht club up to the year 1831. In our next we shall resume them.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION; OR THE LOG OF THE PET.

(Continued from page 445, vol. 1.)

 BY R. E. H.

CHAPTER VII.

“ The flowers upon the mountain's side
 Like lonely spirits dwell,
 Where beauty finds a place to hide
 In many a secret cell.

“ And ye that stand in gloom profound
 Like sentries of the strand
 Ye everlasting hills around,
 A bold fraternal band.

“ And she that from her silver boat
 Leans o'er the summer sea,
 The moon takes up the glorious note
 In quiet majesty.”

Oh! what a lovely scene it was as we lay moored in Loch Ness on that still starlight night! Far away towards the last ray of the sun stretched the calm silvery lake, till the bright surface faded away and was lost in the gloom. On either margin the dark pines, the lake's eyelashes, threw a soft shade over the shining water, while the evening breeze came sighing from the lonely hills, harmonizing well with that sweet indescribable sadness so peculiar to lake scenery.

The Germans express sea and lake by the same word, with this difference, that when the ocean is meant “See” is feminine, but when it signifies a lake, by a singularly inapt caprice of language, the word becomes masculine.

But surely the bold majestic ocean, stern and lasting in his anger, rough and boisterous in his sport, with his rude massive features and deep sullen moods, has a right to be ranked amongst the sons of nature; while the fair peaceful lake, ruffled by every passing breeze, lulled to repose by one kind hour of calm and sunshine, gentle, beautiful, and capricious, should be numbered among the loveliest of her daughters.

It is a great delight to visit these beautiful scenes without all the common place nuisances and matter-of-fact associations of ordinary travel. We have nature all to ourselves, we see her in all her changing moods, and come upon her beauties without preface or advertisement, suddenly and unexpectedly, in a manner that adds greatly to the charm.

Those who go down to the lake in steam-boats, with carpet bags,

guide books, umbrellas, and Macintoshes, these men see little of the charms of nature, her wonders, and her power. A steward bustling by with a dirty table-cloth and a cup of coffee, or a stout old lady passenger with peppermint and a pair of pattens, or worst of all a conversational bagman with a limited stock of aspirates, these trifling nuisances are a wonderful antidote to the enjoyment of rock and mountain flood and fell.

However, on board a yacht, especially a very small one, it is not all sentiment: and the word, "All hands up anchor!" "All hands reef main-sail!" or "Middle watch tumble up," are enough to put to flight a whole flock of waking dreams, and so it was the next morning when we slipped from our moorings, and with a fine but contrary breeze began working to windward up the loch.

The length of Loch Ness is about twenty-four miles, and its greatest width I should think scarcely two. The hills though low are well wooded and beautifully carpeted with heather. Here and there a green patch of meadow land, or a narrow pebbly beach forms the margin of the lake, but generally the cliffs that hem it in go straight down in the boldest and most uncompromising manner. We frequently stood in till the bowsprit almost grazed the rocks, and once or twice when close in with the land we hove the lead and hit no bottom with 40 fathoms. In the middle the soundings reach 135 fathoms, a depth far beyond the height of the surrounding hills, and greater than is found in any part of the German Ocean.

At the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, the waters of the lake were greatly agitated. Loch Ness must doubtless hide some strange secrets in her depths. Heaven protect us from exploring them!

The wind was strong, and sudden squalls fresh from the heather came rushing round every headland, and down every valley, shifting sometimes five points in one capricious gust: the sun shone bright, we had no lee tide to fear, and our zigzag course as we worked to windward compelled us to flit from shore to shore so as to leave scarcely one object of interest unseen.

The morning passed pleasantly enough, and we could not but congratulate ourselves that we had persevered in our voyage instead of idling about the regattas, and haunting the well known waters of the Solent or Weymouth Bay.

About half way up the lake on the south side is the Fall of Foyers. We made the *Pet* fast to a post, and rowed up the stream almost to the foot of the falls in the dingy.

This is a spot doubtless described in every guide book, and Burns

has written some poetry about it, so I shall content myself with saying that the stream takes a bold plunge about seventy feet, the water stained with peat is as dark as Acheron, and the whole place has a most murderous and suicidal look.

We staid an hour or two, and would gladly have remained longer, but one of those showers from which no Scottish day seems to be exempt drove us to take refuge in our cabin. Hull down to windward was an old sloop battling with the breeze, a long hour she fought and never budged an inch to windward; happily for her just as we came up the wind fell, and with oars and boat she was enabled to drag her lazy length along! The roar of another waterfall enticed us to row ashore, and we found one scarcely inferior to that of Foyers. But the nymph of the stream had a tawny complexion and a vile hang-dog look, so we bade her adieu and rowed off. Daylight had now left us, but we could distinguish the *Pet's* lights in the dark shadow of the cliffs, and we could hear the cabin boy singing about the "Poor little fisherman's boy so far away from home."

We were soon on board, and despatched our boatswain in the dingy to find the eye of the canal, which could not now be far distant; but to our surprise nothing would induce him to go a hundred yards from the vessel: in vain the order was repeated, nothing would get him away from the bowsprit end.

On enquiry it turned out that Jack, a hardy young sea-dog, who never shewed fear or hesitation, but would go over the bows to seize a broken link in the bobstay when every pitch sent him under water, who never asked or cared where we were bound or what weather we encountered, was afraid of ghosts!

The eye of the canal is a wall-eye, and very blind, showing no light in summer nights. It is consequently very hard to find, and when discovered presents by no means an imposing spectacle.

In a pelting shower we towed in, and having made all fast and snug, had just retired to rest as a hoarse old clock at Fort Augustus proclaimed the witching hour.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The de'il himsell would fly for fear.
O' my spouse Nancy."

AT FORT Augustus a staircase of five lochs leads from the lake to the canal. In ascending, the rush of water causes vessels to range a great

deal, and much care is required, especially for a yacht, whose long projecting spars are always getting into danger, or threatening to open a set of extempore cabin windows in the stern frames of her companions.

Our consorts in the loch were so excessively dirty, and so redolent of stale herrings, bilge water, and abomination, that we were induced to decline their proposals to go shares in horse-power for towing; and leaving the *Pet* to perform an elaborate toilette we went ashore to reconnoitre the place and buy fresh provisions.

Delusive hope! A butcher's (Scottice "flesher's") shop in the Highlands is a scene before which the stoutest heart would quail. The mutton has a villanous half-starved accidental look about it; broken hearts, evil livers, deceitful lights, and other such "doggery" lie straggling about, with a few skulls and trotters here and there, and a plentiful sprinkling of blood and bones, like a lion's den in a Mediæval picture.

Giving up all hopes in this quarter we were enticed by a loud cackling to a shepherd's cottage. In front of the door was the mixon, and on the mixon were the poultry. Considering eggs to be the logical *sequitur* of cocks and hens, we entered the hole which officiated for a door, and encountering two women who might have been handsomer, but could scarcely have been dirtier, we asked for eggs. A torrent of Gaelic led us to conclude that our request was understood, yet courteously denied; but after a short consultation in the unknown tongue both the ladies decamped and left us as we thought alone, and with leisure to look around us.

The hut, about ten feet square, was constructed of mud, without door or chimney, a hole supplying the place of each; in the middle was a peat fire; *souvenirs* of various quadrupeds and fowls, were perceptible on all sides; on some shelves were a few culinary vessels and some books, and, oh horror! something alive. In the name of all that's hideous what, what on earth is that? On a sort of swing cot or upper shelf slung from the ceiling, enveloped in rags, lay an old woman munching something, composed or rather decomposed of cabbage. She nodded pleasantly at us, but the sight was too much, and we bolted, leaving the old lady "to sate herself in her celestial bed and prey on garbage."

Outside the door we met one of the women with an apron full of eggs; these we bought, and persuaded a lovely little Effie Deans lassie who emerged from a hole to carry our prize to the *Pet*.

Having seen the three generations, childhood, womanhood, and old age, we might have wondered what magic could have converted so much grace and beauty into such hideous deformity; but the smoke, the dirt, and the stench solved the problem and left little to wonder at, but much to deplore.

The eggs after all were no great prize, either absence of chalk in the soil, or some organic defect in the hens rendered the shells so soft that they let the dirt through: at all events they tasted strong of peat, and were transferred from the cabin to the fore-castle, where I hope they were approved of.

To the westward of Loch Ness, the hills on either side of Glen More Nan Albyn continue to increase in height, and the bed of the canal rises step by step, till at Loch Oich it attains an elevation of 100 feet above the level of the sea.

Five miles of towing from Fort Augustus brought us to this lake; a long narrow strip of water shut in by high heather-clad hills.

A fair wind soon drove us through the straight league which forms the length of Loch Oich. The rain and mist rendered it impossible to see much of the banks, but I think I remember to have made out a lonely ruined tower, peering through the fog on the starboard hand.

At the south-west end of Loch Oich the first downward step is taken, and about two miles of canal lead to Loch Lochie, the third and last of the lakes.

In constructing the canal it was found necessary to form an entirely new channel for the river Lochie, and to raise the surface of the lake, which is ten miles in length, twelve feet above its natural height.

This fact alone will convey some idea of the difficulties that were encountered and overcome in this vast undertaking, and will in some measure diminish our astonishment at the enormous expenses of the work.

On the south-west side of the loch, Ben Nevis shews his veteran head, now silvered over with snow. A strong cold wind was blowing from the hills, with every now and then a furious squall of wind and rain. In one of these, we and the vessels in company, were compelled to lower our main-sails and run into the mouth of the canal under the fore-sail and a scrap of the peak.

Here we hired horse-power, and proceeded at a brisk trot down to Neptune's Staircase, at Banavie. The horse, an obstinate brute, had not proceeded far, before he was seized with a strong desire to make an excursion across country. The *Pet*, however, with her seven tons of iron ballast, her stores and live cargo, did not consider herself in hunting condition, and obstinately refused to jump. A torrent of Gaelic maledictions recalled the horse to a sense of his position, and we proceeded on our course.

At first it seems very strange to exchange the wild winds for a galloway, and the rude waves for the still waters of the canal; to pass

among houses, roads, and hedges; under bridges covered with grinning young savages and taunt Highland lassies; over bridges beneath which the mountain trout-stream is rushing; instead of Neptune's barren pastures where the huge grampus snorts and the slimy porpoise rolls, to see green peaceful meadows, with sheep and oxen grazing around us; instead of wild bare rocks, tufted with scanty locks of shaggy sea-weed, to look out from our cabin windows and see a flowery bank covered with the heather-bell, the fox-glove, and the clematis; instead of working the reckoning, scanning the clouds to windward, heaving the deep-sea lead, standing on the cross-tree watching for a land-fall, or turning out in hot haste to haul down another reef, or get a pull on the weather runner tackles, we have now only to loll on the deck and enjoy the *dolce far niente*, to mark the succession of hill and valley, to dive into the *Pet's* library and haul out a cherished volume, *Friends in Council* or *Hyperion*, *Thoughts in Past Years*, or *Locksley Hall*, *Uhland* or *Redwitz*; to write long gossiping letters to distant friends, or to indulge in bright anticipations from the post-office at Fort William, and the prospect of good news from home.

Arrived at Banavie, we entrusted the *Pet* to our crew with orders to get her through the locks, and walked off across the moor to Fort William.

CHAPTER IX.

"Ich weiss nicht was es soll bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin:
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

A WRETCHED disconsolate place is Fort William; standing at the foot of Ben Nevis, whose head breaks every cloud that comes scudding up with the west wind from the Atlantic, it is constantly drenched with rain, the only form it would seem in which water comes in contact with the inhabitants. The place however, is to an Englishman, eminently foreign and characteristic; the kilt is more worn; Gaelic is spoken universally, and ample opportunities are afforded for acquiring a knowledge of the national musical instrument, which I shall describe as the "Caledonian Violin."

At the post-office our eager eyes were gratified by the sight of a bundle of letters. We read them, and walked back through the "dreary, dreary moorland," to the *Pet*. It rained and the wind was never weary. What a dark desolate walk it was! and at last when we reached Banavie

we found the *Pet* impounded in the seventh lock, there to lie through the whole of Sunday till Monday's sun should dawn, as the Scotch lockmen, either from laziness or a superstitious notion not uncommon amongst the less well informed Presbyterians, had struck work on Saturday at sunset. A wretched melancholy time we had of it! The foul drainings of the soil distilling through the dank stone-work of the lock, dripped incessantly and made most dismal music, in tune with devilish and suicidal imaginations.

The strong impassable barriers which superstition and vile prejudice had closed, shut us out from many a fair anchorage and smooth peaceful bay, and the pleasant prospect rendered our dreary, chilly, disconsolate abode, still more painful and intolerable.

The morning brought us an angry quarrel with the captain of one of our companions in misfortune, whose lubberly neglect had rendered the *Pet's* position dangerous as well as disgusting.

The evening, more auspicious, was honoured by a visit from some English travellers, who begged permission to come on board the yacht, and the long unheard sound of a lady's voice in the *Pet's* cabin, cheered all hands and banished blue devils for a time.

Monday morning.—Salt water once more! hurrah my lads, get sail upon her and let her move again. Away she goes with the spars bending to the breeze, the bright foam under the bows, and the lee-rail in the water, all hands rejoicing in the freedom of sea room and salt water, carrying on till we tremble for the bowsprit, quake for the topmast, and suffer martyrdom for the boom. Away flies the merry little *Pet*, and in three tacks has reached Fort William, and is riding to her anchor, while her consorts in the loch are still debating the propriety of engaging a steam-tug or waiting for the tide.

While we lay anchored at Fort William, the cutter, *Talisman*, R.Y.S., came in from the westward, and brought up close to us.

On board a merchant schooner near us, an angry discussion was going on between the captain and his dog; as long as the dispute was confined to foul language, the captain of course had the best of the encounter, but as soon as blows began, and brute met brute, then came the tug of war. A good honest bite at first gave the dog the advantage, and made his adversary take refuge in flight, but soon gaining courage again, he caught the dog by the heels and hove him overboard. It was a stout Newfoundland, and at first found it very good fun, but having swum round and round the schooner till he could swim no more, he began to howl piteously, and utter something very like the strong swimmer's bubbling cry; a last effort he made, swam off to the *Pet*,

and was taken up. The captain, whose hand perhaps hurt him, called out "If you touch that dog, I'll touch you." No reply—but the dog shook himself and looked particularly jolly. "If you take up that dog, I'll take up you." The captain's mind was evidently of an antithetical but somewhat limited order. No reply. "If you don't heave that dog over, I'll heave you over." The captain's ideas were now exhausted, and as our lads made no answer, but laughed and played with the dog, he walked up and down his deck muttering and holding his damaged hand. At length a boat came with a civil message, begging that the dog might be sent. The brute, who seemed to be of a forgiving disposition, jumped into the boat in high good humour, and lived to fight again another day.

"There," said our pilot, as we were dropping down from Fort William, towards Corran Ferry, "Do ye see yon brown hill with the white spot upon it? It was there two young Englishmen perished with cold, one September night. They were seen last at a house only a few miles off, where they stopped to eat and drink, and in the morning, one of the shepherds, about daylight, fell in with them on the hill. He did na' go nigh till he had found somebody to bear him company. Then they went back to the spot, and found the two lads both stone dead, with their watches going and their money in their pockets."

"A bit of Scotch caution that, was'nt it pilot, to leave the poor fellows there, dying perhaps, while he went to look for company?"

The pilot did not seem to like this view of the case, but replied "Nay, they was like to be dead," and pretending to be anxious about the course, took the helm and sulked. A glass of whiskey soon restored his good humour, and set him chatting. On passing Corran Ferry, the scene probably of the old ballad so well rendered by Campbell, in his "Chieftain to the Highlands bound;" we asked if he had heard of the legend. "Nae," he answered, "there's mony a lad and lassie too, gone to the Lord that gate."

Meanwhile the *Pet* was making the most of the capricious winds, one moment running before a light favouring breeze, the next, taken flat a-back with every impatient sail shivering, every rope and block rattling in noisy confusion, as the sudden gust came snorting from the hills. Our pilot did not fail to keep the crew at work, but retaining one reef in the main-sail, he had the gaff-top-sail up and down between every squall, and stole every inch of eddy and slack water that he could find. Our companions in the loch had got a good start while we were anchored off Fort William, but now we overhauled them one after the other, and having succeeded in getting over the bridge near Corran Ferry, before

the strength of the flood, we had the satisfaction of seeing them give it up as a bad job, and let go their anchors for a six hours' snooze.

The country here is marvellously wild and rugged, the passage very intricate, the tides strong and irregular. The loch is about two miles wide, with deep bays, projecting reefs, and black off-lying rocks. On a point west of Corran Ferry, we passed the wreck of a smack looking very dismal and woe-begone.

With longing looks we left the entrance to Loch Leven, perhaps the most beautiful spot in the Highland coasts; but the season was now stealing away, the nights were growing longer and darker, and we were anxious to get our little craft round the Land's End, before the Equinoxials.

"Sir," called the pilot, "come on deck if you please. That's the Leddie Light, and a waefu' rock is the Leddie Rock;"—but I cannot write Scotch, nor can I give the picturesque action of our good pilot, as he stood with the stump of his lost arm over the tiller, and his one hand pointing to the scene of his tale of cruelty.

At the entrance to Loch Linnhe, lies a dreary and isolated reef of rocks: it is bare at low water and the jagged crags stand thick and close, like so many black grave stones in memory of many a poor lost wayfarer of the sea. At half-flood, five tides meet and roar round the waste lonely spot, and at high water nothing but the white and broken sea appears to tell where the hidden danger lies.

At some little distance on the northern side of the entrance to Loch Linnhe, stand the dark weather-worn ruins of a feudal castle. Many a tale might they relate of stormy winter nights, when the fierce blast of the Atlantic beat upon their lonely towers, and many a fearful story of man's still more stormy passions, many a foul deed could they record of cruelty and crime.

In bygone times, a lord of the castle had wedded a daughter of the great Lord of A——, and they lived for some years on that wild sea-beaten crag in much apparent peace and contentment; for the lady was young and fair, and they were wealthy as times went. A cloud however began in time to overshadow their happiness, and the Lord of D——'s love grew cold. Still outwardly no sign of strife appeared, only the sweet leddie was noticed to look pale and sad, to spend much of her time in prayer, and to bestow her alms more largely than ever on the poor. Dark rumours however were whispered abroad, and a glance of pity was mingled with the respectful obeisance of the peasants, when the gentle and gracious dame went by.

It is reported that one evening after a day of more than usual sullen-

ness on the part of the laird, and sadness of the leddie, his lordship appeared suddenly to regret his unkindness, and going up to her with well-acted gaiety, begged her to bring her lute, and come with him to row in his boatie, as they used to do in happier days.

A brightness came over the lady's face as she joyfully consented, the light of love and hope was renewed, but it passed away even more rapidly than it came, leaving her deadly pale; and it was marked by some, that as soon as she had quitted her lord's presence she never smiled again, but gave presents to her attendants and spoke kindly to them all before she went.

As night came on, the wind rose, and darkness brooded over the waters, but the laird was a skilful boatman and no danger was feared. At length however, he returned, pale, haggard, trembling, and alone! The old porter asked for his leddie, but his lord cursed him and walked on. Presently he declared with many signs of grief, that the lady had been drowned in attempting to land upon the rock.

Dark rumours were spread about, but a splendid funeral was made, and all men spoke of the beauty of the unhappy lady and lamented her luckless destiny.

The sorrowing husband had not neglected to apprise the lady's kinsmen of her fearful end, and a bark had arrived from Inverary bringing the condolences of the lord her father, and begging the bereaved widower to quit for a while the scene of the disaster, and share his sorrow with those who were nearest and dearest to his lamented bride.

It is said that the unhappy man quailed before the eye of the sturdy messenger, and long he hesitated; for well he knew in his foul murderous heart, that he had left his wife to perish on the island rock. The cold chill of terror was already on his heart, and he dreaded to meet the gaze of his lady's kin; but still more he dreaded to live alone in the desolate rocky castle, where every hoarse murmur of the ocean seemed to him like the groans of the dying, and the shrill voice of the wind among the turrets, sounded like the low, piteous and imploring cry of a woman in the agony of death.

He went, and was received with splendour and hospitality, but it seemed not like a house of mourning; for as he entered the banquetting hall, he beheld a glittering throng of lords and ladies; the whole house of A——— was assembled in state to greet the afflicted man. But what tall white slender figure is it that his eye has in a moment singled out from the throng? and why does he stand with quivering limbs and straining eyes, staring like one possessed on that pale and spirit-like form? "Hell and fury," he mutters, "it is she!"

A hundred swords are flashing in the air, a hundred voices shout to arrest the murderer; but Cain's mark is upon him, and with his bright sword glittering on high, he forces his way unharmed through the crowd, and dashing aside knight and lacquey gains the coast, seizes a horse and gallops to the coast. In vain the lady's brothers follow on his track, he has reached the harbour and is already at sea. All hell seems to befriend the murderer, devils gave speed to his horse, and witches and warlocks lend wings to his barque. Wounded and bleeding, but free from mortal hurt, he reached his rocky fastness where none could follow. And there we will leave him, to curse the wandering bullet that only wounded but did not kill, and the ill-poised falchion, that had gored his side but had not pierced his heart.

The lady's part of the tale was never revealed, she had loved him in weal, and had loved him in woe. The crew of a fishing boat passing at night, when the last black fragments of rock were still peering above the rising waves, and the five tides were battling for her life, had heard her cries, and with much fear and terror, for they thought it was a spirit, had gone to her rescue, and had carried her in safety to her father's castle, near Inverary.*

The Leddie Lighthouse is erected on the island to mark the rock, and the passing mariner thinks of his own dear lassie far away, and marvelling greatly, gives a wide berth to the Leddie Rock.

Gazing on that light, a yachtsmen might with a little variation quote the words of Byron.

“Oh! when alone along the sky
That turret-light is blazing high
Tho' rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn us home,
We cannot see, we cannot hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear.”

There is certainly at times nothing so welcome as a lighthouse, whether built on a lake or an ocean danger.

(*To be continued.*)

* For the truth of this legend I of course am not answerable, I repeat it in all important particulars just as it was told me, and I have purposely refrained from inquiring into names and dates, hoping for the honour of Scotland and of manhood, that it may not be authentic; “But nae,” said the pilot, “it is only too true.”—R.E.H.

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(Continued from page 422, vol. 1.)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WE MUST now take a turn amongst the recent dancers. In the recess of one of the windows, surrounded and partly concealed by twining wreaths and flowering shrubs, were seated St. Leon and the beautiful Eleanor. For the first time in his life Godfrey felt himself inspired with emotions of which he had never before experienced the influence; and, as his enraptured senses drank in each liquid tone of that fair girl's voice, his eyes following each movement of her graceful form, love, pure, devoted, passionate love, for that sweet and guileless being, took possession of his every faculty. This was not that febrile heating of the imagination which so infects the atmosphere of ball rooms, nor yet that inordinate love of conquest which exists amongst the gay parasites of the *beau monde*, for Godfrey St. Leon was but in his novitiate, and those pure feelings which had been fostered by the hand of nature during his ocean wanderings, had not become corroded by the cankering vices of fashionable life; no, it was that passion, which when first excited in the breast of a strong man, causes its object to be regarded in the light of an indivisible and necessary adjunct to existence.

"When do you purpose leaving our island, Captain St. Leon?" enquired his companion, raising her eyes timidly, and gazing with ingenious simplicity on the dark features of the handsome young sailor.

"That depends much on circumstances, Miss Graham:" answered Godfrey. "I am indeed, I may say, a child of destiny, alone in this wide and dreary world without many to be either affected by my absence or rendered gladsome by my presence. Yes! yes!" he cried, "I am wrong! I had well nigh forgotten two friends, indeed I may say three, but that one of them is inanimate, and requires a ministering spirit to vitalize her: it is of my vessel, my pretty *Fairy* that I speak," continued he, gazing earnestly at Eleanor; "she is always the same to

me, and when annoyances or troubles e'er vex me on the land, she bears me in her canvas-shrouded bosom afar through the broad and bright blue ocean, and soothes my disturbed spirit with the zephyr's lullaby, as we pass, like fleeting shadows, o'er each gently heaving wave. But, Miss Graham, pray pardon me! I am becoming melancholy in my musings; thoughts like these are not calculated for such gay scenes, as regatta balls."

"Nay, but I do like to hear you speak so fondly of your vessel, or of aught that belongs to the wild, wild sea! oh! that I were a man! and then I should be a sailor," cried Eleanor laughing gaily at her own conceit: "But Captain St. Leon! you have nearly forgotten your other two friends, pray who are they?"

"Oh, thank you for reminding me of them! I almost believe they are not wholly unknown to you. When I mention the names of Ronald Renshaw and his wife Elspeth, I think I am but recalling to your memory old friends also, at least if I am to credit what Rony tells me. But are you really so very fond of the sea Miss Graham?"

"Oh so fond! so very very fond! I could wish to be always sailing o'er its wide expanse."

"Ay, it is indeed a glorious life, but like all things sublunary it has its lights and shadows. The ocean is a fickle mistress, but withal I love her much. So sublimely beautiful in her moments of repose. So coy and gentle then; and yet in her anger how very terrible! I have seen her in all her phases, but never yet had cause to regret the day I devoted my life to her service. Ay! 'tis a glorious sight, Miss Graham, to see the howling tempest sweeping o'er the troubled deep, to witness the wild rebellious waves tossing their giant heads in proud defiance, as if to mock the powers of heaven, to feel one's self in the reckless combat of the elements, as the child of that watery wilderness, whilst piloting some noble ship through the appalling contest. But then comes her fickleness, for who could suppose when gazing upon her unruffled bosom, that the waves which had so gallantly borne the brave barque against the crushing fury of the hurricane, could cruelly penetrate the storm-tortured hull of that groaning fabric, but to wile it to the embrace of her fathomless depths. Still do I love the glorious ocean, and fain would I meet with a being of kindred spirit to sail with me in my bonny little bark, one who like myself would be moved with the same inspirations, as we glided o'er the deep sea wave; one who would be actuated by the same impulses amidst her storms and her calms. Then indeed, should I feel, not the deserted lonely rover of the ocean that I do now; but happy—oh! how happy! ay! and would fly afar from the crowded haunts of weary plotting man,

and betake myself with such a companion to that home, the only one a sailor should have, where apart from all strife, I would have my own little world, within whose fairy circle naught should enter to remind me of the servile machinations of the abhorred shore; but, with the blue canopy above, and the trackless waters around me, my lonely spirit to commune with, during my wanderings from clime to clime, I'd lead a joyous happy life, roaming like a free unshackled sea-bird o'er the pathless deep, guarding with watchful foresight my floating home, which, blessed with the pure presence of such a gentle mate, I would render a fairy palace to be envied by the very mermaids as it cleft its way through the crystal waters covering their coral caves. Say, Miss Graham! could *you* pass such a life with one you loved?"

The suddenness of the question coming so quickly after the fanciful description of the wished for ocean home, which Eleanor had listened to with evident delight, so completely confused her that some moments elapsed ere she could summon resolution to enquire the meaning of, what seemed to her, so strange an enquiry; and when she raised her eyes to those of her companion, they wore such a cold and dignified expression that Godfrey shrunk abashed, as if he had been guilty of some fearful crime.

"Nay dearest Ele——, Miss Graham! pardon me, indeed! indeed! I meant not to offend you," said he, the veins on his forehead swollen almost to bursting, with the crimson torrent of confusion. "On my soul, I did not! forgive me! do forgive me! I love you fondly, devotedly as e'er man could love! sweetest angel of my hope, listen and plunge me not in utter misery;—every thought—every wish—every hope is for you, dearest idol of my heart!—say! say! my beautiful,—may your fond Godfrey believe that he is not that unthought of, uncared for wanderer he has heretofore been!" And he took her unresisting hand in his, as with impassioned and eager gaze he strove to read his fate in those downcast eyes, or anticipate his answer from the tumultuous heavings of that fair young bosom. But what need of fear had he? Poor Lily:—sweet beauteous flow'ret of Mona's lovely Isle, with what rapturous emotions didst thou hear that confession of pure, pure love; a meet exchange for that which thou hadst already bestowed. And, there, in that perfumed arbour, surrounded by a giddy heartless crowd, unobserved (save by one,) did the handsome St. Leon and the beautiful Eleanor Graham plight their mutual vows of "first love".

We have said that Eleanor and St. Leon were observed by one person in that large assemblage; nay more, they were closely watched, and their last words indistinctly overheard; but those flushed looks, (sad

tell-tales of excited feelings,) too easily filled up any blanks in their whispered converse. Constance Meriton, leaning upon Lord Sefton's arm, had beckoned to her father as he re-entered the room, and had been standing for some time, apparently in deep abstraction, near the recess in which the plighted pair were seated. Sir Charles, who had suddenly taken a great fancy to Lord Sefton, was conversing with him in such animated tones, as to astonish Constance at the very moment when her faculties were relieved from the task of unravelling the secret of the occupants of the window: but she had brought her father to that particular part of the room for a special purpose, so that until that was accomplished she did not bestow a thought upon the cause of this suddenly created friendship for a man whom she knew he considered to be a plodding, quiet fool, and whom she looked upon as the very quintessence of all that was tame and spiritless in the sex.

She was not long delayed in the accomplishment of her object, for the "Ton-Major" having looked in vain for St. Leon, and also discovering Eleanor Graham's absence from the dancers, seized Sir Harold De Walden's arm, during a momentary cessation of the votaries of Terpsichore, ostensibly for the purpose of a promenade, but in reality to discover the whereabouts of her truant Captain, whom, now that she had altered the plan of her campaign, she was anxious to lose no time in subjecting to the blandishments of some of her more immediate *protégés*. In a moment the observant eye of Mrs. Nicholson discovered our friend Godfrey and "Nelly Graham," in the shaded recess; when outrageous at being, as she thought, outmanœuvred by the simple Manx girl, she waved all rules of etiquette, and walking hastily towards them exclaimed, "Well now, really Captain St. Leon, this is too bad, here have I been most anxious to introduce you to several ladies, friends of mine, who are very desirous of being presented to the hero of our regatta, and lo! here I find you doing nothing but —— oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Graham I perceive!" said she with a contemptuous sneer, "I was not aware of your being so profitably engaged."

Godfrey's features crimsoned as he listened to the utterance of this cool impertinence, levelled not only at himself, but at her he now valued so much more: had one of the male sex so transgressed, we much fear from the excited roll of the young sailor's eye, a tragedy might have ended the festivities of the evening. Restraining himself, however, with admirable tact, he smilingly said as he bowed profoundly to the "Ton-Major."

"I am much indebted to you, my dear Mrs. Nicholson, for the delightful evening I have so far spent, yet I much fear I have been the

means of depriving Miss Graham of a great deal of amusement, for do you know I have discovered in her an old acquaintance, and, as you have just said, my dear madam, a most profitable one. We have been conversing much about our mutual chosen element the sea: pray Miss Graham, allow me!" said he, offering his arm, and leaving the window St. Leon deposited the trembling Eleanor beside Mr. Elton. Walking slowly back, a malicious smile playing on his lips as he observed Hayward and Marvin standing near, he said to the "Ton-Major" with a sneer equally as measured as her own had been, "Now, Mrs. Nicholson, Captain St. Leon is much at your disposal amongst the 'eligible young ladies' whom you appear to be so interested about."

Mrs. Nicholson had seldom found herself in such a dilemma, but she felt that having been the aggressor, she was quite at the mercy of the auditory of St. Leon's speech; in fact, that she stood unveiled before them all; and accordingly she presented a most ludicrous picture of confusion, which was much increased by the loud merriment of Commodore de Walden, who discovered at once the predicament in which she had placed herself, and much enjoyed the acuteness displayed by Godfrey in so adroitly turning the "Ton-Major's" weapons against herself. Resuming immediately, however, her usually bland and most fawning manner, she assured him she had several most delightful partners in view for him,—“Pray allow me,” said she, (relinquishing the Commodore's arm and taking that of St. Leon,) “to present you to one for the next quadrille;” and before he could express a wish to remain spectator of such a solemn procession, she had led him to where Constance Meriton stood.

“Miss Meriton, will you permit me to introduce Captain St. Leon? Sir Charles, may I present to you the hero of our regatta, in fact, the Lion, or at least Leon of our party.”

Constance curtsied low, and smiled her sweetest smile; and immediately fixed her attention upon her father's demeanour, as if she expected him to make some peculiar demonstration upon his introduction to St. Leon. Whatever might have been her expectations, however, they were doomed to be disappointed, for Sir Charles, just deigning a haughty salute, scarcely noticed the young sailor, as taking Lord Sefton's arm within his, he sauntered slowly away.

The amazing condescension of the heiress of Meriton quite astonished our friend Godfrey, who had observed the haughty beauty upon more than one occasion during the evening, but with feelings not at all predisposing him to seek for an introduction. Now, however, having been in a manner forced into one, he felt it incumbent upon him to shake off

all those sentiments of repugnance, and make himself as agreeable as any man could under the circumstances of his recent tête-à-tête. Judge of his surprise, therefore, when he found that instead of being called upon to accommodate his conversation to the disgusting frivolities of a fashionable coquette, he became himself the entranced listener to a fascinating eloquence, of which none knew better the all-powerful influence than the deeply accomplished Constance Meriton. Each taste, each predilection, each feeling, was skilfully developed by her subtle comments:—each shore to which the duties of his profession had led him, many of which she had herself visited, were again trod retrospectively, and those which she had not were spoken of with such a degree of confidence, that he found himself involuntarily giving expression to his unqualified admiration of her extensive knowledge. Her heart bounded with revengeful pride as she observed that the impression which she was so desirous of making upon St. Leon was nearly if not entirely successful, and she smiled in triumph as she thought that a contrast of mental powers at least, would place her equal, if not superior, to her so dangerously beautiful rival. Have any of our readers, at any period of their lives, experienced a feeling of unaccountable admiration taking the place of a secret dislike, nourished against some one person, of whom their previous personal knowledge did not at all warrant such a feeling, and which in many instances is entertained where the object of our dislike is on the contrary deserving of our esteem. But where, as in this instance, that feeling was engendered by an aversion to an aristocratic assumption of superiority by a giddy-pated daughter of the “Ton,” we may well imagine the revulsion which took place in Godfrey’s feelings towards Constance, as each newly started topic of conversation but further served to exhibit to him her many and varied acquirements, and showed him how very much in error one may be in forming a judgment of any individual unaided by personal knowledge; and Constance, could she have read his thoughts, would have been gratified to know that he did contrast her with Eleanor Graham, but the conclusion he arrived at might have shrouded her further cause of congratulation with a doubt of her ultimate success.

Supper was now announced, and Godfrey seated beside Constance became more and more bewildered by the subtle web she so craftily wove around him. He felt himself, as it were, becoming a traitor to vows scarce yet many minutes spoken, and the crimson blush of guilt was already on his brow, as conscience, that busy Mentor, asked him but too plainly “have you won but to deceive.”—At this moment he caught the eyes of Eleanor fixed upon him with a sweet look of affection, and starting

from his seat with a strong effort, he offered his arm to Constance to re-conduct her to the ball-room; where having seated her beside her mother he bowed coldly and hurried from her side.—Ha! ha! laughed Constance, as an angler would say, “ ’Tis but the first rush of my stricken victim. ”

In a short time the ball-room again became crowded with whirling couples, and gradually the fun grew fast and furious. Commodore De Walden summoning Hayward, Lord Sefton and Oswald Peyton to his aid, entered into a conspiracy to make the “Ton-Major” dance. The Commodore therefore gravely advancing to her, requested the honor of her hand as a partner in a country dance; and ’ere the indignant Mrs. Nicholson could find words to express her horror at such an unheard of innovation on modern ball-room etiquette, the mischievous accomplices had found willing partners and were standing in expectant lines; the musicians immediately struck up the good old Irish “Haste to the wedding;” and the “Ton-Major” unexpectedly found herself borne off by the sinewy arm of Sir Harold, and “footing it” away in the most ludicrous style imaginable amidst peals of laughter from those who were in the secret; and to the surprise and consternation of the Major himself, who rushing to the Honorable Mrs. Hardresse, implored her assistance to induce Mrs. Nicholson to return to her chair of state; for, poor man, from the immense amount of laughter which her grotesque boundings gave rise to, he began to tremble under the apprehension that the champagne at supper had proved too potent for the brain of his worthy “lady;” but Mrs. Hardress, was so indignant, so “pawthitively shwocked” at Mrs. Nicholson’s countenancing the introduction of the very name of such a vulgar dance, set aside the imprudence, the positive imprudence of actually leading it off, that it was with much persuasion she could be prevailed upon to retain possession of her senses and not dissolve into her usual faint; an alternative which she always adopted when anything “vewy shwocking” became obvious to her languid senses. The gallant commodore, however, in the mean time kept the unfortunate “Ton-Major,” gambolling about in the most active manner, in fact she was so utterly bewildered, in such a heat, and so much out of breath, as to be incapable of offering the slightest resistance,—“down the middle and up again,” “right and left,” “cut and shuffle,” “cross hands and about again,” until at last being completely exhausted, and just as she was endeavouring to execute a nimble “pas,” with Noel Marvin, down came the poor “Ton-Major” on that part of her anatomy which being the heaviest, of course, in accordance with the laws of gravity first touched the floor, and with such an astounding bang too, that the very windows

rattled again in their frames, whilst to make the matter worse, Oswald Peyton, who had been hurrying after her in order to keep up the fun, unable to recover himself or his partner, toppled over her, and the succeeding couple over them again. Ha! it may be easier to conceive than to describe the scene which ensued, such roars of laughter from every quarter of the room, the greater portion of the company having become amused spectators of the "Ton-Major's" feats of agility; such mistaking of partners, and pretty squeezing of hands, such lengthened apologies, a confusion of voices;—and at last when Mrs. Nicholson, panting and exhausted, had regained her seat, the ludicrous interest which the commodore and his wicked imps expressed as to the whereabouts of her greatest injury, and the mirth-moving remarks of Mr. Oswald Peyton, who was heard to express a hope that "the poor old lady had not cracked her voice, as he should much like to hear her sing before he left the island, he had been so delighted with her dancing;" created such an amount of agreeable excitement in the intervals of dancing that the rosy tints of morn stole gradually upon their vision 'ere the numerous company began to disperse: one by one, however, they gradually dropped off, and silence succeeded the joyous rout in the apartments of Castle Mona; save and except in the snug bar-room, where Commodore De Walden assembled a merry party around him, to finish the night, or rather the morning, of the ladies ball; and where he might have been heard shouting forth to an uproarious chorus;

"So now on shore, a jolly dog,
I'll spend my shiners freely,
With sweetheart, fiddle, song and grog,
We'll do the thing genteely;
Then who'd not be a jovial tar,
So careless and so merry?
Whose sport no danger e'er can mar,
Who's ne'er with pleasure weary."

Coupled with which jovial song, was drunk "the memory of the Ton-Major's 'latter end," not however in solemn silence, but amidst shouts of merry laughter.

And so ended the Regatta Ball.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL EASTERN YACHT CLUB, LEITH.

So MANY enquiries have recently been addressed to us relative to the Royal Eastern Yacht Club, whose head-quarters are the Firth of Forth, that we deem it necessary to record, although briefly, the origin of that club, which now in 1853 is, we are glad to find, starting into fresh life after having been for a few years nearly forgotten in the yachting world, and indeed almost broken up in itself.

In the year 1836, after some preliminaries had been settled in 1835, a meeting was held at the Royal Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh, on the 30th of March, Vice-Admiral Sir David Milne, K.C.B. in the chair. The Vice-Admiral stated to the meeting the object and intentions of this new aquatic association on the Eastern Coast of Scotland, alluded to the success on the Western Coast where the Royal Northern Yacht Club had done so much good in the Clyde, and then drew a comparison of the importance of those clubs established on the shores of Great Britain, and the advantages likely to result on the East Coast of Scotland. After the lucid and convincing speech of the Vice-Admiral, the following resolutions were put and passed:—

1. That the club be now constituted, and be called "the Eastern Regatta Club."

2. That the Rules and Regulations drawn up by the *interim* committee, be now adopted by this meeting.

3. That the following noblemen and gentlemen be appointed as a "Committee of Management" for one year.

Commodore.....Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K.G.

Vice-Commodore.....Earl of Caithness.

Earl of Mar.
Earl of Haddington.
Earl of Roseberry.
Viscount Fincastle.
Admiral Sir P. Durham, G.C.B.
Rear-Admiral Sir D. Milne.
The Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
The Lord Advocate, M.P.
Lord Elibank.
Lord Dalmeny, M.P.
Lord John Scott.
Rear-Admiral Sir T. Livingstone, Bart.
Sir R. Steuart, Bart.
Sir T. D. Lauder, Bart.
Sir J. Hall, Bart.
Sir G. Sterling, Bart.
Sir D. Campbell, Bart.

The Hon. General Maitland.
Hon. W. Primrose.
Colonel Wright, Royal Engineers.
Colonel Mayne, C.B.
Captain Dalryell, R.N.
Captain Sinclair, R.N.
Captain Milne, R.N.
Major Swinburne.
W. D. Gillon, Esq., M.P.
J. Duncan, Esq.
H. Jardine, Esq.
E. D. Sandford, Esq.
E. Cathcart, Esq.
J. Scougall, Esq.
J. Duddingstone, Esq.
D. Sandermann, Esq.

Honorary Secretary.—Captain J. D. Boswall, R.N.

Secretary and Treasurer.—A. Hamilton, Esq.

The above is the "pith" of the proceedings on the 30th of March,

1836, and on the following 14th of July, the first regatta of the club, then become the Royal Eastern Yacht Club, was held under a strong breeze from W.b.S.; course eighteen miles.

First Prize.

A plate presented by the Ladies of Edinburgh. The start was effected at 1h. 25m., P.M.

Yachts:	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Glean</i>	30	J. C. Buchanan, Esq.....	3	28	0
<i>Wave</i>	20	M. Perston, Esq.....	3	42	0
<i>Sylph</i>	24	G. Menzies, Esq.....	3	48	0

Second Prize.

Plate presented by the inhabitants of Leith. Started at 2h. 40m. P.M., under close-reefed main-sails.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Will o' the Wisp</i> ...	40	Sir R. Harland	4	45	0
<i>Sylph</i>	39	J. Crooks, Esq.....	Carried away her boom. Gave up.		
<i>Adelaide</i>	23	E. Cathcart, Esq.....			

Some rowing concluded the sports afloat, and in the evening a club banquet was given at M'Dougall's Exchange Hotel, Leith. On the following day the regatta was continued.

First Prize.

A set of silk signal flags, presented by the Ladies of Leith. Start at 1h. P.M., wind south-west; light.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Clarence</i>	18	R. Sinclair, Esq.....	3	24	15
<i>Nancy</i>	19	J. Cairnie, Esq.....	3	24	30
<i>Vectis</i>	16	Captain Sheddon.....	3	45	0
<i>Nymph</i>	15	H. Campbell, Esq.....	3	30	0
<i>Emma</i>	19	J. Bogle, Esq.....	3	28	15
<i>Falcon</i>	18	R. Kerr, Esq.....	3	35	0
<i>Spray</i>	14	W. Ellis, Esq.....	3	51	0

The *Falcon* was at the start the favorite with a good many, having recently won the 100 guinea cup at Belfast Regatta, but the *Clarence* was too swift for her. Indeed that *Clarence* was an extraordinary boat,

and when advertised for sale in 1836, was stated to have then won no less than twenty-two prizes, which in the same year she increased to twenty-seven.

Second Prize.

A piece of plate presented by the Trades of Edinburgh. Start at 8h. 48m. P.M., arrived at the goal too late, and sailed again next day.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Remarks.
<i>Gleam</i> *...	40	J. C. Buchanan, Esq...	Sailed as two of the nine in one of the matches below; 1st. round decided as between the <i>Gleam</i> and <i>Sylph</i> , second round as to the whole nine yachts.
<i>Sylph</i>	37	J. Crooks, Esq.....	

A grand ball was given in the Hopetoun Rooms, and there was also a display of fireworks.

Saturday, 16th of July, wound up the sports. We have omitted all the sailing and rowing among the fishermen.

First Prize.

Purse of fifteen sovereigns presented by the Earl of Roseberry. Start at 12h. 35m.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	m
<i>Firefly</i>	11	R. Morris, Esq.....	2	41	35
<i>Enchantress</i>	13	J. Dunlop, Esq.....	2	43	5
<i>Brilliant</i>	10	Earl of Mar	Gave up at second buoy.		
<i>Diana</i>	10	J. Doddingstone, Esq..			

Second Prize.

A plate presented by the Duke of Buccleuch. Start at 2h. 8m. P.M.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.					
			1st. Round.			2nd. Round.		
			h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<i>Lufra</i>	81	Lord John Scott.....	3	42	50	5	30	12
<i>Albatross</i>	75	P. Gell, Esq.....	3	46	20	5	36	27
<i>Sylph</i> (of Leith).....	24	G. Menzies, Esq.....						
<i>Sylph</i> (of Greenock)...	37	T. Crooks, Esq.....	3	57	50			
<i>Gleam</i>	40	J. Buchanan, Esq,....	3	50	58	5	48	22
<i>Clarence</i>	18	R. Sinclair, Esq.....						
<i>Nymph</i>	13	W. Turnbull, Esq.....						
<i>Falcon</i>	18	R. Kerr, Esq.....						
<i>Wave</i>	20	M. Perston, Esq.....						

The *Sylph* of Greenock bore up at the close of the first round, having
* Beat *Sylph* next day by 6m. 52s.

been beaten by the *Gleam*; the latter continued the second round for the Duke of Buccleuch's plate. (It will be seen there were two *Sylph's* in this race. When will double-naming cease in our clubs?) Time being allowed the *Lufra* only gained the prize by fifty seconds. Lord John Scott handsomely intimated to the stewards that although he took the cup at present, it was only on condition that the club would receive another of the same value from him in 1837 to be run for by such vessels as the stewards might decide upon. Some sailing and rowing concluded the regatta of 1836. It was "a hit" and we have every reason to believe the regatta of 1853 will prove equally successful in the Firth of Forth. (See Memoranda of Club Meetings.)

THE CLERKS OF THE COAST.—THE ARRIVAL.

BY A VETERAN.

WHAT is all this commotion in the firm of Dontstop and Scold? The cause which produced the effect can be easily explained. The West India steamer had just arrived as the clerks of Messrs. D. & S., were sitting down to their evening repast, the tea was extra hot, the toast was extra buttered, and they intended to make the time extra long; but scarce had the first batch been served all round 'ere a gun was fired which announced the arrival of the steamer; the clerks cursed the ship and the captain, and wondered why he could not bring in the vessel at a decent hour and not give them the trouble of turning out into the cold night. They thought it deuced annoying, and that the managing directors ought to be informed of the same; but the two who were going out to the ship determined not to be done out of *one* cup of tea, so forthwith they drank the liquid, which hot stuff coming in contact with a cold stomach produced certain violent contortions that sent them howling into the furthest corner of the chamber.

"What the deuce are you up to?" sung out some stentorian voice from the bottom of the stairs; "do you know the vessel is already anchored?"

"Run down, Fetchem," cried the first who recovered from his paroxysm of heat and rage; "run down and secure old Dribble before he gets too drunk to pull; you know he is fonder of a pull at a pot than a punt, and I'll get the cigars and coats ready."

Now, old Dribble the boatman was a most inveterate drinker, and only two cases were on record of his having been sober, the one being when his boat was in danger and the other when he was in jail for a

week; but he himself admitted he was drunk when he got spliced, which was never doubted; although on such occasions most men are sober enough. On the present occasion he was half sprung. Now, frequently in his drunken moods he had most remarkable pious fits, and although he swore himself "a few" as he expressed it, there were times wherein he became extremely indignant and offended at the sound of an oath from other parties. Well, he was for a wonder on his post, or rather sitting on a post, near the landing-steps when the junior arrived.

"Where is the boat?" exclaimed the clerk.

"Boat, sir," said Dribble, speaking very thick. "Boat, Master Fetchem, all right sir, down at the steps." The young fellow walked to the landing steps and looked at the boat.

"Confound you, Dribble! you haven't the cheek to tell me you are going to pull off that lumbering boat by yourself? We shan't get back to-night; where are your hands?"

"Oh! Master Fetchem," hiccuped the old man, "my boys is haff, they've got a stupid fool of a old mother what lets 'em do what they likes, 'sweat the old man' that's the motter with them, and they carries it out by gosh, and no mistake."

"That won't do for me. Get some hands I tell you, you drunken rascal!"

The old man who was paid by the firm of Dontstop and Scold, at so much per trip, saw that if he hired hands it would diminish his profits; but, nevertheless he toddled up to two men, and it is presumed he wanted them to pull for nothing as they turned away with a grin, and asked him the very natural question if he was drunk. "Confound the people, they won't work," said Dribble letting out a round oath, "I can't get no hands, I must pull myself." But being a 'wai dragon' at making shifts, he got a French touter from Seelaman's hotel, who would be glad of a passage, and who could pull, at least Dribble said he could. So accordingly, Mr. touter sate himself in the boat awaiting the arrival of the other clerk. Now, as no reason exists why two different events should not take place in two different situations, there might be some cause for the delay of Stylus, the senior clerk, who volunteered to get cigars and coats; but he could neither find his own coat nor that of his friend, and then on recollecting a few minutes, he observed, it was not so very strange after all, with regard to the non-appearance of his, as he remembered he had left it with a *chere amie* to mend a hole in the sleeve, and, it was not yet returned; but the question was, what had become of Fetchem's coat? That question was left unanswered. Four of Messrs. Dontstop and Scold's clerks lived in a species of communism,

so the one in question went to the drawers of the other two, and there found just the very identical articles, viz. two great coats, and selecting the best for himself, which did not fit him *a-la-mode*,—yet he consoled himself with the idea the other would not suit his friend half as well, and thus put himself down for a contented fellow, because he didn't growl at the coat not being a tighter fit.

"By heavens! Ain't you gone yet!" sung out the same stentorian voice.

"Going, sir, all right:"—and in a jiffey he is at the landing steps.

"Dribble, you old sea serpent, where are your hands? Where are your sons?"

"Can't get any hands," muttered the old man, and saying something about "Old Mother," the cadence of which died away before reaching the ears of our friend; it is presumed he meant blessed! "There's Master Fetchem can *testify* I can't get hands."

"Why, you monster of the deep, I saw you go up to two men; but I swear I don't believe you asked them to go."

"Never mind, Stylus," said Fetchem, "get in, here is a *Français* who can pull *comme il faut*, and with such a boat's crew we shall skim the sea gallantly." Mr. Stylus did not see any prospect of this last remark being carried into execution, but nevertheless he jumped into the boat, and sung out "shove off."

"I say, I haven't brought your coat," said he, addressing his companion, "I have Chubb's instead, it will fit you like a glove,—but where is your own, old buffer?"

"Don't distress yourself at not finding mine. I forgot to tell you I had it seized by a custom-house warrior for smuggling tobacco under the same. But give me Chubb's, for I am cold."

It did not exactly fit him like a glove, for when the superfluous piece of sleeve was turned down under him to sit upon, and when the collar was turned up, it looked like a chimney pot, for his head could not be seen for several feet below.

"You look quite handsome," said Stylus, "I declare." His friend replied in a tone "muffled" by reason of his voice having to come over the top of this artificial chimney.

"Look at the *Français*, he can't pull a stroke," exclaimed both *a la fois*. "Dribble, you humbug, I thought you said he could pull; we are only a boat-hook's length from the shore, talk to him Dribble;" and Dribble did talk to him,—he let out in the highest gift of oratory, (not divine) whilst the poor Touter sung out, "*Je suis garçon je n'ai jamais été rameur*," shrugging up his shoulders to a most pitiful height. He was holding the oar too short, and our boatman could not make him

comprehend it ought to be shortened; but Stylus gave the necessary directions in French, by which unfortunate outbreak the Frenchman found there was a person who spoke his language in the same boat, and "a fellow language made him wond'rous loquacious. He commenced a long dissertation on *les noces de Napoleon*, during which time Charon was swearing and wishing he would pull straighter and shut up his speech; and as not much advance was made, it was thought expedient to drop the French for a season, as the *Français* used his hands to express his ideas, and thus continually dropped the oar; so Stylus told him in the mildest manner possible it would be necessary not to talk any more but pull.

"Je vais vous obeir," said he in reply, and forthwith commenced pulling with redoubled vigour; and in his eagerness to shew us he was going to make up for lost time, he caught what is nautically called a *crab*, that is to say, he slipped off his seat into Mr. Dribble's lap. A loud laugh rang strangely on the night air from the boatman, and immediately was heard a cry of "look out," and in an instant a steamer shot by; this brought the old man to his senses, and sobered him somewhat, and he became serious.

"Where are the cigars?" said Fetchem. "Confound it all," said Stylus, "I have forgotten them, but do you look in Chubb's pocket, he always carries cigars." A bundle was soon extracted therefrom, and by the time a cigar was smoked the boat was approaching the steamer; but on a sudden the boatman left off pulling, and yet not exactly so, for he out with a rum bottle and pulled at that. During this interval, Stylus commenced French again, and finding our touter was a man of some little education, Stylus asked him if he knew Latin. He commenced without prelude Cicero's oration, *Quousque tandem abutere*. Dribble who had pulled a few strokes dropped again, and declared he would not pull. "Tell you what, genelman, I won't have any swearing in my boat, and 'specially from that Frenchman, it is all mighty fine for him to go d——ng my people, I won't pull:" and he folded his arms and looked quite religious.—Pacified with three cigars, and one threat, that if he would not go on he should go over the side, (it is most probable he knew the soundings,) he recommenced immediately, and a few more strokes brought the boat within the hail of the steamer. It became necessary to enquire if she was in quarantine, for it was during the prevalence of the fever,—but the joyous cry of "no quarantine," sounded right merrily on the ear. It was the first ship which for some months had been free from the fever. The light is now handed down the ship's side and up we go, for we were of the party.

What an exciting scene was the arrival of a steamer at this period.— You collar the first man met, and the question, “who is dead,” is eagerly put,—you wonder why no quicker way is invented for communicating ideas, so great is your impatience; “Good news, good news indeed, the fever has abated;” but blended, alas, with sad, “poor young so and so is dead; also the son of Messrs. C. and R., who was beloved throughout the service;” and you are asked to undertake the melancholy duty of forwarding the sad intelligence, for the ship is not going into dock to-night.

But at last we are in the saloon, which is crowded with passengers, principally foreigners, with beards of immoderate length. The saloon smells of cheese and other articles of provender; here and there some Spaniards are having a meal, the last they are entitled to on board the ship; here are peculiar people who never by any chance lose a meal; the greatest intelligence produces no effect on them, their meal they must have. Further on are a group of Frenchmen standing, interrogating a custom-house ‘warrior;’ they want to know all the continental news respecting Louis Napoleon; they pounce on Stylus, who responds to their earnest questions as fast as possible. To a lecturer it would seem as if he had told them something which implicated the gang, for at intervals exclamations of *Mon dieu! Est il possible? vraiment! peste! malheur!* impregnate the conversation. But where is the purser during this bustling scene? Our business is with him. In a small cabin for’ard is seated a small sore-eyed little man, who boasts of the appellation of purser; it may be presumed, that during his existence he had never an opportunity of trying or seeing any of those remarkable men, who are recommended as vanquishers of opthalmia, for he was still suffering from that disease. From him is obtained a detailed account respecting deaths, arrivals or departures of ships, a bundle of *piccayunes* from New Orleans, which are shoved into a portfolio, and treasured there until we get on shore, and let it out for circulation amongst those friends by whom we shall be most pestered. If any one had watched, they might have observed a tarpaulin hat, and coat of the same material, under which projected a pair of pins, of which the *tournure* was not very graceful:—I say if any one had watched, they might have seen those said pins conducting the said tarpaulin coat and hat into the store-keeper’s room, and in a few minutes more might have been observed a black bottle lugged out from a locker, and placed between two individuals, one of which was Mr. Scrapup, the store-keeper, and the other Mr. Dribble, who had recognised in the store-keeper an *ancien ami*.

“Well, brother Bill, how goes it?” exclaimed Mr. Scrapup. Dribble

replies not, but puts his hand in the vast abyss of a pocket, and mysteriously brings out a black bottle, which is deposited by the side of the other, and with a profound sigh, he merely says, "*hempty*"—leans back in his chair, and looks if he'd honourably completed a duty he owed to society.

As moments are precious when grog is scarce, brother Bill takes to swig No. 1, whilst Scrapup takes No. 2, and thus it goes round until Dribble hears some one calling him. He was not the man to leave, whilst a bottle stood half full, and his own empty, and his modesty thought it too much of a joke to ask Scrapup to transfer the contents of the bottle into his, so without any comment he forthwith commences the following.—"*Yourn* bottle is *hempty*, I say *hempty*, with *hemph-asis*;—because why? I brought my bottle out with some liquer in it, and I was going to take it back with some, and *shoud* a *don't* if it *warnt* for a *cussed* steamer nearly running into us."

"What has a steamer to do with your bottle?" said Scrapup, who did not see the drift of the confab, and whose eyes began to twinkle strangely.

"What's that to do with my bottle, you axes do you? bless your *hinnocence*! Do you think as I and my boat can go and stand near being sliced by a steamer, without weakening our nerves, (he certainly meant the boat's timbers,) why no! so we drinks, (of course not the boat,) and as *liquor* was scarce, the bottle got *hempty*."

Mr. Scrapup could not see any better the object of Dribble, and Dribble saw no chance of getting the liquor, and as his name was sung out again, away they both came, Dribble leaving his empty bottle behind him.

Mr. Scrapup went ahead with a light, and after going four yards Dribble lagged more behind, and slapped his forehead in tragic style, singing out "Bless me if I *haint* been and left my *hempty* bottle behind; I must fetch *um*," and away he runs before the store-keeper was aware of his absence. Having reached the cabin, and also being affected with a mental defect in vision,—that is to say, he knew not the difference betwixt *meum* and *tuum*, he pocketed the half-full bottle and left the "*hempty*."

"Dribble, you sea-demon, what has become of you?" sung out the captain.

"Here, sir, I am coming capen. My *son* is here and we'll row you back, taint every day we goes ashore along with you."

Dribble and *son* are in the boat, and the captain is seated snugly in the stern, when the sight of Mr. Scrapup recalled to the captain's mind

he had given that personage a parcel, and which he wanted to take on shore.

"Scrapup," said he, "where is that parcel I gave you?"

"In my store-room, sir."

"Then get it immediately, and I want you also to come on shore with me."

Mr. Scrapup repairs to the store-room, and in looking for the parcel spies the bottle, thinking one drop would keep off the dew, or "joint-racking rheum." He raises the bottle first to an angle of thirty degrees, and subsequently to ninety, but it is minus liquor. It was evident even to the obtuse senses of Mr. Scrapup, that brother Bill must have walked off the bottle which did not belong to him. "Why, if the vile old sinner aint left the *hempty*,—but I'll be even with him." The bottle is speedily filled with dirty water and deposited in his coat.

"Scrapup," said the captain, "I was going to shove off without you, where have you been? Come, step in and go for'ard to trim the boat."

Dribble was pulling the bow oar, and consequently Mr. S. was seated next him. The old boatman, during the pull on shore, was listening eagerly to the *capen's* conversation, and extracting what he called the *hessence* of it, viz. all that relating to the ship's speed, &c. Mr. Scrapup was extracting another kind of *hessence* from Dribble's coat, which he had taken off some minutes previously on account of the heat of pulling, together with the rum, and then was substituted instead, another bottle containing the dirty water.

When we arrived on shore, Dribble was soon seen entering the *King Can't Shoot* tavern, so we sung out, 'You naughty man, going down into wine vaults, when a vault of another kind awaits you shortly.' Darkness reigns around him there; we dare not penetrate. We never saw his disappointment at finding the bottle did not contain rum, but the next day the store-keeper and he were outside the *King Can't Shoot*, and moreover, his voice was heard borne on the wind, and something about *hempty* accompanies it with a curse; but the dispute was settled finally by both entering the tavern, where we left them drinking,—so far as we are concerned. But as to Dribble and Scrapup, the adventures of the *hempty* bottle will for a long time to come

"Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

THE ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.— 1852.

THE present volume of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* will contain in its August or September number, an account of the regatta at Ryde, which will be held by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in 1853. But there was a regatta in 1852 at Ryde, to which we shall here call the attention of our readers.

The first day of the contests in 1852 fell on Tuesday, the 20th of July, at which time very many yachts had assembled at and near the Wight. Our note-book yet bears the name of many of them; among which are set down the *Brilliant* and the *Arrow*, bearing the broad pendants of Commodore Ackers and Vice-Commodore Chamberlayne; the *America*, with her new owner Lord de Blaquiere on board; *Sabrina*, *Seaflower*, *Swordfish*, *Novice*, Vice-Commodore Arcedeckne, R.H.Y.C., *Princess Olga*, *Talisman*, *Mosquito*, (the Champion of the Channel, as she has been recently called,) the *Maid of the Mist*, and very many others.

Few could find fault with the weather on Tuesday, July 20th, except that the W.S.W. breeze was somewhat too light, but then the company was not quite so numerous as usual at this annual reunion, a circumstance which was traced at the time by some of our brethren of the quill to certain truculent articles in local newspapers, which had thrown the neighbourhood of Ryde into hot water. And perhaps, as but one match was to come off on Tuesday, so meagre a bill of fare, partly caused a meagre attendance of visitors. The Commodore and Vice-Commodore's yachts were dressed in colours, a custom seldom so much neglected at regattas now as it used to be, and which when carried out properly adds ineffably to the splendour of the scene.

"What's the prize?" asked an anxious old gentleman whom we met on the pier head.

"Fifty guinea cup, sir," replied a Ryde wherryman.

"Value fifty pounds," observed another.

"Fifty shillings, more or less, are of little consequence," said the anxious old gentleman.

"They'd make a little difference in my week's pay," rejoined the wherryman. "I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth."

We handed the old gentleman our regatta card. "Ah! ha!" said he, "What the Victoria course, from stations off Ryde to the eastward, round the Nab light-ship, passing each time outside the Sandheads and Noman buoys, thence round the Calshot light-ship, and all the four buoys of the Brambles, 'and home, passing between the pier and the Commodore's yacht the *Brilliant*.—I'm as wise as ever," continued the old gentleman: and then he returned us our card with a bow worthy of Beau Brummel.

"Who's to race?" was his next question.

"Six schooners, sir," said the wherryman.

"Two on 'em won't run," interposed his companion, "so there's only four."

"Ah!" grunted the old gentleman.

We soon found the *Julia* and the *Benita* had been entered, but would not start. The *Novice* was not at all in racing trim, and her owner merely joined company to make up the match. These were the four rivals, and the time marked in the outer column is that of the respective conclusions of the first round of the course.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Bianca</i>	32	C. Webster, Esq.	4	32	20
<i>Princess Olga</i>	50	T. Rutherford, Esq.	4	33	5
<i>Vestal</i>	74	B. Rowles, Esq.	4	43	50
<i>Novice</i>	79	Vice-Com. Arcedeckne		"	

Bianca and *Princess Olga* took the lead and maintained it, and kept very close together, followed on their return by a very pretty cluster of yachts, the appearance of which from the shore was very interesting. While doing the second round the wind died away, and the first two did not reach Spit-head till 7 p.m., and the poor *Vestal* lay becalmed off the Stourbridge, where she necessarily gave in. We need not here record further than that the *Bianca* arrived about midnight, and the *Princess Olga* about an hour afterwards. This match led to a protest, to which we have already alluded, but we may, nevertheless, repeat that the *Bianca* received the prize.

Wednesday, 21st July, 1852.—The yachts to-day were cutters. Schooners the first day, and cutters the second, is a good regulation. We don't like to see cutters and schooners contend in the same race, and glad are we, that in the present season we are to have a pure schooner race in the river Thames.

The prize for these cutters was a £50 cup. The course the same as that run by the schooners, but only once round, and quite long enough too. The *Sabrina*, 26 tons, W. H. Woodhouse, Esq., was entered, but having just been under the hands of the builder to be lengthened by the bow, could not appear in time to contend. R. A. Mangin, Esq., with a zeal for sport that does him credit, kindly under these circumstances, entered the *Antagonist*, to make up the match, of course giving time to the other two boats, each of which was fifteen tons smaller, so that the race card appeared thus:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Antagonist</i>	35	R. Mangin, Esq.	5	29	50
<i>Lilla</i>	20	J. Gee, Esq.	5	8	25
<i>Sea Serpent</i>	20	— Wanhill, Esq.	5	8	0

The start took place ten minutes before noon, and the *Sea Serpent* seemed to have the advantage. Off Binstead the wind fell calm, but soon afterwards a fresh breeze arose, when, returning with balloon-jibs set and crack- ing on, *Sea Serpent* and *Lilla* unfortunately took the wrong course, but *Antagonist* kept the right one, and consequently did the rest of the distance at her ease. In this race the yachts had first to proceed to the westward, (instead of to the eastward) and thus the rounding of the light vessel and the Brambles was, by rule, reversed. We hope to see the *Lilla* and *Sea Serpent* race again, they are very well matched. During the afternoon the *America* arrived from Cowes, the observed of all observers. She knew not then what the next day was to effect.

Thursday, July 22nd, 1853.—Her Majesty the Queen had presented a cup, value 100 guineas, for this day's race, the course for which was right round the island. *Princess Olga* and *Brilliant* were entered but did not start. The other vessels were,

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
<i>Arrow</i>	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
<i>Mosquito</i>	50	Lord Londesboro'
<i>Vestal</i>	74	B. G. Rowles, Esq.
<i>America</i>	180	Lord de Blaquiere
<i>Aurora</i>	48	Le Marchant Thomas, Esq.
<i>Zephyretta</i>	180	H. B. Webster, Esq.

This contest came off while the lieges of the Isle of Wight were busy in electing their M.P., and they all looked as menacing as did the weather. Four hundred special constables were sworn in,—our wherryman would have it there were but 365, and he told the anxious old gentleman so; but both people and the clerk of the weather behaved, in our opinion, as well as could be expected.*

There was a good stiff breeze blowing at the time from the south-west. The *Mosquito* was the first to get under-weigh, and soon showed her bow- sprit ahead of the *Arrow*, who followed closely in her wake. The *America* was somewhat tardy in getting her gaff-top-sail set, which gave the others a decided advantage in the start; but that was of trivial account when the extent of the course is considered. The *Zephyretta* was the last to get away, and was about twice her length astern of the *America*, but at 11h. 2m., when abreast of the Warren Sand, the *Zephyretta* had considerably overhauled the *America*, the *Mosquito* still leading, the *Arrow* being about half-a-mile astern of her, and about a quarter of a mile between her and the *America*. In this order they passed the No-man Buoy, beating up against the tide.

* We had written thus far when a subscriber's communication reached us from Ryde, descriptive of this particular race, and as we have thrown open our pages to yachtsmen, we here insert it instead of what we were ourselves about to write, and now reserving our right to notice the subject again, if necessary, on the authority of our own note-book.—Ed.

On rounding the No-man the *Zephyretta*, which was lying close astern, passed the *America* a little to windward on the starboard tack, and got round the Nab light one minute before her. From this point the *Mosquito* kept heading the *Arrow* a very little towards the White Cliff at the back of the island, which was now against flood tide. The whole of the yachts thus kept in shore as far as it could be done with safety, until they got about a mile-and-a-half below the light, when the wind changed and got round to the W.b.S.—a sort of “paltry” and “baffling” weather, by which a temporary advantage was alternately gained first by one and then by another, but still most decidedly in favour of the *Mosquito*. One great thing in her favour, was the power of being able to make short tacks quicker than the larger and longer vessels, and the *Mosquito* held a much better wind than the *Arrow*. The *America* held a good wind, but, being a larger vessel and schooner-rigged, she was unable to get up to the *Mosquito*, who met with the light breeze that just suited her. She had now her jib-headed-top-sail set, and was so well handled that the *America* could not gain much ground upon her until after rounding St. Catherine's, when she began to overhaul the *Arrow* very fast and finally passed her off Freshwater Bay. The *Mosquito* was only four minutes and a half ahead of the *America*, and the latter about eight minutes in advance of the *Arrow*. After these yachts had got inside the Needles the wind shifted to W.N.W., and the *America* overhauled and passed the *Mosquito* off “Jack in the Basket,” and then became the leading vessel. By the time the *Mosquito* reached Lepe the *Arrow* passed her; from thence the yachts stretched across the Solent towards Old Castle point, where the three met together, and the *Arrow* and *Mosquito* shortly afterwards closed the *America* and passed her. The whole now ran up and passed Osborne with the wind dead aft, the *America* “goose winged,” the same advantage being taken by the cutters, they also booming out their fore-sails. It was here evident, that as long as the cutters could run under their two sails, they had the advantage. Eventually they arrived at the goal as follows, it being almost a neck and neck race between the *Arrow* and *Mosquito*, the former being about the length of her bowsprit in advance. They were timed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
<i>Arrow</i>	6	59	30
<i>Mosquito</i>	6	59	31
<i>America</i>	7	1	20
<i>Zephyretta</i>	7	39	0

Thus it will be seen it was a most exciting match, and the alteration which the *Arrow* had undergone has greatly improved her sailing qualities. Nevertheless, it was the general remark, that however well the *America* may have been sailed and attended to during the match, and with the same canvas as when sailed by her former American crew, her sails did not present that “cardboard” appearance we have been accustomed to witness; nor did she present that smooth appearance in displacing on going through the water as formerly, when her motion was almost imperceptible. The *Arrow*

and *Mosquito* fouled when abreast of Peel Bank, midway between Old Castle Point and Ryde, by the *Mosquito's* boom dragging the larboard side of the *Arrow*. The eighteenth regulation of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club states, "That two yachts touching will both be disqualified, unless it can be clearly proved to the satisfaction of the committee which is the aggressor."

PROTESTS.

On Saturday, at the general meeting of the club, protests were entered against the various schooners which sailed for the £50 prize on the first day, the result of which showed that they had each failed to comply with some rule or other of the club, and it was ordered that the match should be sailed again.

The next protest was on the part of the *Antagonist* against the £50 cup, sailed for on Wednesday, being given up to the *Sea Serpent*, on the ground that both she and the *Lilla* went round the Calshot light-ship on the larboard instead of the starboard tack, the *Antagonist* only taking the proper course. This being proved to the satisfaction of the committee, the *Antagonist* was declared to be entitled to the cup, and it was ordered to be given up to her, although she did not come in for a long time after her rivals.

The third protest was by Lord de Blaquiére, the owner of the *America* schooner, against both the *Arrow* and *Mosquito* cutters, for Her Majesty's cup, it appearing that when those vessels got abreast of Peel Bank they fouled each other, which is contrary to the eighteenth article of the regulations. After investigating the matter, the committee declared the *Mosquito* to be the aggressor, consequently the *Arrow* retained possession of the valuable prize.

[We had already noticed these protests in vol. 1. at page 97.—ED.]

THE LAW OF MEASUREMENT.

THIS is attracting considerable attention in the yacht clubs at present, and it will be hard to say whether by-and-bye we are to race by length, by old measurement, by new measurement, or by a combination and dove-tailing of all these several modes. Refraining from penning our own opinion upon this *vexato questio*, at all events for the present, we may mention that the proprietors of this Magazine have recently received permission to insert in their pages the following articles that first appeared in that excellent journal, *Bell's Life*. They were led to make the application in consequence of a wish expressed by many of their subscribers that the matter should appear somewhere in an octavo form, one certainly more easy for future reference than the broad sheet of a newspaper.

MR. EDITOR.—Having read from time to time in the columns of the *Life* very many able articles relative to the *vezata questio* of “Admeasurement of Yachts for Tonnage,” I am induced to think that the present acknowledged methods of measurement, viz. by the “old,” as enacted in 3 and 4 William IV, cap. 45, sec. 16, and that as laid down by the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, can and may be evaded to a much greater extent than has hitherto been contemplated. What, Sir, would your nautical readers think if, in the present season of 1853, a yacht should be produced, measuring by O. M. 17 tons, and by R.M.Y.C. 12 tons, and yet having the length, beam, and power of a vessel of 27 tons. “Very strange, if possible!” no doubt may be exclaimed; but, however, having myself for some time past, at casual intervals, been turning the matter over in my mind, I now feel that such a desideratum, if it be one, is just barely possible.

I herewith enclose you a sketch of my plan for arriving at it, promising that unless some positive advantage, otherwise than that of cheating the measurement for tonnage, may be found to exist upon actual experiment, (which I have not had time to make myself as yet,) I should be very sorry to see it introduced; if, however, such may turn out to be the case, then our hitherto “fixed points” for admeasurement become exploded, and we must seek some other method for a more effectual build. I will not presume at present to offer any suggestions as to what may be the advantages of my plan, but will hope to see it fully discussed in your columns, and probably hear of its being experimentalised upon in some of the model yacht clubs. My present object is to call the attention of yachtsmen to the probability that such an evasion of measurement, as I have stated is practicable, and that yacht club sailing committees should be prepared for it. Should any latent advantage be possessed by the mode of build, by which that evasion can be accomplished, I am sure yachtsmen will not be slow to give to their brethren, through the medium of the Aquatic Register of the *Life*, their opinions, or the results of their “experimental philosophy.”

My plan is as follows: To contract the length between the stem and stern-post, by placing the stern-post as near the midship section as the form of the midship section will admit of, consistent with giving power to the operations of the rudder; to project the main body of the vessel considerably beyond the main stern-post, without any keel, false stern-post, or dead wood whatsoever; but with a strong, secure frame of timbers laid upon a keelson: this projection of the main body thus assumes the form of one immense counter, but being below load water line, enables the preservation, despite the trammels of admeasurement, of a powerful floating vessel, with lengthy water lines. To obtain lateral resistance for this large projection of the body in the absence of any keel, or dead-wood, the American principle of the centre-board comes into operation, and enables the vessel to hold a good wind; and when not required, by being hauled up into its berth, level with the counter of the vessel, presents no dragging surface of dead-wood when she is running off the wind. To increase the width of the rudder, in order to enable it to act with certainty in its new position, the rough sketch which

I enclose to you will explain at a glance the above; it is intended for a cutter but the same plan would equally be applicable to a schooner.

There are one or two points I would beg to call the attention of yachtsmen and yacht builders to:—1st. Is the rudder of a yacht, as at present placed, in the most advantageous position? Query—Would it not be more effectual if brought to act nearer to the centre of gravity? 2nd. Would it be an advantage to get rid of the dead wood aft, when going free, provided that an equal amount of lateral resistance could, by the application of the centre-board, be offered when a vessel was close-hauled? I do not mean to advance these points, Mr. Editor, further than as matters for consideration.

Yours, &c.

VANDERDECKEN.

MR. EDITOR.—Having had many years experience in building, altering, and sailing of yachts, in which I have been very successful, I feel a lively interest for yachting in general, particularly for the welfare of the yacht clubs of which I have the honour of being a member, and should consequently regret to find that any prejudicial alteration in the admeasurement of yachts emanated from any of those clubs which are indebted for their existence and prosperity to judicious classification and strict adherence to an old established uniform system of admeasurement, now called *old measurement, which does not include the rake of stern-posts*; and upon the faith of the clubs declaring this to be the plan of regulating the tonnage of yachts, we have spent large sums of money in building vessels accordingly, and proved without doubt that yachts are better and faster built upon this principle than upon any other, for the following obvious reasons. They have more room upon deck than vessels of the same tonnage, without so much rake of stern-post, which is a great benefit to cutters in particular, because it not only affords us an opportunity of bringing the beam well aft under the direct pressure of the main-sail, but it likewise lengthens and eases the lines of displacement, particularly the load lines (which is so essential to speed,) *without increasing the tonnage*.

Independent of these points, they are quicker in stays than any vessels of their length without raking stern-posts; because the stern of vessels in coming about move up quicker to windward than their heads pay off, on account of the pressure of the water upon the rudder, when placed obliquely, acting of course more upon that part of the vessel to which the rudder is attached than upon the opposite end of the vessel; hence we find that the centre of motion in putting vessels about is decidedly nearer the head than the stern of them, therefore we should have as little heel or stern-post under water as possible to encourage the stern coming round instead of the head being "paid off," for the more the heads of vessels *pay off in stays*, so much the longer they will be in reaching their destination.

The far-famed yacht, *America*, may be brought forward in opposition to these facts, because they say she is fast without rake of stern-post. This is a mistake; the fact is, when she is on level ground she sits so much by the

head having little draught forward and much aft, that her stern-post in this position actually becomes vertical, but not so when afloat. But whether this be the fact or not, her head pays off in stays more than it would if she had more gripe and less heel. Her speed has not depended upon her quickness in stays, because she has never been brought to a test of short turning to windward. Her speed is in her fore-reaching, having very long easy lines of displacement, irrespective of any restriction of tonnage or admeasurement whatsoever. I contend, therefore, that there is no reasonable plea for so great an act of inquisitorial injustice towards owners of vessels with raking stern-posts, as having first induced them to buy or build them according to the *old measurement*, and then throwing them out of their class to sail against more powerful yachts. This is what will be done if the partial proposition of the Royal London Yacht Club Committee be adopted, as described in the last number of your influential paper.*

Yours, &c,

Woolston Lawn, Southampton, Hants.

J. T. HEWES, late Com. R.L.Y.C.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read with much interest the letters in the last number of your valuable journal on "Admeasurement of Tonnage," by Vanderdecken and Mr. Hewes. The great interest which I, in common with all admirers of yacht-sailing, take in the question at issue, must be the excuse for my presumption in offering some objections to the theories of your talented correspondents. They appear to me to have in some measure mistaken the real result which is, or ought to be, arrived at by promoting the sailing of yachts in matches, namely, to improve the build, and to ascertain the fastest and best, and not as, Mr. Hewes seems to think, the largest vessel, which can be constructed with certain given limits as to dimensions. The first of Mr. Hewes's "obvious reasons" appears to me to be a sort of *petitio principii*; for why have raking-sterned yachts the greater room on deck? Because of the extra length caused by the raking stern-post, and if we have a more powerful though not really a larger vessel of the same length with an upright stern-post, where is the gain in the size of the deck? Mr. Hewes further states, in italics, the great advantage of obtaining a large or rather apparently large vessel without "increasing the tonnage." But why is this? Again the reply is, because of the raking stern-post, and that is exactly what we all complain of. I cannot understand how the rake of the stern-post enables the builder to bring the beam further aft, and I think if Mr. Hewes studies a little more closely the lines of the *America* (certainly one of the fastest yachts afloat) he will find that the vessel's stern-post is as nearly as possible at right angles with her keel, and upright when she is afloat, and her beam is, without doubt, further aft than any yacht we have with either raking or upright stern.

I do not know why the pressure of the water should act more powerfully upon a rudder placed obliquely than on one upright. If Mr. Hewes has

* This proposition has not reached H.Y.M.

taken this argument from the immense strain felt on the rudders of vessels built on the present vicious system, when the helm is put across, I think he will find on a more deliberate consideration, that this great pressure arises from the fact that the rudder must in such vessels be made twice as wide as necessary with an upright stern, on account of the shortening of the arm of the lever which turns the vessel, for such the rudder is, in fact, owing to the obliqueness of the stern-post, which brings the keel of the vessel so near to the centre round which she turns. I cannot quite follow Mr. Hewes' argument as to the "paying off in stays." I do not think though, that he will find any fast vessel of the present day much troubled with that complaint, notwithstanding the very great difference of their draught of water forward and aft, a fact which certainly goes against his theory of the advantage to be gained by carrying your stern well out of water.

With regard to his remarks on the *America*, although perhaps it may be very desirable to have a yacht quick in stays for turning up the Southampton water, or other narrow channels, I think Mr. Hewes will agree with me that this is not the great end to be attained in yacht building, and that a vessel which can beat another on the wind she holds, and in forereaching, can afford to lose a few seconds in tacking, though I am far from admitting that the reason why the head of the *America* "pays off in stays" (if such be the case,) is her want of gripe, and the size of her keel. Although I differ from Mr. Hewes as to the benefits derived from the raking stern-post, I quite go with him in his plea *ad misericordiam*, for his favourite build, and admit that it will be a hard case for the owners of the present school of vessels if the tonnage be changed. I am sure, however, that if Mr. Hewes keeps in mind what I have ventured to suggest above, namely, that the end of yacht sailing is to improve the build of vessels, and not to put cups into the pockets of the owners of the present clippers, no one will be more ready to adopt any plan which may further that desirable result than the worthy late commodore of the L. Y. C.

Most of the observations I have made above will apply to the wonderful suggestions of "Vanderdecken," one slight defect in his plan appears to be, that no materials of an ordinary kind could be found to form the stern of his proposed "tonnage-cheater" of the requisite strength, not to mention the difficulty of finding any one who would like to have a well for the proposed centre board down the middle of the vessel just where room is most wanted, with the great probability that a yacht so fitted would not be allowed to contend against yachts built upon a reasonable plan. I have not thought it necessary in the above remarks to go into the question of the superiority of an upright-sterned vessel, in heavy weather, as that must, I am sure, be admitted by every one who has given any attention to the subject. Apologising to you for the great length at which I have troubled you and your correspondents, and requesting this indulgence, that if any of my well-intentioned, observations have been roughly made, my inexperience as a scribe may be a sufficient excuse.

Yours, &c.,

A SHIP'S CARPENTER.

MR. EDITOR.—I read with great satisfaction in your paper of the 30th Jan., a letter from Mr. Hewes, late Commodore of R.L.Y.C. in which he deprecates the most unjust proposition in that club for measuring yachts for tonnage by the length aloft from stem to stern-post. For the last *eleven years* most of the racing cutter yachts have been built, and many have been altered upon the faith of the old measurement continuing to be adopted; and if such an iniquitous law as that which is proposed were passed, the majority of the racing yachts of the L.Y.C. would be thrown out of their classes, and several excluded from sailing in matches at all. Besides all this, the passing of such a law would enable persons to build yachts, not only of the same length *aloft* as those already built, but in many cases several feet longer by the keel than all those built or altered at the present time with raking posts, must undergo alterations (with the exception of those thrown out) or their chances in point of size will not be equal.

It is true that the *Whisper* may come in under 25 tons with the proposed unjust measurement, but what is to become of the *Secret*, *Thought*, *Phantom* and *Zuleika*? Again, the *Mouse*, *Diavolo*, and *Vampire*, all three of which were built upon the faith of a fixed rule of measurement, will be too large even for the 18 tons class proposed; the *Kitten* and *Sea Nymph* will, by such an act of folly, be put to contend with yachts of 18 tons! I cannot but commend Mr. Hewes, for defending the owners of racing yachts against an innovation which has glaring injustice and absurdity upon the face of it. In "Vanderdecken's" last letter, he speaks of the possibility of building a yacht with her stern-post brought forward to the midship section, her after body forming an unusual length of counter; perhaps "Vanderdecken" does not reflect that, in such a case, the ballast must be either all stowed in the fore-part of the vessel, or if stowed in the usual way, would, at the after part come up nearly level with the water line.

Furthermore, a vessel so constructed would "bore" in a breeze, owing to the water rising from so near the fore-part. No practical man would in his senses build such a machine as "Vanderdecken" describes. I should say that the sailing qualities of a vessel so built would be but little better than those of a haystack. We may rest satisfied that the raking of stern-posts has been carried to as great an extent as is necessary, and when a club is going on favourably, and the majority of the racing yachts on its list have been altered or built, to suit modern times, and upon the faith of the long-established mode of measurement being continued, why should everything be subverted? If such a proposition of change in measurement was brought forward by some who wish to see a few of the "old carts" appear in matches, why not get up a cripple class, and let them sail by themselves? I have consulted an eminent yacht builder upon the meditated injustice, and he says "that such a mode of measurement would tend materially to injure the present graceful style of cutter yacht building." Let us hope that the L.Y.C. will reflect before passing a law so injurious, and if they pass it, let us hope they may stand alone in the full enjoyment of the fallacy, and the confusion which will ensue.

Yours, &c., CRUIZER.

Our Editor's Locker.

WHAT YACHT IS THAT?

Weymouth, March 12th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—The season of '53 has commenced, and soon we landmen shall again have the pleasure of seeing the fairy yachts of England cruising along the coast and passing up and down our river, and again we shall ask the beachmen or others *What yacht is that?* and be told perhaps by one, that we are gazing on the *River Queen*, while another will as positively assert that she's the *Eugenie*, or the *Eva*. I was bothered, sir, last season in this way. And really I think, our yachtsmen might favour not only landmen, but landladies, by occasionally showing a burgee bearing thereon the name of their craft. We could then read for ourselves and be independent of the people hanging about piers and esplanades who so often mislead us. I have had the *Volante* pointed out to me, and then subsequently discovered that all the time I have been gazing on the *Mosquito!*

I assure you we landmen take a pride in the craft of the day and certainly wish to know them by sight, a feeling which arises from our liking all celebrities. And I really don't see how we can satisfy our curiosity (I hope a laudable and national one) unless yachtsmen meet us half way. We don't wish to mistake the *Gloriana* for the *America*. We want to know, Who's who. Pray, Mr. Editor, induce yacht-owners to hoist burgees with names in them. We may then see fifty names flying at next Weymouth Regatta, which will save us asking nearly as many questions, and participating in confusion worse confounded.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

A LANDSMAN.

P.S.—At Boulogne and other foreign regattas this plan is doubly necessary.

A REVIEW AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Lowestoft, March 15th.

SIR.—A year or two ago a good many yachts manœuvred before the Emperor Napoleon (then president) at Cherbourg. How is it they have not yet done so at Cowes? Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen patronizes yacht clubs with a liberality no former Sovereign of England has approached, and I feel confident nothing would be of more benefit to yachting than a yacht club review under the eye of Her Majesty at Cowes. If we cannot all be brought forward let all yachts over 80 or 100 tons be assembled near Osborne, be told off into divisions and subdivisions, and practised in evolutions for a week, after which, we should no doubt, when Her Majesty reached the Wight, be fit to receive the honor of being passed in review. Certain preliminary matters might be made a matter of exercise at each station at once; where the manœuvres of the day should be printed on a card and distributed to mem-

bers to study before they rendezvous. The sailing committees of each club might arrange this.

You must excuse this rough letter, but I could not avoid mentioning that the rumour is again current, such a review is to come off this year if yachts enough can be got together (if!). And believing myself that this rumour has some solid foundation, I write these hurried lines, convinced that, as your Magazine is on every club table, somebody of greater weight than myself will step forward to put the subject into proper shape, and if necessary to agitate it. The Militia are showing their manœuvres ashore; why should not "Yacht Club Fencibles" follow suit afloat?

I am, yours, &c.

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

A LANDSMAN WHO CAN STEER.

NIGHT SIGNALS BY LANTERNS.

Cawsand Bay, March 18th.

MR. EDITOR.—The review of Thompson's Signals is fair enough (p. 400, vol. 1.) but we yachtsmen have been long accustomed to hoist lanterns *vertically*. Captain Dundas may have suggested it to Thompson, but we amateurs used that plan nearly twenty years ago, on the suggestion of Mr. Knight, Rear-Commodore at Harwich, whose plan was at one time published in the *Era* newspaper. I have the cutting from that paper, yet not its date, but otherwise I perfectly remember the fact, aye, even before the Harwich club was formed. Mr Knight's printed plan in the *Era* was headed "Night signals by four Lanterns," two being white and two red. Scores of yachtsmen in our clubs remember these facts, and I simply mention them, to show that we amateurs could long ago do something in this *vexata questio* as well as the Royal Navy. Mr. Knight suggested *vertical* lights years before Thompson or Captain Dundas.

Yours, &c.

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

DIGNISSIMO.

[Will our correspondent send us the cutting?—ED.]

YACHT CLUB PRIVILEGES.

Harwich, March 19th.

SIR.—I recently saw in one of your numbers some enquiries as to the "Foreign privileges" conferred on Yacht Clubs. Your correspondent may find part of these prefixed to the private signal book of the Royal Western Yacht Club of England, printed for the club in 1845, and more can be seen in a book published by Simpkin and Marshall, called "A visit to Harwich or a season at Harwich" I forget which. I remember that when the Prussian Government exempted the R.W.Y.C. from "port or harbour charges," the Prussian minister (Bulou) concluded his letter as follows: "This privilege, however, does not include such charges as may be made legally by corporations or individuals not connected with the government." Complaints are occasionally made by yachtsmen that they have to pay these charges by corporations or by

individuals ; but they need not go to Prussia or even to France to find them claimed, for if I mistake not, they are still demanded of English Yachts at at Holyhead and elsewhere under some charter or local act. They were so at Margate and Lowestoft, but at these places the claim has been relaxed, if not abandoned. Now, sir, allow me to put a question to your readers, "May an English yacht-owner legally man his vessel with a foreign crew?" If I take a fancy to buy a felucca at Gibraltar, may I man her with Spaniards, (who best understand that rig,) and sail her in England at regattas, without infringing club-laws or government laws? I hope some of your readers will kindly satisfy me on this head. A foreign-built yacht is certainly admissible to the clubs (*Sibello* and *Sylphide* for instance, and *America*,) but are foreign crews?

Yours, &c.,
ROVER.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

New York, February 4th, 1853.

SIR.—At the first general meeting of the Club for the present year, it was—

"Resolved,—That this Club offer a prize of the value of Five Hundred Dollars, to be sailed for on the 13th of October next, (1853,) open to yachts of all nations, provided one foreign yacht be entered for the race. The course to be from Robin's Reef Light, in the harbour of New York, around a vessel to be anchored E.b.S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., twelve miles from the Beacon on Sandy Hook, passing to the southward and westward of the South-west Spit, and to the eastward of the Buoy on the West Bank, going and returning. The entries to close on the 22nd of September. The race to be under the direction of the Regatta Committee, subject to the rules and regulations of the Club, except, that no time shall be allowed for difference of tonnage."

The course indicated, is one of those over which the yachts of this Club annually contend for prizes, lengthened, by placing the outer stake-boat five miles farther than usual outside of Sandy Hook, is substantially the main entrance for ships to the harbour of New York, affording abundance of sea-room for vessels of all sizes, and is fifty miles in length. As by the rules of the Club, the prize cannot be awarded, unless the winning boat accomplishes the distance in ten hours, it is apparent that it will require something more than "drifting," to decide the race; which will be repeated from day to day, (exclusive of Sundays,) until the distance is performed within the stipulated time.

The entries are to be sent to the subscriber.

G. R. J. BOWDOIN, *Recording Secretary,*
To the Editor of H.Y.M. 65, *Merchants' Exchange.*

YACHT BUILDING AT DUBLIN.

Kingstown, March 23rd, 1853.

SIR.—As a yachting man, and being of course a reader of your interesting and

valuable periodical, I perceive that you invite communications on yachting subjects. With a view of meeting your wishes in this respect, I sit down to put you in possession of our doings in Dublin, which I am sorry to say are but very meagre, as you will admit when I tell you that but one new yacht has been built in Dublin and one yacht remodelled during the present year. The new yacht, launched but a few days since, was built for Mr. Barrington, a member of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, by Mr. Good, ship-builder to the Dublin Dock Company; she is 40 tons o.m. and called *Norma*: the model, as well as the first-rate workmanship of this yacht reflects great credit on the builder. If I do not very much err, the *Norma* will yet claim a place in your pages as a winner. The yacht under alteration, is the schooner yacht *Snake*, 33 tons o.m., also belonging to a member of the Royal Irish Yacht Club.

This beautiful little craft was last year altogether newly fitted, and got a suit of new sails, new spars and rigging after the plan of the *America*, and Mr. Good has her at present in hand, for the purpose of giving her new bows, also in the American fashion. The additional length (8 feet to keel and 12 over all) will bring her up to about 40 tons o.m. The lines of the new bows, appear to me to afford further proof of Mr. Good's great skill and taste; and if the *Snake*, under her new form becomes as fast as she is stiff it is not unlikely she may also figure in your Magazine as a victor. I ought to add that in my rambling about Ringsend (our ship-building locality,) I also met with a number of small yachts lately built and not yet finished, mostly between 6 and 8 tons o.m.; and as I am told, intended to run for the purse annually given by our clubs for yachts of that class. It is, in the dearth of greater things, not a little gratifying to a yachtsman, to witness the great improvement and manifest nautical skill and taste displayed in the building of these small craft, most of which are got up by persons of small means and merely amateur ship-builders, and I assure you, the race between 30 or 40 of these fairy yachts, staggering through a heavy sea, under their snow white wings, and fearlessly heeling over, constitutes a most exciting episode in our regattas,

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of *H.Y.M.*

PHILOMER.

LITERATURE AND ART.

UNIVERSAL YACHT SIGNALS.—By *George Holland Ackers, Esq., Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.*—Hunt, 6, New Church Street West, Edgware Road, London.

This is a work in one volume which is perfectly indispensable. No member of a yacht club can well go to sea without it. It costs twenty shillings, and twenty shillings are certainly well invested in its acquisition. An over strict economist may say, "'Tis no use to me, I never make signals to anybody." Be it so, my good friend; but you are a yacht-owner, and there are a thousand yacht-owners in the kingdom, and, although you may not wish to telegraph to them, they may nevertheless desire to telegraph to you. And this fact

alone should induce you to buy the book. For, even your own *life* might some day or other be saved by the use of Ackers' Code. You might be also prevented getting your yacht ashore, or be saved from an enemy, a French fleet, for instance, in the year 185—, we will not prophesy the exact year. And moreover, remember this; that whatever your own opinion may be about a code; whether you prefer Wilmot to Walker, or Marryatt to Ackers, is of little consequence. The clubs have taken to Ackers's Code, our men-of-war are provided with it, and you can't visit a single regatta without seeing it in hourly use. The work has become a necessary if not a luxury. Take our advice, and add it at once to your cabin library. Old hands have already done so, and know the book almost by heart. To them the following observations will be out of place; they may therefore skip them, and go on to the "next article." What here follows is chiefly intended for those who have not yet mastered the code. First of all let us look at the *Ten Numeral Flags*.

No. Flag.	Description.	Signification.
1	Red.	
2	White and Red, Vertical.....	
3	Red, White, and Blue, Vertical.....	Recall flag.
4	Blue and Yellow, Quartered.....	
5	Blue and White, Chequered.....	Negative flag.
6	Blue and White Cross.....	
7	Blue, White, and Blue, Horizontal.....	Preparative flag.
8	Yellow and Blue, Vertical.....	
9	Blue, Yellow, and Red, Horizontal.....	
0	White, with Blue Centre.....	Annulling flag.

There are but six more flags in the code, pendants included, but to these we shall not, for the moment, call attention. Let us see what are the sections of the code itself.

Section 1.—General Signals, which are chiefly signals of Evolution or Manœuvre, or communications to a yacht club-house.

Section 2.—A Vocabulary and Sentences in two divisions.

The first contains 9,876 signals, the second 7,184, or 17,060 altogether. The first 9,876 signals, are made by numeral flags alone; the following 7,184, require the affirmative flag to be hoisted over them, which flag in notation or the writing down of signals may be abbreviated to A. thus:—

A. 530, means "All yachts to show their numbers," while 530 (without the affirmative flag,) signifies "Adieu."

Care must therefore be taken throughout the "Vocabulary and Sentences," not only to regard the number of a signal, but also to see whether it is to be used with or without the Affirmative Flag. In the first division of the "Vocabulary and Sentences," the Affirmative Flag is *not* used; in the second division it *is*. The word "mast," ends one division and begins another. Thus:—

9876 means, "main-t'-gallant-mast." A. 10, "main-royal-mast." A

glance at the head of the page in the Signal Book, will show whether the Affirmative Flag is to be used or not.

Section 3, (p. 220,) relates to Night Signals, requiring one red, one green, and two white lanterns, of which we shall now say nothing, more than that these lanterns can be obtained at Miller's, 179, Piccadilly, and that the word "lantern," signifies a signal-lantern, while "light," means any burning light, as blue-light, used in fire-works. We have reviewed a system of night signals at p. 400 in our first volume, which can be used to indicate the signals in Ackers's Code by any club choosing to carry out such a combination, which, however, looking to the expense and trouble that might be entailed, we do not ourselves yet venture to recommend; nor, on the other hand, can we dissuade any club from making the attempt. Commodore Ackers will probably some day turn his attention to the subject; he possesses every qualification for the task.

Distant Signals, (p. 222,) and Fog Signals, come next in order in the code under review, but these we shall here pass over, as well as the Semaphoric Signals, (p. 224,) in order to quote from p. 226.

"INSTRUCTIONS FOR EVOLUTIONS.—Yachts assembling on certain days to cruize together, under the direction of a Commodore, have a far different view from racing, and as order and regularity tend to the comfort of all, especially of the ladies who may honor the meeting with their presence, the following directions should be adhered to:—

"Each yacht having taken a station, is to preserve the same throughout the day.

"A yacht wishing to part company, is to make signal to that effect, and having received an answer, and quitted her station, the vacancy is to be occupied by the yacht next astern, and so on in succession.

"The Starboard division is always the Van, and the Port division the Rear.

"The Starboard division always forms on the Starboard quarter of the Commodore, and the Port division on his Port quarter.

"The Division leaders are always to keep the Commodore four points on their Bows.

"The distance between the yachts is always to be half a cable's length (open order) unless otherwise directed; and the distance between the lines is always to be one cable's length, (open order) unless otherwise directed.

"N.B.—'Yachts at double open order' signifies, three times their own length's interval, astern of preceding yacht.

"'Yachts at open order' signifies, twice their own length's interval.

"'Yachts at close order' signifies, their own length's interval.

"'Yachts at double close order' signifies, jib-boom ten feet astern of preceding yacht's boom end.

"N.B.—Lines at 'double open order' signifies, a cable and a half, about 150 fathoms.

"Lines at 'open order' signifies, a cable distant, about 100 fathoms.

"Lines at 'close order' signifies, three-quarters of a cable distant, about 75 fathoms.

"Lines at 'double close order' signifies, half a cable distant, about 50 fathoms.

"To form line according to tonnage, the largest yacht places herself next to the Commodore, and the next in succession according to their respective sizes (old measurement,) and each alternate yacht commencing with the one next the Commodore's, is to compose the Starboard division, and the others the Port division."

We have here quoted these "Instructions for Evolution," because the rumour gains ground that the present season is not to pass over, without our

yachtsmen being passed in review by Her Majesty at the Isle of Wight,* and the above information as to the rules of "open order," "close order," &c., cannot be too much disseminated in order to be properly understood by all parties concerned. The rules as to the "line of bearing," are explained at p. 227, followed by "Yacht Club Salutes," "Naval Salutes," and then before proceeding further, the compiler gives the "Directions of the Royal Humane Society for the Recovery of the apparently Drowned," a casualty from which yachtsmen are not, and cannot be more exempt than any other class of men, although we fear too many of them have not yet taken the pains to study the methods of treatment required when a body is happily rescued from the waves. Here, however, the methods are plainly set before us at p. 230 of Ackers's Code. Again proceeding with our examination, we find a "List of Christian and Surnames," and then at p. 238, we come to the "Alphabet," which we should have preferred seeing at the very commencement of the Vocabulary, a place it holds in most old codes, which is certainly the best for it, and to which, from habit, we frequently find ourselves even now, turning when about to spell a word not found in the Vocabulary.

The List of the Royal Yacht Clubs, with the devices on their ensigns and burgees, is not quite so useful to amateurs as the colored tables found annually in the *Universal Yacht List*, (and now again about to be issued,) so, passing onwards, we come next at page 245, to a "List of Ports, Places, Lighthouses, &c., both English and Foreign," a very useful section, which is followed by a "List of the Royal Navy," and here the code, consisting altogether of 264 p.p., is brought to a close. But we, ourselves, must not part with it yet, we shall notice it again in a future number, adding here only a few observations, which seem to us somewhat necessary for those who have not yet acquired the art and mystery of telegraphing.

There is no difficulty in mastering Ackers's Code. The author makes no pretence, he takes signals as he finds them. The point he aims at is simply this;—to provide a means of communication between *all* yachts, no matter what club they belong to, and in this he succeeds. Foreign Yacht Clubs already use his book, as well as most of the English, but even when a club does not do so, there is of course nothing to prevent its individual members from buying it and using it; and nearly all yacht owners actually do so. For, Ackers's Code has this advantage. It uses the very flags required for Marryat's, and Marryat's Code has been for years in every man-of-war, and on board eight-tenths of our merchant vessels, colliers and coasters excepted. Here then the yachtsman, especially if in the R.T.Y.C. has an advantage. One set of flags will work the two books, (with the addition of *one* extra flag required for Ackers;) but it must ever be remembered that the numeral flags in Ackers do *not* follow in the order chosen by Marryat. Commodore Ackers has re-arranged these flags, so that at least the first four flags indicate the very figures they represent, for No. 1 consists

* A letter on this subject will be found in the Editor's Locker in the present number.

of one colour,—No. 2 of two,—No. 3 of three,—and No. 4 of four colours or divisions, a plan which we remember many years ago was carried throughout the ten numeral flags in the Clyde, in the Royal Northern Yacht Club, whose signal-book (dated 1834,) is now open before us. But, in our opinion, formed, we are bold to say, from much practice in signalling, we object to more than the first four flags being formed upon this “artificial memory” sort of plan. Flags are at a very little distance indistinct, if containing more than three or four divisions, an objection which proves itself when we examine the absurd distinguishing flags set opposite the names of each and every yacht in some of our clubs.

The tyro in looking into Ackers's Code, will observe that each word or phrase is indicated by a separate and particular number prefixed to it; that each section is indicated by a particular flag, (except the first section, which of course requires none;) and that each number, consisting of one or more figures, is shewn by the numeral flags hoisted one over the other, so that, as in reading off written or printed figures we read from left to right; so in signalling, we read flags from top to bottom, from the truck downwards towards the deck. Thus, to indicate No. 3, a tricolour flag is hoisted alone; to indicate 13, a red flag is hoisted over the tricolour; to indicate 31, a red flag is hoisted under the tricolour. By these simple means all telegraphing is conducted, and we hope the day is not far distant when each club will annually elect from those of its members who do not possess yachts a dozen signal officers who shall properly study the subject, and on regatta days, and on opening and closing trips, do duty as signal officers, either on board the steamer accompanying the match, or one in each yacht, in those club-vessels whose owners may require such assistance. Three-fourths of the members in every yacht club, except the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, do not possess yachts, but by attention to the science of signals or to arms, (rifles,) they might still conduce to the further efficiency of a club-fleet by being on grand days “told off for service.” Let every yacht owner then take three yachtless members with him, and we are sure that in the end the plan would be found to work well, and to tend not only to amusement but to something of far greater importance. We shall return to this subject and Code.

THE CRUISE OF THE CHALLENGER LIFE-BOAT.—London, W. Pickering.

THIS narrative of the voyage of the *Challenger* life-boat, from Liverpool to London, in 1852, is one of the most extraordinary records to be found in our nautical annals. The tubular boat, in which the daring enterprise was accomplished, is the invention of H. T. Richardson, Esq., of Aberhirnant, near Bala; and the log of the voyage narrates some really startling illustrations of the capabilities of the *Challenger* to live in the most stormy seas, and to ride in perfect safety where it seems madness in other navigators to venture. We hope next month, to notice this “Cruise of the *Challenger*” again. A model of the *Challenger* was recently, and we believe still is to be seen at Farley's, 31, Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

(Continued from p. 456, vol. 1.)

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—The meeting on the first Wednesday in April, will be an important one, both with regard to the forthcoming sailing-matches, (see p. 56,) and to the measures consequent upon Captain Durand's resignation of the Secretaryship of the Club. An advertisement has just appeared in the London papers by which it seems that some naval officer is most likely to succeed to the post, thus following the fashion of the four clubs in the Channel. The great event of the season, so far as the Royal Thames Yacht Club is concerned, will be the schooner-match round the Nore Light. We shall have information thereon in our May number.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—A meeting was held at the Caledonian Hotel, on the 21st of February, when thirty-four gentlemen were present at the house-dinner, and nearly a hundred assembled during the business subsequently transacted up-stairs. This related to the re-appointment of Mr. Gregory as Secretary, with a salary; to certain communications from Lowestoft, a Suffolk port, where yachts drawing less than twelve feet water, can enter the harbour at any time of tide, (those drawing seventeen feet must enter at high tide); and to fixing the dates of the sailing matches for the present season of 1853, and which will be found noted at p. 56.

On the 21st of March another meeting was held, when the principal business brought before the club was the Election of its Officers for the year, and the Club Ball, (11th May). The following gentlemen were admitted members; viz: Messrs. T. Paul, P. Paterson, J. P. Dormay, (*Mystery*, 18 tons,) L. K. Bridge, (New York,) F. Gough, J. Woodward, W. H. Pilcher, F. H. Deacon, (*Wanderer*, 45 tons,) and J. Blyth.

The Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Treasurer, and Cup-bearer, were re-elected; Messrs. Crockford, Eveleigh, and Talmadge, were elected as auditors, and in returning thanks for the honour, Mr. Crockford paid a well merited encomium to the treasurer and secretary, by stating that the office of auditors was rendered a mere matter of form by the excellent manner in which the accounts were kept by the treasurer and secretary. Messrs. Goodson, Bartlett, Brown, Crockford, Eagle, Eveleigh, Fradgley, Gunston, Lynn, Short, Deane, Anderson, and Hoare, were appointed the Sailing Committee. Messrs. Crockford, Cocking, Eagle, W. Goodson, Halfhide, R. Tress, and Vandewell, were elected as the House Committee.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting will be held next month (May,) when it will be proposed that the financial year, which for a long time has been reckoned from May to May, shall henceforth be taken from January to January, certainly a great improvement, seeing that the Harwich Regatta in order to ensure success, and the promised attendance of yachts from the three yacht clubs in the Thames, will always be held at the latest in July, and generally in June. All yachtsmen with whom we have conversed on the above subject approve of the proposed change, as to the financial year; so that new members coming in after the May meeting (next month), will pay one guinea and a half down, (there is no entrance fee), which will clear them to Christmas,

1854, while old members will pay one guinea this May, and another half-guinea in May, 1854, which will clear them also to Christmas, 1854. And then in January, 1855, all members (new or old) will pay one guinea to clear them to Christmas, 1855. This is fair to all parties, and after January, 1855, the Harwich Club will do well to charge an entrance fee also. They have now been in existence ten years, and great exertions are being made to give *eclat* to their forthcoming regatta, it being desired to hold one every tenth year on a grander scale than annually usual.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.—A meeting was held on Wednesday, 23rd of March, at the club-house, Ryde, at which the Commodore attended, when after transacting other business, the appointment of the time for holding the regatta was postponed until the next meeting, April the 6th. This club is showing every sign of an early season.

IRISH CLUBS.—Royal St. George's, Royal Irish, and Royal Western of Ireland, are sounding the note of preparation; in fact every club seems on the alert.

DOCKYARD CHIPS.

(From Correspondents.)

Blanche, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, has been lengthened 12 feet by the bow, and is now 40 tons.

Whim, A. B. Pease, Esq. is altered to a cutter.

D. Richardson, Esq. R. N. Y. C. has sold the *Albion* 44 tons, and is now building a new iron schooner, to be called the *Chance*.

T. F. Rigge, Esq. has purchased the *Surprise* schooner of H. Leader, Esq.

J. Finchett Maddock, Esq., has parted with the *Arvonia*.

Vice Commodore Bartlett, has purchased the Swedish yacht *Sverige*; and we may expect to see her under Mr. Bartlett's management a successful competitor in many a race this season.

Simonds, the builder of the *Tiara* (a model of which has been presented to the Royal London Yacht Club,) introduced the long bow in the waters of the Clyde long before the *America* was heard of.

Grand Turk has been sold by Mr. Fox to Captain Williams of Dublin.

YACHT ACCIDENT IN AUSTRALIA.—Drowned, on Friday, the 12th Nov., by the upsetting of the yacht *Will Watch*, Francis Methuen Noel, Esq., mate of H.M. steamer, *Acheron*, and son of the Hon. and Rev. Francis S. Noel, sincerely and deservedly regretted by his brother officers and numerous friends who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In his untimely fate H.M. service has lost an indefatigable and promising young officer.—*Sydney Empire*. Nov. 13th.

FEAT OF THE BLUE BELL 14 TONS.—M. V. Talbot, Esq., owner, left Wexford on a Saturday at 2 o'clock, and passed the Longship in twenty hours, called at Falmouth, St. Pierre, Guernsey, St. Helens, Jersey, and returned home within the fourteen days, less six hours, having stopped at the different places six days out of the fourteen.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

Secretaries are invited to furnish us with the dates fixed for regattas at their own stations, and also to forward programmes of the intended matches as soon as possible for insertion on the first of each month in this part of our Magazine.

April 23rd.—Royal London Yacht Club opening trip, yachts to assemble at Blackwall and proceed to Erith.

April 25th, 1853.—London Model Yacht Club on the Serpentine.

May 3rd.—Royal Thames Yacht Club, first match of the season, from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith.

May 31st.—Royal London Yacht Club, first match of the season, from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith.

June 2nd.—Royal Thames Yacht Club match for schooners, from Gravesend to the Mouse Light and back.

June 16th.—Royal London Yacht Club matches, for yachts above 10 tons and not exceeding 18 tons, and for yachts above 18 tons and not exceeding 25 tons.

June 30th.—Royal Thames Yacht Club match, for all three classes from Erith to the Nore and back.

July 26th.—Royal St George's Yacht Club, regatta in Dublin Bay.

October 13th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club.

May 11th.—Royal London Yacht Club ball.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

LOWESTOFT HARBOUR.—To Master of vessels, particular attention is directed by, the following advice in the book of regulations, page 4.

A red flag will be hoisted on the lookout station when the gates are open, and kept flying during the time. Vessels drawing 10 feet of water can enter the inner harbour.

Vessels may enter the outer harbour at all times of tide, and masters are advised to carry sufficient sail and keep their vessels properly under command, to hug the weather pierhead, especially with a southerly wind and ebb tide, and to carry sufficient aftersail with a northerly wind, to enable them to luff up after passing the pierheads and fetch into a clear berth to anchor or to sail through the inner pierheads.

By neglecting these necessary precautions vessels frequently drive to leeward and get damaged against the piers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. Y. S.—(Coves) We have not yet received any notice from Cronstadt or Antwerp, relative to the regattas of '53.

ST. PATRICK.—No doubt your young friend is a very promising youth, but his "Passage from the Ocean into Loch Erne" has not reached us, or we would have printed it, for a description of that particular locality is much enquired for.

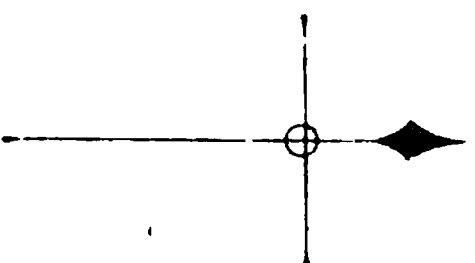
DICK BONRAY's suggestion is under consideration.

The SZA and many other communications stand over to future numbers.

London:—HUNT & SON, Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

Reaches Points

- | | | | |
|---|------------------------|---|---------------------------|
| A | <i>Erish Reach</i> | 1 | <i>Oxyfornness</i> |
| B | <i>Rands Reach</i> | 2 | <i>Cold Harbour Point</i> |
| C | <i>Long Reach</i> | 3 | <i>Stone Ness</i> |
| D | <i>Fidlers Reach</i> | 4 | <i>Broadness</i> |
| E | <i>Grays Reach</i> | 5 | <i>Beacon</i> |
| F | <i>Grasswell Reach</i> | 6 | <i>Tilbury Ness</i> |
| G | <i>The Hope</i> | 7 | <i>Oven Bug Black</i> |
| H | <i>Sea Reach</i> | 8 | <i>Lower Hope Point</i> |



E C H A R T
OF THE
R I V E R T H A M E S,
FOR THE USE OF
The Royal Thames and Royal London
YACHT CLUBS.



HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1853.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION; OR THE LOG OF THE PET.

(Continued from page 17.)

BY R. E. H.

CHAPTER X.

“ Senza di te mio bene
Più viver non potrò !
Saran crudel le pene
Privo di te morrò ! ”

As NIGHT fell, the *Pet's* position among the reefs and islands that are scattered about the mouth of Loch Linnhe became somewhat critical: a fog set in so thick that sea and sky seemed fused together, the whirling tides roared, and broke over the foul rocky ground, the light wind flew about from land to sea, so that it was impossible to steer a course with certainty, the water was too deep, and the ground too foul to anchor—the moon was young, and consequently the night would be dark and the tide strong.

“ Heave her to,” said the pilot. So we hove her to, and taking a cast of the lead every ten minutes, and a bearing of the Leddie light whenever the fog cleared, and allowed the red misty halo from the lantern to be seen, we wore away the night with songs and tales. The pilot did not quit the deck for a moment, but continued manfully at his

post, converting himself into toddy, by imbibing internally whiskey, and externally water all the live-long night. "Where are we now, pilot?" "About three miles off the Sound of Mull." "Is not Castle Tornish somewhere hereabouts?" "There sir, where you see the thickest of the fog, that's just Mull; and in the same line if it was light, and we had a glass, you might e'en see Castle Tornish."

About this place I picked up a legend at Inverness, which I will relate as accurately as my memory will permit.

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there lived a young lord of Arran, a man of bold and adventurous spirit. His youth was spent in fishing, seal-hunting, and other dangerous sports, of which the wild coasts of Scotland afforded ample store. But when he reached man's estate, his parents would fain have made a priest of him: he, however, not perceiving that he had a strong vocation for such a life, fitted out a galley, manned her with his own retainers, and sailed to join Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition on the coast of Spain.

"It is said that whenever it was necessary to brave a gale, in order to cut off a rich galleon, the *Isabel* was sure to be found in the thickest of it, and wherever hard knocks were going on the Lord of Arran was not wont to be far away. Be this as it may, the *Isabel* and her owner gained high distinction, and might have returned with honour to their native shores. But the Highland blood was up, and the crew of the *Isabel* begged one and all that they might rather go where more fighting and gold might be got, before they returned to their well-beloved but somewhat meagre homes in Arran Isle. Accordingly they parted company from the homeward-bound squadron, with much interchange of knightly courtesy, and sailed for the Spanish main.

"Six months they spent in cruising about those seas and shores; and if Sir Andrew Barton had lived, it is said that he could scarcely have demeaned himself more proudly on the high seas than the Lord of Arran and the galley *Isabel*. And when the galley neared the Scottish coast upon her homeward voyage, it was whispered that she swam deeper by three palms than when first she quitted the roadstead of Holy Isle.

"Perhaps she was somewhat water-logged from long service, or perhaps the Lord of Arran liked to have his ballast in small compass, and had chosen gold as the most compact, and possibly in every respect the most desirable ballast that can be procured. So homeward she came, with sails of silk, and flags embroidered o'er with gold,—a brave and comely sight to see; homeward she sailed with a flowing sheet; rounded Malin Head at dawn; sighted the Mull of Cantire at sunset, and about midnight ran hard and fast ashore under the walls of Castle Tornish.

“The lord of the castle, a brave and courtly gentleman, received the shipwrecked mariners with all knightly hospitality, and entreated them to remain with him till the *Isabel's* repairs should be completed. The Lord of Arran was nothing loth, for the castle was a noble mansion, the hawks and hounds were good, and the lord of Castle Tornish had a daughter who was fair and kind to all, but especially to the Lord of Arran. Long time I ween it took to render the shaken hull seaworthy; day succeeded day, and week followed week, till at length Lord Arran discovered two impossibilities,—first, that it was impossible to make any further excuse for delay, and secondly, that it was impossible to live without the young lady of Castle Tornish.

“Whoever paused or feared in such an hour? He sought the lady, and told her that in the coffers of the *Isabel* was a mine of gold, which would buy the houses and lands of the proudest lord in Scotland; but that in his heart was a mine of love deeper and richer still. House and land, heart and hand, he laid at her feet, if she would only be his bride. Oh! but that was a woful hour for two loving hearts: for with many tears the lady confessed, that of all the men in the world she loved him alone, but she was betrothed to a rich merchant in Flanders, and that neither she nor her father could break their plighted troth.

“It was a short matter now to complete the *Isabel's* repairs; with the morning dawn she sailed, and if she swam deep before, she must have swum deeper now, for she bore with her one heart that was heavy enough to sink a frigate. Poor lonely wight, he could not now endure to return to his home in Arran Isle, to see the merry faces of his kinsfolk, and to hear their glad laughter; but he built him a tower and a chapel on the loneliest and wildest crag that frowns over the waters of the Sound of Mull, and there he loved to look from afar at the scene of his short-lived happiness and his endless pain; there he buried himself in poring over huge dark volumes, and muttering vespers and orisons for the weal of his lady-love.

“Men said that he was bewitched, and the sailors crossed themselves as they passed the lonely rock, where the moody and blighted man had built his dreary tower, which they called the Pirate's Den.

“Years passed away, and the lady of Castle Tornish was married and gone, but still the Lord of Arran lived alone in his disconsolate abode; when one evening a boat crossed over from Castle Tornish, bearing a messenger with letters from the good city of Anvers.

“What was written in the lady's letter must of course be a secret; but the messenger marvelled at the heavy purse of gold which the Lord of Arran gave him, as he took the packet from his hand; but marvelled

more when he read the letters, and only said, 'Tell your fair lady thus, God's sooth I wished her weal, but I e'en thought she might have spared me this.'

"Thus he spake, and went his way up to the lonely chapel, for it was about the setting of the sun. The boatmen wondering, saw him ascend slowly step by step up the dreary crags according to his wont. They heard his voice chanting the vesper hymn,—they listened, and they thought they caught the sound of their lady's name. They saw him come forth from the chapel and face the dark ocean: for a moment his tall stalwart form stood erect, lit up by the last ray of expiring light, and then he hurled himself headlong into the sea.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his death.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

I enquired for the exact position of the spot, which was long called the "Pirate's Leap," but in vain. His sorrows and his sin are sunk in the sea of oblivion. God rest his soul!

"There's a little breeze now pilot, let's haul our sheets aft and draw off the land."

"Aye, aye, sir, the day is just lifting, and I'm thinking we shall get a strong wind from the westward." The rising breeze soon raised the veil of fog that had covered sea and land, and showed us the wild scene in which the little *Pet* was about to play her part. To the south-west the rocky isles of Scarva and Islay, with black inhospitable cliffs and cold cheerless hills; to the north the island and Sound of Mull, with the towers of Castle Tornish peering through the mist; to the east the isle of Shuna, and the coast of the main land, and old Ben Nevis, grown grey in one sad disconsolate night, towering above the rising clouds of fog.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which one experiences, when one wakes at sea and looks round on these wild romantic places, to which the chances of a voyage are sure to lead one. . So different from the dull routine of tame long shore life! A wild sea-beaten crag instead of a stack of chimneys, and a soaring eagle instead of a black chattering sparrow. Who would not bargain for weary limbs and a wet jacket, as the price of the free manly life at sea?

“ Here it comes, sir. Down with that gaff-top-sail, and I think she'd like a smaller jib.”

The pilot was a true prophet: down came the merry breeze, right in our teeth. But no matter, anything rather than a calm.

The wind freshened, the sun shone, the sea sparkled, and the *Pet* under her three sails staggered along in a style that made breakfast a service of danger, and the equilibrium of a cup of coffee a hydrostatic paradox.

As we came under the lee of the Isle of Scarva, we fell in with a fine Irish yacht and a revenue cruizer, both yawl rigged. They, as well as ourselves, were bound to windward, and the three craft rattled along tack and tack together; the little *Pet* to our delight, and to our pilot's surprise, holding her own manfully, and even overhauling the government craft, in spite of the strong wind and chopping sea.

The pilot handled her very well, sailing her a little off the wind, and carrying sail upon her to an extent that few men, not acquainted with her qualities, would have liked.

We had a capital regatta for a couple of hours, when we arrived at a narrow strait, where the tide was too furious to contend against, and at noon we were all three at anchor, under the lee of a little rocky craig, called Slate Island, stopping for the tide.

We rowed ashore to get some fresh fish from some people whom we saw busy with a seine; and as we stood upon the rocks and looked about us, the scene was one which compensated for many a hard day's work, and many a weary watch. The wild craggy islands, the fierce roaring tide, the angry northern sky, the handsome uncouth fishermen speaking an unknown tongue,—all these things made us imagine ourselves anywhere but on the coast of our own island. And there lay the little *Pet* in the cove beneath our feet: her sails stowed, her beautiful red cross flying at the mast-head, and her pilot, ever wakeful, stretched full length on deck, keeping the anchor watch. On one side of her the man-of-war had got his men drawn up on deck, and was practising some warlike cut-and-thrust manœuvres after the manners and customs of the ancients. On the other hand, the yacht's deck presented a far more peaceful and pleasing sight, for there were three or four young ladies dressed in that quaint piquant incongruous costume, for which a voyage offers such an excellent excuse, marching up and down the deck, and making a pretty contrast with the old government cruizer, with his stern word of command, his cut-and-thrust exercises, and his rough warlike demeanour. But while all this is in progress, old Boreas was not idle, and one of those dark hazy russet clouds had crept up, which is the sure

precursor of a gale. Up it came from behind the cliffs of Scarva, quickly spreading far and wide over the sky, and having sent us a rattling shower, as an introduction to its after-wrath, at length burst upon us with full strength and fury.

The first victim was a merchant schooner, which had brought up astern of us. She soon dragged her anchor, and having tried in vain to get a fresh hold, and equally in vain to beat against it, let go her peak, up helm, and away she went to leeward.

Soon afterwards the yacht began to drag, and the ladies left the deck, but the skipper shewed pluck, and close-reefed his trysail, set a small jib, weighed anchor, and went to windward manfully. Old cut-and-thrust had by this time suspended his warlike preparations, and all hands were busy in reefing sails, and striking top-mast. Nor were we idle on board the *Pet*, for before the tide turned, our three storm-sails were bent and hoisted, and in spite of some lingering looks to leeward on the part of our pilot, the anchor was weighed and we went to windward. The gale, though violent, was of short duration, and in two hours time we had the whole main-sail upon her, and a boat towing a-head to keep us clear of the rocks, which beset the entrance to Crinan Roads.

And here let me warn all strangers of one of the most treacherous dangers on the Scottish coast. Between the islands of Jura and Scarva, is the Gulf of Corryvreckan, a fine open passage to all appearance, but in reality a most dangerous spot. The flood tide, it is said, (for we did not try the experiment.) rushes through with fearful force, causing a frightful whirlpool, which, as our pilot said, would break up a square-rigged ship like an egg-shell.

"About twenty-four years ago, the *Minnie* sloop, of Fort William, got within the circumference of the fatal ring: after vainly struggling to save their vessel, the crew took to the boat, and rowed for their lives, forgetting in their haste that they had left a cabin boy asleep in his berth. They watched the unlucky vessel as she rushed quicker and quicker down the awful gulf,—they saw her spin round thrice with fearful speed, and sink till she was half-mast under. They then saw her rise again and drift out of the vortex, and then to their wonder and amazement they saw sail made upon her, and away she went. The boy had started from his sleep just in time.

"For the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
Had watched o'er the life of poor Jack."

"He came on deck as the vessel recovered from her dive, got her clear of the danger, and took her up to Fort William. The owner of the vessel, and the boy, now a man, still live to tell the tale."

The pilot had just finished spinning this yarn as we brought up in Crinan Roads. It was just sunset: heaven, earth, and sea, were black with clouds and rain. Glad enough we were to let go our anchor in a snug roadstead, to rest in peace during that inclement night, and very glad that we had not attempted this cramped and dangerous navigation without a pilot. In every other part of the British coast, lead, log, and look-out, may serve a seaman well enough by day or night, but in these narrow passages, with their impetuous tides, their sudden squalls, their rocky reefs, and their impenetrable fogs, local knowledge alone can insure safety. In approaching from the westward, it would be better to make sure of a pilot at Campletown, Douglas, Glasgow, or some other western port; and on coming through the Caledonian Canal one cannot do better than by engaging the services of Ewen McKinan, pilot of Fort William.

The long narrow peninsula formed by the lower part of Argyleshire, extending nearly sixty miles to the southward, terminates in the Mull of Cantire at a distance of four or five leagues from Fair Head in Ireland. The upper part of the peninsula is cut through by the Crinan Canal, an artificial channel nine miles in length. We had determined to take the *Pet* by this route, and reluctantly leaving the waters of the Highlands we passed through the canal, which is uninteresting, narrow, and encumbered by fourteen or fifteen small and inconvenient locks. By 5 p.m. we were under-way in Loch Fyne, homeward bound, with a fair and fresh breeze, a threatening sky, and all sail set.

At the village of Ardrosraig, at the southern extremity of the canal, we laid in a stock of provisions which I shall always remember with a qualm. The biscuits turned sour and unwholesome, the beer, though bottled and well up, had some very suspicious idiosyncracies, and the only meat that could be found, consisted of certain black shapeless logs of a dried and salted substance, into the natural history of which it would indeed be rash to search. I shall ever consider it not the least among the blessings of life, that such modes of embalming deceased quadrupeds are peculiar to Ardrosraig.

“Blow swiftly blow thou keel compelling gale.”

Yon Scotchman may shake his gory locks, and talk about our wee boatie and her o’ermuckle spars, but we are glad enough to have her to ourselves and to be at sea again.

Running rapidly down Loch Fyne, (a beautiful place for sailing, with snug coves and clear sheltered bays,) we passed through a squadron of fishing boats, as dense and numerous as a flight of starlings, took the

east side of Arran, and keeping our fair wind, made the Pladda Light on the south point of the island soon after sunset, and the breeze falling light at daybreak, we found ourselves almost within hail of Ailsa Craig. This solitary rock, more than 1,000 feet high, rises out of the ocean in stern desolate majesty, "a thing bereft, blighted, alone." For miles after we left it, we heard the sea "break round it mournfully and know no sleep."

The sun rose bright and hot, without cloud or mist to veil his fiery face. During a long scorching morning, the *Pet* lay becalmed, drifting in the current, sometimes towards Ireland, sometimes towards the Scottish shore. And now we poor innocent Saxons had to pay the penalty of Gaelic uncleanness and foul feeding; one after the other we were seized with violent illness. Happily the weather was calm; for if it had blown hard we could not have worked the ship, so severe was the attack. If, as I sincerely hope, the coming summer may find the *Pet* once more on the Highland waters, it shall find her well stored with good English beef and biscuit. Of all predicaments in the world, may I ever be protected from a gale of wind in a ten ton cutter and a violent fit of cholera morbus.

Towards evening the young flood drew us again to the southward, and on taking a look out from the mast-head, we saw that we were drifting straight into the race of the Mull of Galloway. The chart marked the spot with the words "heavy race," and a schooner was soon made out at the edge of the broken water, pitching heavily, while the white waves seemed to fly half over her.

Not liking this prospect, we sent the boat ahead to tow us out of the indraught, but the cholera had its hold upon our boatswain, and he could do nothing with her; the labour consequently fell upon ourselves, and for two weary hours we tugged at the oar, slowly creeping out from the land, while the deep swell increasing every moment retarded our progress, and the roar of the race and the warning from the mast-head, "It's a breakin' fearful heavy, sir, as far as I can see," urged us to renewed exertion. At last a dark line is seen on the great green heaving billows to the eastward; nearer and nearer it comes; and now the red cross flag, which had long hung despondingly from the top-mast head, fluttered, unfolded, and then boldly blew out straight and fair. "Hurrah my lads, keep her away, haul up the boat; what care we for the race now we've got a breeze? Sam, mix some grog—Jack, get a pull on the weather runners, and ease the top-sail sheet—course S.b.W. for Peel Castle—a fair wind and plenty of it.

How merry are we, that sailors be.

Only I wish we had something wholesome to eat, and that the sharks had dined on that infernal salted mutton."

At nine next morning we were anchored in Peel Roads, in the Isle of Man. H.M.S. *Comet*, lay at the anchorage, and a few small yachts were crawling about in the light breeze fishing. This day was devoted by our crew to scraping spars, painting sides, polishing, scrubbing, and refitting, whilst we walked over the hills to Douglas, and endeavoured to see as much as time permitted, of the island and its inhabitants.

"It be sayde of some," saith an old volume that I have consulted, "that y^e cattes of this Yslonde have none tayles upon theyre backes, whereof hystoryans doe alledge dyverse curyose and exquysyte reasons for y^e same. Some doe hold opynyon, that this notabel manque or defect on theyre hynder partes, bee caused bye dystemper or bye lacke of vytayle. But y^e boke of Polykronycon deponeth, that in y^e daies of y^e noble Kynge Brutus Trojanus, sonne of Æneyas, grandesonne of Afrodyte, and thyrde in descent from y^e see, in Brutus hys reign, befell in y^e Yslonde of Mona or Manne, a passynge derthe of fyses, wherefore none eles were taken by y^e space of thre monethes. At this y^e menne of that countree were sore astonied in theyre soles; for the menne had a highe estomac and a proude, and wold not digge nor plough; but through graspinge of eles and suche fyses with theyre handes in y^e oze and mudde, thei didde proudly and disdaynefully fede upon y^e same; wherefore by defect of eles and y^e lyke bestes, y^e menne of that londe fell seke and were lyke to dye.

"In the thyrde month of this derth, and on y^e second daie, came the menne of Mona to the great conqueror and excellent Prynce Kynge Thier, sonne of Kynge Brutus and Dame Besta or Bess, hys wyfe; for Thier was kynge in Manne; and sayde to hym, 'Gyve us eles and fyses, or we dye.' 'Naye,' sayde y^e kynge, 'Am I a Godde, that I shold make fyshe and fleshe for you?' And anone hee rose upp and smote them wyth hys swerde. Now, in y^e kynge's castell lyved a catte, whyche was a wytche; and it befell that y^e kynge, in y^e exceedyng grete slaughter of hys varlets and knaves that he didde then make, with hewynge and hackynge of y^e same, didde of onadvyse and incontinence smyte off y^e sayde catte or wytche hys tayle. And as for y^e catte or wytch, what hym befell I maye not declare; but y^e catte hys tayle didde ronne and rove aronde y^e castell in lykeness of a myghty bygge ele or congere fyshe, and wyth grete hyzzyng, and rorynge, and yscrechyng, did plunge hymselfe egrely into y^e see.

"At syghte of thys mervaylous wonder and myracule, y^e kynge didde make an ende of y^e hewynge and hackynge of hys varlets and knaves,

and y^e remenaunt that was yett lyvyng, and in case to ronne for y^e cut-tyng and hewing whych thei hadde gotten, didde ronne eche to hys own home, and in haste every manne didde chope y^e tayle of hys owne proper tabby, kyten, or catte; wherebye y^e see was filled with moche bigge and letel eles as of aforetyme."*

Peel and Douglas have indifferent harbours, but the roadsteads seem tolerably good. Douglas Bay is very beautiful, and the position of the island within a short sail of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, must make it an admirable station for western yachts.

We were very desirous of learning something of the original language of the island, but though we heard that several Manx poems are in existence, we did not succeed in finding any written or printed specimens. On our way to Douglas we encountered several cars full of people, of light and joyous, but singularly uncouth demeanour; at first we supposed them to be Aborigines, and the impression was confirmed when a young male specimen shouted out something in an unknown tongue, the sounds of which were somewhat like "*Orl Roun meeyatt.*" On inquiry however, it proved that the savages in question, were part of a multitude of excursionists, who flock over by thousands from Liverpool. The knowledge of this fact may account for their wild and barbarous manners; but the decyphering of their singular and striking language I must leave to the initiated.

CHAPTER XI.

"The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay."

SATURDAY.—Sunset found us again pursuing our voyage off the Calf of Man. On looking at the scene of the *Great Britain's* celebrated *faux pas*, the breadth of the Channel, the brightness of the lights, the peculiar character of the sea off the Calf of Man, broken and lumpy, with breakers and overfalls; we could not help thinking, that if we

* The Manx new year commences on the 12th of May, and the natives usher it in by sacrificing the old one in funeral prayers, all over the island; they then make the whole tract of country from the Point of Ayre to the Calf Lights ring with a rustic discord, by blowing horns; and as these wild, uncouth sounds, echo and reverberate among the hills and valleys, their fairies and witches come forth affrighted from their pastoral glens and romantic latencies, to seek the cause for all this uproar, when they are so terrified by witnessing these "blessed blazes," as they are called, that maddened by frenzy and distracted to desperation, they rush to the sea-coast and plunge headlong into the yawning waves, thus suicidally committing themselves for one year to a briny purgatory.—Extract from "*An Excursion through Mona.*" *Parley's Annual*, 1848.

yachtsmen were to play such tricks with our little cockleshells, as some of our friends do with their great Noah's Arks, it would not be long before we should find ourselves at supper with the fish.

It was a beautiful, still, and peaceful night; all the winds were asleep save one fair gentle ocean-breeze that was flitting on silent wings to her home in the far south. Not a sound could be heard upon the sea but the soft rustling of the water as the *Pet* with her wide wings spread and motionless, pursued her dreamy way.

“A favourable speed ruffled her mirror'd mast.”

Every star of heaven came out to gaze upon us, nor through the live-long night did one cold jealous cloud throw its gloomy shadow over the spangled surface of the sea. It was a lovely night. At 2 A.M. we made the Skerries Light and shaped our course for Holyhead. Arriving off the harbour's mouth we moored to a buoy, piped all hands to breakfast, and afterwards rowed ashore, intending to visit the Britannia Bridge and other lions of the island.

Now, though the days were jotted down plain enough in the log-book and almanac, somehow or other we had missed one: whether we had taken a long snooze in the Isle of Man, or had lost a day in the dark weather somewhere among the Scottish lochs I know not; but ashore we went in the firm impression that it was Saturday, and were stalking along in the full splendour of pink flannel shirts, tarpaulin hats, pilot jackets, and tarry breeks; when we were suddenly hove-a-back by a rushing ebb tide of Independent Baptists pouring from their chapel doors; one glance was enough, Sunday was written on their devout and rather acid countenances; Sunday was starched on their neckcloths; Sunday was polished on their boots. Feeling very like heathens and publicans, we hove about, got on board, and in the course of the afternoon proceeded to sea.

Holyhead possesses one of the finest artificial harbours on our coasts. There is a good berth for a yacht, afloat at all tides, on the port side going in, close to the flood gates. Both the Stack Rock and Bardsey Island are surrounded by races and overfalls, which in bad weather must cause a tremendous sea.

The night was calm and foggy, the smooth surface of the ocean rose and fell, fell and rose in the strangest dreamiest monotony of motion. At such a time, if one is alone or undisturbed by matter-of-fact sights or sounds, one sits and watches the vast heaving mirror, till recollection and reality, hopes and fears, wildest fancies and sternest truths, are fused together in dim and mysterious confusion. One looks out upon

the void ocean, and seeing nothing to recall one from dreamland to reality, nothing but a vast wavy abyss of fog and billow, one wonders whether the feeling of madness may not be somewhat akin to this.

Presently, bang goes the boom, with force enough to start the bolts from the timber-heads, as the helpless vessel rolls and staggers in the swell. No matter, you think, the sail is asleep now and it won't surge again. In a minute, bang it goes again with redoubled force. This time you shake off the lethargy of the hour, top the boom six feet clear of the rail, haul down the main-sheet, and return to your reverie. A few moments and one's thoughts have flown over billow and rock, over mountain and dale, over days, and months, and years, far away to scenes of by-gone gladness or sorrow; or they are hard at work perhaps, coining images, (sadly counterfeit) of future hours and days of happiness and peace.

Suddenly the boat, which is astern, (to be ready to pull the vessel's head round,) crashes under the counter; you jump up, give her twenty fathom of light line to the end of her painter, and shove her off till you fancy she is adrift—and away to dreamland again. Two minutes have not passed before a thumping and smashing sound is heard under the channels; you look and there is your friend again chafing alongside. This time you determine not to be done, cast off the runners, fix the hook in the boat's stem and with no little trouble hoist her in; and now all matters of fact set at rest for a time, welcome sweet dreams once more!

But soon a mighty rushing sound is heard like the blast of a furnace, a huge black mass starts from the ocean, and a grampus leaping over the billow, plunges with the speed of an avalanche and the roar of a cataract, headlong into the depths, leaving the chafed and foaming sea to mark his path.

And now the fog lifts, as a light breeze comes tripping over the rollers; the sails are filled once more, the water curls under the lee, the helm awake again presses against your hand, and dreams are banished for a time as the eye pores over the compass, or scans the tower of canvas from the main-tack to the peak-earing to see that every stitch does its duty.

And now the first pale blush of early dawn tinges the grey eastern sky, and a cold and chilling feeling creeps over the heart as the mysterious moonlight with its dreams and illusions, yields to the hard stern disenchanting light of day. "Hallo! hallo! below there! Morning watch tumble up! the middle watch is over and let's be out of this for Heaven's sake."

(To be Continued.)

CHART OF THE THAMES.

Our present number contains a neat and very carefully reduced chart of that portion of the "Silver Thames" used for the sailing matches of the Royal Thames, and Royal London Yacht Clubs, and as the season has now arrived, in which the contests of these distinguished societies take place, we trust it will be acceptable to our readers not only as a companion in a cruise, but for reference while reading our reports of the matches.

The course for matches is, starting from the beautiful little Bay of Erith either to the Coal House Point, Chapman Head, Nore, or Mouse Lights and return to Erith, the distance from the Nore to London Bridge is about forty-one nautical miles, Nore to the Mouse seven and a half.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES AFLOAT.

(Continued from p. 431, vol. 1.)

BY VINCENT.

CHAPTER V.

A DANCE may at all times be safely prognosticated, when at any gathering of an evening, whether by chance, or invitation, young people predominate; and despite of fatigue, a dance there was accordingly, or *several* of them, in the hut where Mr. Erton, with his family, and the two masqueraders from the cutter-yacht *Puck*, had encountered, and taken up their abode for the night. A country piper supplied the delectable music; to which Frederic Hartland and Dick Herbert, with the two Miss Ertons, and their brother, with a young cousin, who was of his party, went whirling round and round in waltz and polka, or "worked to windward," "edged away," "bore up," or "luffed-to again," in all the shifting intricacies of a quadrille.

At length the impromptu *fancy* ball, as the extraordinary costume of two of its chief ornaments might have justified its being styled, was very peremptorily, though not till after eight or ten fruitless efforts for the same purpose, put an end to by Mr. Erton; whose patience was at length exhausted, and gave place to a natural anxiety for his girls' health and fitness to resume their journey on the morrow. He did not escape, however a Parthian dart from one of the fair dancers thus put to flight; who directly accused him of pleading the cause of his own sleepiness, under pretext of care for them.

All were afoot again early on the following morning; the ladies in all their travelling wrappings again, and the two quondam Turks, with faces still much smutted, notwithstanding that they had scrubbed and washed, and washed and scrubbed again, till their faces were sore, and the skin was nearly rubbed off them. Young Erton had mercifully lent clothes of Christian fashion, to replace their Saracenic habiliments; and the latter were bundled up and dispatched to the cutter, by the messenger whom they sent to her skipper, with orders to make sail at once for a bay some leagues distant; whither, according to Mr. Erton's prudent suggestion, they meant themselves to proceed by land, and thus avoid altogether the little village whose inhabitants they had so mystified on the preceding afternoon. By great good luck, a rickety one horse vehicle, an "outside jaunting car," that had seen no little hard usage, but was still serviceable, was found in the "livery establishment" of their *hotel* of the night; the only vehicle there, or for many leagues along the coast; and on this the adventurers bestowed their precious persons, with a thousand kind adieus to the Ertons. No final leave-taking was however intended, an appointment being made for the succeeding day at a place easily accessible by sea or land, where some scenery, reported to be of a peculiarly striking character, was to be visited by the re-united party.

Some three hours later Frederic Hartland and his friend were seated near the top of a bluff headland of the little Bay of ———, watching the slow approach of the yacht, retarded as she was by a strong ebb-tide; and one of the infrequent, but usually sharp, off-shore breezes, of the west coast of Ireland. Busily were they conversing, and had so been for hours, upon the perfections of their late partners; and the earnestness of the pair would seem to betoken that they had begun seriously to meditate asking the young dames to be their partners more permanently, and sail life's voyage in company with them.

A couple of hours later still, the cutter had worked up near enough to be signalled, and Hartland and Herbert left the little recess in the brow of the cliff where they had been seated, and went upon its highest pinnacle to wave their hats and handkerchiefs. As they did so, Herbert remarked, though without taking any particular notice of it at the moment, a light, well-manned boat suddenly emerge from behind a low point a short distance from them, and pull rapidly in for the little beach that formed an isthmus between them and the main land.

"By Jove, Herbert," cried Hartland, in a tone of dismay, "the cutter's standing off again! See, see, Thompson makes us out well enough, for there! he has dipped the burgee twice, but he has given

her sheet, and is edging her away! What can be the matter, or is he mad!"

"Depend on it he has been sounding, and does not like the story the lead tells," returned Herbert, "see he waves his hat to us. What are you about, Hartland, have you no signal to tell him what to do, or can you make out where he thinks of going? I suppose he knows we're not well up in the signal book or he'd show flags!"

"Unluckily you are right," said the discomfited Hartland, who, like most men of exuberant spirits, was easily thrown off his centre by a *contre-temps*. "I never paid attention to signal books, and you see he knows it. I have not an idea what he means; I suppose it is as you say. I don't know what to do but to point back again to where he came from; but then we will lose meeting the Ertons!"

"Wave to him at all events," cried the other, "let him see we guess his difficulty, and he'll send a boat in I dare say."

"Boat! you forget Dick that the gig is not repaired, and he has only the punt that will float; why she'd never pull up against this breeze and the force of the ebb! However, answer Thompson at any rate, and we'll see what he'll do! I'll study *Ackers'* book the first moment I'm aboard!"

His obedient friend complied instantly, and recommenced waving and signalling with most particular energy, as if to make up thereby for the total want of signification in his motions. Evidently those on board of the yacht could make nothing of his telegraphing, and were utterly at a loss what to do; as a temporary measure she was at last wore round, and run off a little further from the land; when she was rounded to again and the fore-sheet hauled over, to keep her as nearly stationary as possible.

"Thompson is determined the yacht shall be safe at all events," said Herbert, in a tone of vexation, "there he is, no doubt surveying us at his ease with the glass, and waiting for us to *fly* to him I suppose!"

"He'll have to wait long enough for that!" cried a harsh, rude voice from behind, while a still ruder grasp was suddenly fastened on the young man's collar; five or six armed seamen at the same time coming up with a rush, and easily capturing Hartland also. The latter was not, however, secured without some struggle; during which he exclaimed and protested against the violence done him, until his captors threatened to use a gag. Herbert having been seized first, and taken more by surprise, was not able to offer much resistance, especially as the bight of a rope was quickly thrown over his head and round his arms; he used his tongue however, loudly demanding the reason of this treatment.

"You'll know soon enough my lad," said one of the men. "When we get a hold of your cutter there, that you've been trying to warn off, we'll have time to tell you; and if *we* can't satisfy you, it's only asking the judge and jury when they're transporting you, and they'll be sure to tell!"

The horse-laugh that greeted this not very bright piece of wit, drew a reprimand from the apparent leader of the party, followed by an order to search the prisoners. The search produced only some papers, which chanced to be in the pockets of the young men's borrowed garments, and of which they now for that reason begged the restoration, with particular earnestness. The important personage they addressed, (to whom the men gave the name of Mr. Bensal, when asking, or receiving his orders,) seemed however, in no hurry to attend to any request of his prisoners, but ordered them to be led down to his boat at once;—the same which Herbert had for a moment noticed, making for the little sandy isthmus. Thither now the captors and captured all hurriedly proceeded; and when there, the young men, both well secured by lashings round their arms, were lifted in, and placed in the stern-sheets of the boat, and Bensal and his party following, the boat was shoved off cheerily, and headed right out for the yacht, the sailors giving strong way with their oars.

"You take us for smugglers, I'm sure," said Frederic Hartland, making another effort at remonstrance, "you're quite mistaken and only giving yourself and us trouble and annoyance for nothing. We are yachtsmen on a cruize of pleasure, and that's my yacht: you will find she is only a yacht, when we get on board."

"Gammon," was the elegant response of Bensal: who then for a moment or two turned his attention to urging his men and examining with his glass, the cutter, which remained hove to as before, but had drifted a good deal. While he was thus employed Dick Herbert took opportunity to reproach his friend, for bringing them both into such a predicament.

"This comes of your masquerading Frederic," said he very discontentedly, "I knew it could not but get us into all kinds of scrapes! This scrape seems worse however than even what I anticipated; and how are we to get out of it without half a dozen more such humiliations as this of being tied like felons!"

"Tush, tush, Dick," returned Hartland, who had recovered much of his elasticity of spirits, though still sore enough, "it will all come right the moment we get aboard, meantime is not this an adventure; and have not we been looking for adventures? And besides, were we not just

now quite down in the mouth for want of a boat; and here we have one well manned and fast-pulling, to take us off to our vessel at once!"

Any rejoinder from Herbert was here prevented by Bensal, who, after casting his eye over some of the papers taken from his prisoners, condescended to address them.

"Yes, and now I'll take your vessel and yourselves off together! You must be sharp fellows, or have great help somewhere, to have got these papers out of the commissioners' hands, when its only yesterday I got notice of them myself from the Board!"

"Papers! Commissioners! What do you mean?" cried both the gentleman in a breath.

"Oh, aye!" returned the revenue official, for such he was, "you don't know anything, of course, about these papers though you had them with you! and of course you hav'nt been hovering off the coast to meet the craft they mention, and help to run her cargo? Oh no!"

"I declare I know not what you mean," replied Hartland, in considerable amazement, "those papers, whatever they are, are not ours, they belong to a gentleman who lent us clothes when,—

"Oh, by—! that's *too* good!" roared Bensal with a burst of rude laughter; chorussed heartily by his men: "In trying to gammon me, you've let the cat out of the bag a bit; so you have been *borrowing clothes, disguising* yourselves to dodge us! Go on, my lad, tell us a little more."

"There now Hartland see what has come of your tricks," said Herbert. "I knew they could not end well. I assure you sir," continued he, trying his eloquence upon the revenue man, "though we have been doing a foolish thing, yet we are not what you think, and these papers are not ours; but belong to a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is travelling in this neighbourhood, his name is Mr. Erton."

"Mr. Erton!" interrupted Bensal. "Oh! I dare say ye *are* of his *acquaintance*! Few of your trade but *he* comes to know sooner or later. The Board wouldn't trust him and pay him as they do, and wouldn't have sent him down special just now to this coast, if he wasn't able to weather upon the whole of you. But I've something else to do than to talk now. Look to your arms my lads; we're nearing him fast; and for as quiet as he seems, we may have a shot."

"Not from *my* men," cried Hartland, "you may be sure of that: they see me in the boat; and know you to belong to the government service, and therefore wont make any difficulty about letting you alongside and on board. Besides I think I brought away the key of my little magazine with me, and the powder horns were empty yesterday."

This explanation was little attended to, the "commissioned boatman" (Bensal's rank,) being occupied with his preparations for boarding: suddenly however he exclaimed again:

"By the————! here's more of the disguises! What nothing but doing *Turks* would suit you? Heave ahead my lads with a will, and let's lay hold of the Grand Mogul!"

This high designation was intended for poor Thompson; who well accustomed to his masters humours, had not dared either to divest himself of the fantastic garb in which he had been arrayed the previous day, or to suffer his men to resume their ordinary rig. They and he were now gathered on the deck, and when they made out their employer and his friend to be in bonds, they were about making some hurried shew of hostility to the revenue-men. But Hartland called loudly and imperatively on them not to attempt such a thing; and accordingly the yacht was run aboard, and taken possession of without resistance. The after-cabin was then thoroughly rummaged first of all, and when Bensal had satisfied himself that nothing contraband was there, the two gentlemen were somewhat rudely thrust down into it and locked in there, with a seaman at the door, cutlass in hand. Great was the indignation of Hartland's crew, but as he had for once allowed reason and good sense to rule him, and had positively commanded them to be quiet, a struggle was happily avoided, which must have involved most serious consequences, notwithstanding the superiority in numbers and of course in weapons, of the men under Bensal's orders.

The latter worthy now established himself in all ease and luxury in the main-cabin, not scrupling to help himself to eatables and drinkables of the best description the yacht afforded, and varying the pleasant occupation with new searches and explorations every where about, till between him and his men the yacht was most thoroughly rummaged in every part. Meantime way had been got on her again, and she was kept industriously plying to windward for the greater part of the afternoon, till a lucky slant of wind, aided by the now returning flood tide, helped her up before sunset to the creek, whence Bensal and his party had issued in the morning on one of their occasional reconnoitings along the coast, and where the coast-guard station of which he was in charge, was located. A village a little higher up, on the last fall of a small mountain river that emptied itself into the creek, boasted not only of rather a decent looking inn, but also of public buildings and government establishments, in the guise of a police-barrack, and a district Bridewell! To the latter it was Mr. Bensal's intention, as, when the anchor was gone, he with great importance of tone and manner, an-

nounced to his prisoners, to have them conveyed for safe keeping during the night. Their ulterior destination they should learn at his convenience in the morning.

With mixed feelings of pleasure and dread of renewed ridicule: the latter feelings however being made to predominate by the increasing annoyances of their position, Hartland and Herbert on learning the name of the village, ascertained that it was precisely their rendezvous of the next day with the Ertons; and they were confirmed in the belief by hearing from their captor that he expected a visit from a gentleman of that name, who, (although they had not previously known of his connexion with the Board of Customs) there could not now remain a doubt on their minds must be their entertainer of the evening before; and acquaintance of the previous summer at Cowes. This persuasion made it all the more easy for Bensal to induce them to go quietly on shore with him, and submit to be marched up the beach, to the Bridewell, under a mixed escort of police and sailors. On reaching this fortress of the law! they were at once introduced to its largest apartment, a bare, square, strongly barred and bolted room, with a stone floor, a guard-bed strewn with straw, a rickety table and pair of stools, and—last item of furniture, a couple of squalid creatures, taken up and committed for the high crime of mendicancy!

At first our poor adventurers kept up their spirits pretty well, under all these depressing circumstances, cheering themselves with the hope of Mr. Erton's arrival that evening. But when hour after hour went by, and the occasional messengers they were permitted, as a great favour, to send to the inn, returned all alike without the desired intelligence; not only Herbert, who always tended a little towards querulousness, but the light hearted and reckless Hartland himself, gradually lost all their assumed gaiety; and when their gaoler refused to send again, at an hour certainly much later than that which ought to have seen Mr. Erton's arrival, unless some extraordinary cause of delay had occurred, the two young men rejecting all idea of food or refreshment, (greatly to the advantage of their hungry fellow-prisoners,) threw themselves back for the night upon their straw, in a state of most pitiable down-heartedness.

What may have been Frederick Hartland's thoughts, during the long hours that he lay awake, tossing and tumbling under his impromptu coverlet of a boat-cloak, we shall not pretend to say, and must leave it to the further progress of our tale to reveal, if they tended at all to make him regret his past rather superabundant levity, and form vows of amendment for the future. Herbert, luckily for himself, slept well, and

did not "start tack or sheet," till roused early next morning with the unwelcome news, that as Mr. Erton had not yet arrived, the "commissioned-boatman" Bensal, had determined to take advantage of a convoy of policemen, going to attend the quarter sessions of the peace, at the county town, to send his prisoners in; remaining himself to meet the official dignitary before named, whom he had orders to put himself in communication with, and to supply with all the information Mr. Erton might require, in reference to the objects of his special mission.

Out then into the face of day, with burning cheeks and heavy hearts, the two unlucky yachtsmen had, after a scarcely tasted breakfast, to parade themselves in the open view of the rabblement of the village; through the whole length of which they had to pass, under the escort of policemen with loaded guns. Both instinctively turned just as the winding of the road was shutting out the sea, to take a last longing glimpse of the yacht, now looking more trim and comfortable than ever to their eyes. Suddenly a loud cracking of whips, shouting of men, creaking of wheels, and trampling of horses, made them turn again to the front; where, issuing from a side road, and nearly crushing the leading files of the police 'ere the horses could be stopped, was the open travelling carriage of the Ertons, with Mr. Erton and his whole party, standing up and gazing out upon the cortege, in most evident amazement.

(To be continued.)

ADMEASUREMENT FOR TONNAGE.

[THE following further extracts from *Bell's Life in London*, are here inserted by the Proprietor of the *Magazine*, in compliance with requests received.]

MR. EDITOR.—My letter which appeared in the *Life* of the 30th ult., was not, I fear sufficiently lucid in conveying my meaning as to the object I had in view in addressing you, relative to the very difficult subject of "Admeasurement for Tonnage." My chief object in doing so, and forwarding my plan and sketch, was to endeavour to prove that the *old system of admeasurement* was capable of a much greater evasion than has hitherto been contemplated or attempted; and that the *new system of admeasurement* originated by a distinguished member of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, for the express purpose of effectually checking the wholesale system of cheating which existed under the old plan, could likewise be evaded and to nearly an equal extent. I think if "Ship Carpenter" and "Cruizer" will refer to my letter,

they will find that I stated, "That unless some more positive advantage, otherwise than that of cheating tonnage, was found to exist upon actual experiment, *I should be very sorry to see it* (such a plan,) *introduced.*" I am glad to see this question again before yachtsmen, and that too in a good-tempered and friendly spirit, and not in that your correspondent "Scientia" appositely refers to, namely, after the fashion of the "Nine Knot Breeze Question," which was verily a "puddle in a storm," ably allayed by "Scientia." Let us therefore, Mr. Editor, set to work, not to give each other hard grammatical knocks, or hurt our *amour propre* by cynical allusions, but in a fair, jolly, yachtsman-like spirit, endeavour to come to some determination as to what system of "Admeasurement for Tonnage" shall rule the yachting world. We are now upon the verge of another and a most important yachting season, and no more appropriate time could be chosen for determining the question. We have had before us a letter from the much respected ex-Commodore Hewes, in which he stands forth in manly style as the champion of a class of yachtsmen, who, having vessels with raking stern-posts, consider it "inquisitorial injustice," for any attempt to be made to improve the build of yachts. The Commodore states, that upon the faith of "old measurement" being declared by the clubs, *to be the plan of regulating the tonnage of yachts,* large sums of money have been expended in building vessels according thereto, and that it has been proved without doubt that vessels built upon such a principle are better and faster than any built upon any other principle. Without entering upon any needless disquisition respecting those opinions, I will say that with regard to the statement, implying a breach of faith on the part of any yacht club, who should be bold enough to depart from the old system, I do not think any such imputation will hold good, as yacht club rules are always open to addition and amendment; and the fact that when the system of old admeasurement was declared to be *the plan*, no other eligible system was in existence to invite adoption, and, consequently having but the one, that one was made the law, but not necessarily an irrevocable law; as to vessels built according to such a law, having proved themselves better and faster than any other vessels built according to a different law, if the gallant Commodore holds such an opinion after the humiliating lesson we have received from our transatlantic brethren, and if he is backed up in that opinion by the majority of English yachtsmen and yacht builders, why, some giant mistake has been committed, and some charlatanry has been practised upon us by the owner and crew of the *America*. Doubtless, as the Commodore says, the raking stern-post gives a much more roomy vessel on deck, in fact, an able vessel at a low tonnage *above water*, but I deny that it gives us an abler vessel *below load water line*, and I think the Commodore will agree with me, that it is not up in the *air* we want the stability and power of the hull of a yacht. With respect to the observation, that the raking stern-post enables you to bring the beam well aft, I dissent from that in toto, for upon the position of the midship section depends the position of the beam and power of a vessel; and if you bring the midship section so far aft as to meet Commodore Hewes's views, and give the vessel a considerably

raked stern-post, I should like to hear the opinion of any naval draughtsman as to the description of after water-lines the vessel will possess. If such were the case, her after lines would be so short that the water, after having passed her greatest beam, would rush so violently to regain its equilibrium, that a positive vacuum would be formed under the vessel's quarter; the result of which would be a tender-to-be-handled dangerous vessel, hard to steer, and with but little power to enable her to stand up to the pressure of her main-sail in smooth water, and certainly none in a sea-way.

It is quite true, that with a raking stern-post you can spread out your quarters over all, by a broad counter, and thus obtain what may be called artificial beam aloft, but if you do, the results will prove to be not quite equal to your expectations; for, when the vessel is careened over by the pressure of a good breeze upon her canvas, a large additional surface is immersed, and your square counter and flaring quarters having no corresponding power in the submerged portion of the body to bear them up, become a positive and heavy drag upon the vessel, inasmuch as their lines of resistance, instead of acting in union, act as a horizontal drag, and the craft having little or no after lateral resistance to offer below, from the great rake in her stern-post, is in consequence overpowered by the top-weight of counter and quarters, in addition to the pressure of her main-sail, and "carried on" by a dare-devil sailing-master, in order to force her into that position to windward which the nature of her build precludes her from occupying, it eventuates in the fact that she almost imperceptibly sags off bodily to leeward, unless kept upright by the unsparing application of shot-bags, *alias* "shifting ballast." I confess, Mr. Editor, that I may be, and generally am, perhaps, uncommonly stupid; but, for the life of me, I cannot understand why it is that Commodore Hewes states in the commencement of his letter, "That vessels built upon the old principle were *faster* and *better* than any others built upon a different principle." And in the conclusion of it he contends it to be an act of "inquisitorial injustice" to induce men to build vessels upon what he asserts *has been proved to be the best plan*, and then to throw them out of their class (?) to contend against more *powerful yachts*. Well, verily this appears to me to be making out a strong case in favour of the *new system* of building, as although by the *old* he contends that you get every advantage you can desire; yet, by the *new*, he admits that, despite the loss of accommodation aloft and the increase of tonnage, you obtain a more *powerful vessel*. With respect to his statement that a vessel with a raking stern-post, will come round quicker than a vessel with an upright stern-post, I will presume to dissent from it, as likewise upon the point of having as little heel or stern-post under water as possible. The reason why, as he states, that the centre of motion is to be found nearer to the head than to the stern of a vessel, when putting her about, is simply the fact that the water in rushing along a vessel's sides in the direction parallel to her greatest length, viz. from stem to stern, meets with an obstacle tending to obstruct its further progress, on whichever side the rudder may be put hard over—the laws of fluids assert their rights, and the obstacle is pushed vio-

lently out of the way towards that side on which there exists no obstacle—and this action of the water, pushing the obstacle out of the way, continues as long as that obstacle is presented; consequently the stern and after body of the vessel is shoved to one side, and appears to turn upon a pivot placed forward in the vessel, and the deeper the forefoot of that vessel is the more forward will that pivot appear to be, and the longer will the vessel be in stays. But reduce that forefoot to less than one-half the draught of water aft, the pivot will be found to have approached nearer to the centre of gravity, from the oblique action of the water upon the deep angular keel forcing it to do so, and I think, upon experiment, that that imaginary pivot will be found to exist in such a built vessel approximately to the point in the inclined plane presented by the keel, where the water, moving in a horizontal current, cutting the keel at an acute angle, first impinges upon it. What shaped body will float the lightest, offer the least resistance, and move the fastest on the surface of the water? Why, if I mistake not, a flat board. Well, then, how are we to obtain lateral resistance, to enable that board to resist and overcome lateral pressure? Why, by nailing another piece of board at right angles along its submerged surface. Take a model of the *America*, or *Mary Taylor*, or little *Truant*. Their midship section will be found to be nearly a straight line from the water-line to the rabbet of the keel, the deep holes of the two former, and the centre-board of the latter corresponding to the angle-board above mentioned. Well, Mr. Editor, when such a built vessel careens to her canvas, there is your flat board gliding along and over the waves, with the fore part cut away to facilitate its movements in staying or wearing, and likewise to give it an upward tendency to rise over a sea, instead of bursting through it. Yachts, to my mind, should be built to sail *upon* and *over* the sea, instead of sailing *in* and *ploughing through* it. I will venture to say, that let a fairly built cutter yacht, having an upright stern-post, beam well, but not too much aft, having a fine entrance below, with but little gripe, and consequently requiring to carry but very small head canvas, be pitted against a cutter having a raking stern-post, beam forward in proportion, having a good deep gripe, and in consequence obliged to carry large head canvas to keep her from griping—I say, let two such cutters be pitted against each other over a narrow channel course, and for a turn dead to windward, I am much mistaken if the vessel, with the upright stern-post, will not be found to “stay,” and be off again about her business, whilst the raking stern-post vessel, with her deep fore-foot, will be losing time and speed by keeping her fore-sheet to windward to enable her to “pay off” at all.

That the old system of admeasurement is faulty in the extreme, no man can deny; nay its very warmest supporters are the very men who would be most clamorous about its abuses when a more than ordinarily flagrant instance of its evasion presented itself. I cannot easily forget one instance of this which occurred some time since: A friend of mine, an ardent stickler for old habits and customs, and who possessed an unconquerable antipathy to improvements of any kind, which he always regarded in the light of innova-

tions, had entered his craft for a Queen's cup, and the conversation naturally turned upon the abilities and past performances of the various vessels entered. An old sailor who was standing on the deck near to us observed, "How can your honour expect fair play in these parts or anywhere else for a sea-going craft, when such things as that there range up alongside of you in light weather; they call her 13 tons, but may I be 'prentice to a shrimp-catcher for the remainder of my days, if she is not 25 tons if she's an ounce!" Sure enough high and dry in a little dock close by where we were moored was shored up as perfect a specimen of the system of cheating induced by old admeasurement as ever I witnessed in my life: it was just the time that the Royal Mersey mode of admeasurement began to be talked of in yachting circles, and my friend became so convinced of the fallacy of a system which could be so abused, that he entered most warmly into the question of tonnage reform, and is at this moment, although the owner of a fine vessel with a raking stern-post, a zealous supporter of the new system. Now Mr. Editor, the system we want is that which will leave untrammelled the genius of the builder; one which will tend to produce a class of vessels, able, fast and possessed of every qualification necessary for sea-going purposes as well as racing, with comfortable accommodation for owner and crew, all of which the *America* has fully proved to be attainable; one which will have the effect of causing a more equitable classification for difference of tonnage, and one which will admit in its development of the application of sound mathematical principles. Let us not be influenced by any private consideration to take a narrow or one-sided view of the question; let not the desire of temporarily benefiting a part operate eventually in the construction of the whole; and above all, let not British yacht-builders and British yachtsmen become a bye-word amongst the nations, through a blind and obstinate adherence to a system which has already entailed upon us deep disgrace. Commodore Hewes admits the long, easy lines of the displacement of the *America*. How were they attained? Why by leaving her designer unfettered by any absurd rules of length or breadth aloft or aloft, but allowing him to arrange a certain weight of materials in any form that he might conceive to be most conducive to speed and ability; for the rule of admeasurement for yachts in America is by weight, and the actual number of tons of water they displace is their registered tonnage; *vide* Rules of the New York Yacht Club, No. 17:—"The measurement of tonnage shall be ascertained by actual displacement." And to such a nicety do they carry this admeasurement by displacement, that Rule 24 specifies that "a mode to ascertain the actual displacement at different draughts of water, after the yacht has been weighed, shall be prepared under the direction of a competent person, to be selected by the club, which shall be the standard used to determine the tonnage in any race." I am far from thinking that even this system cannot be evaded. If I do not err, the centre-board yachts were invented to cheat it, they being so much lighter, from the proportionate absence of dead wood fore and aft. I do not mean to assert that the Royal Mersey system of admeasurement is the most perfect that can or may be invented, but it admits of a more liberal exercise of the builder's

talent than any other we at present know of. Neither do I mean to assert that a perfectly upright stern-post is indispensable, but I am strongly of opinion that the nearer it approaches to being so the better, as it offers such great additional lateral resistance to the pressure of the after canvas, enabling a vessel to hold a good wind, and likewise, what is of more importance still, enabling the application of long, graceful, and easy water lines, similar to the *America's*, eminently conducive to speed, not only "by," but when running "off" the wind; and you are enabled moreover to bring your mid-ship section and greatest beam well aft to meet the weight of your main-sail; whilst by the adoption of a light draught of water forward, and but little gripe, you can carry a much lighter fore-sail, a shorter bow-sprit, and a smaller jib, and in turning to windward in a heavy head sea, is it not a great comfort to find that your vessel is going along merrily, with ease to herself, and not only looking to windward but sailing to windward likewise, and not obliged to carry a great swaggering jib, filling with every sea, and threatening each moment to deprive you of the bow-sprit short off by the span-shackle. I sailed in a vessel with an upright stern-post last season, and with but little draught of water forward, and she stayed and wore as quickly, and with quite as much certainty as any raked stern-post vessel I ever steered. Moreover, an infant might have handled her tiller, which cannot be said of many of the old build, for they are generally very hard to steer when going any way fast, owing to the excessive inclination of the rudder to the direct action of the water, and which necessitates that the rudder itself should be made much broader, in order to act effectually. This in itself is very detrimental to the speed of a vessel; for if the head canvas is not proportionate to the after canvas, the vessel carries a hard weather helm, when the broad rudder, hung at such an angle with the keel, forms a patent drag, enough to destroy any properties of speed the vessel may possess; whereas, were the stern-post upright, there would be more lateral after resistance to support the extra weight of canvas, the rudder would be much narrower, and the least touch of the tiller would bring the vessel to her proper course. Now, sir, in the above remarks I hope I have not in any way given offence to Commodore Hewes, as such has neither been my wish nor intention; my motive is, I suspect, much about the same as his own, that is, an earnest wish to benefit yachting interests. Now for my able friend, "Ship Carpenter," who need not take any trouble in apologizing for his abilities as a scribe. I would earnestly advise him, when he speaks again of not finding materials strong enough for any specific purpose, such as forming the stern of my proposed "tonnage cheater," to turn to his dictionary and expunge therefrom the word "impossible." Its existence now in the English language is seriously doubted; at all events, it makes its appearance but seldom, and is regarded with suspicion. I hope, however, that all who write upon the subject, will strive to emulate his good temper and quiet and business-like observations. As to my friend "Cruiser," he apparently writes under a load of difficulties in respect to the number of vessels, nearly all tonnage cheaters, whose claims to be left in possession of the undisturbed superiority, arising from their

raked stern-posts, will, scarcely, I think, prove of a nature sufficiently strong to warrant the continuance of an erroneous and unjust system; I would beg to refer him to my letter, in which he will find that I did not propose to bring the stern-post to the midship section, but *as near*, as its form, and a due consideration of the functions of the rudder, would admit; and with respect to his observation as to the construction, by any practical man, in his senses, of such a *machine*, I beg to inform him, and likewise any other of your nautical readers or writers, who may feel interested in the same, that by a letter, which has just been forwarded to me by a brother yachtsman, I find that the self same plan has been originated contemporaneously, on the other side of the Atlantic, and that Messrs. Fish and Morton, of Water-street, New York, the builders of the celebrated little centre board clipper *Truant*, are actually about to build a schooner of large tonnage on somewhat the same principle; and they state their opinion that she will be able to beat the celebrated sloop yacht *Maria*. American builders, as I am informed, experimentalise on working models before hand. In the schooner abovementioned, the main saloon is to be abaft the main stern-post. The new mode of measurement, that is, *along the deck*, has been adopted by the Royal Cork Yacht Club, by the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, by the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, and about to be by the Royal London Yacht Club; therefore, "Cruizer's" hopes as to the latter standing *alone* in the *fallacy*, and confusion which will ensue, seem likely to be blighted. I, too, have spoken upon the subject to which he refers, with more than *one* eminent yacht builder, and from what I can learn, the opinion is rather to the contrary respecting the present "graceful mode of yacht building." I would recommend, Mr. Editor, to those clubs who have adopted, or who are about to adopt the Royal Mersey system of admeasurement, that they should introduce the words, "*or main body of the vessel below the load water line,*" immediately after the words, "*provided always, that if any part of the stem or stern-post.*" This will set aside mine, or any other *tonnage cheater*, and will, as far as I see at present, render that system impossible of evasion, and at the same time, encourage the build of a handsomer and more perfect class of vessels.

Yours, &c. VANDERDECKEN,

MR. EDITOR.—Having read a reply to my communication respecting the admeasurement of yachts in your excellent paper, signed "Ship's Carpenter," and finding that the writer appears to misunderstand the contents of my letter, I shall be obliged by your informing him that a "rudder being placed obliquely," is when the helm is put over. I thought that I had been sufficiently explicit in my last, for any nautical man, or even a landsman, for I seldom indulge in "far fetched" technical terms, and what *I say I mean, and sign my name to it*. I regret to find that he has not yet discovered the simple fact that by raking a stern-post, the vessel may have her beam brought further aft, and the deck thereby made larger, *both being advantageous to*

speed and appearance, without increasing the tonnage, and instead of raking stern-posts requiring rudders twice the size or width of upright posts, they do not require them so wide, because as you increase in rake of post, you must increase the length of rudder with the same draught of water, and consequently presenting a greater surface of rudder to the pressure of the water, when placed obliquely in stays or in any other position. As to the system of raking posts being a "vicious" one, I know, from experience, that when vessels with upright posts sail against others with raking posts, the crews of the former appear very "vicious" indeed, for they generally get beaten by the long tailed clippers. I do not write to ridicule, or quarrel, or condemn, but to elicit truth, and, if possible, to obtain justice for all. I live in hope, with assistance from gentlemen who do not *live by building yachts*, to prevent much injustice towards the *main supporters of yacht clubs, namely, the yacht owners*. As for calling it any "favourite build," I ask who, with the exception of the builders of vessels and owners of old craft or old-fashioned craft, dislike the elegant long clippers with raking posts, for which, by the bye, builders cannot always get anything extra? "Ah, there's the rub." We will settle that matter by paying extra for rake, and right that we should, for the vessels are larger, though not in tonnage measurement. I am aware of the objections to all overhangs in a sea-way, therefore we find valid objections to these craft; but not to justify us in doing what they propose, in changing the system of measuring *because* they are better with plenty of rake in moderate weather in match-sailing. If they will be so unjust as to alter the mode of measuring, and thereby put an end to improvement in building, they had better take their measurement over all at once, and upset all the good we have done from experience, and return to the old tub style, —after the light ship build or Yorkshire billy-boys. Apologizing for us all, I am, yours respectfully and much indebted.

JAMES THOMAS HEWES, *late Commodore R.L.Y.C.*

P.S.—Observe the number of vessels that have been improved by raking their stern-posts, by which they have been benefited in every point of sailing. Both the small as well as the large craft have been thus made very superior to any others of the old school.

MR. EDITOR.—The "Carpenter" has taken out his rule and measured the ex-Commodore's *Lament* pretty correctly. The whole subject, in my humble opinion, resolves itself into this: whether the science of yacht building is to stand still, nay, retrograde, in order that racing gentlemen, with raking stern-posts, and rounded bows, (I allude to their vessels,) may artfully dodge each other for regatta cups; or whether the more influential yacht clubs are to step forward, act up to their professions, introduce an improved system of measurement, and by leaving the genius of the marine architect free and untrammelled, encourage the production of a powerful, fast, and sea-worthy description of yacht. The "Cruizer" seems quite taken aback at the very idea of reform in the measuring department; but if existing evils are to con-

tinue unassailed or unremedied, on the ground of interfering with "existing interests," a protection argument with a vengeance, why science and process in yacht architecture had better emigrate to some land where no "cut-away fleets" exist; the inhabitants may possibly not object to the introduction of a superior class of vessel, designed to float on the wave, and to battle with the storm. As to the "old carts," perhaps their wheels do want a little greasing, but their trustworthiness in the hour of danger makes them respectable; and an old English gentleman may take his pleasure in them, without getting into a diving dress, should his skin not be waterproof. Should policy and common sense carry the day, the "new vehicles" will so shake the wind out of the sails of the "triangular gigs," to carry out "Cruizer's" peculiar metaphor, that they also will have to retire into a class *per se*. I should certainly decline exercising the talents of that eminent yacht builder whose perception of the beautiful is so limited. May science advance, calling in to her assistance the sterling, practical suggestions of her more homely sister, experience.

Portsmouth.

Yours, &c. PROGRESS.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent "Vanderdecken" in reference to the proposed plan of measuring by the length on deck only, says truly, that a yacht can be so constructed as to be very short indeed from stem to stern-post on deck, but still be of great power. In consequence of such a rule having been some years ago adopted on one or two of the Irish lakes, Mr. Marshall, of Dublin, built a yacht of about ten tons (the *Banshie*), as nearly as possible upon the plan proposed by "Vanderdecken," viz. perpendicular stem and stern-post, with a very long counter, having fine lines, and lying in the water—the rudder being quite out of sight. This counter, of course, did not measure, being all abaft the stern-post, but it was a great support to the boat in carrying sail, and caused her to require more ballast than if she had not such. As you may suppose, she was not a sightly boat, and as yachts ought to be handsome as well as fast, would it not be better, instead of merely taking the length on deck (and so opening the door to a host of tricks, all tending to produce "tub-looking" craft,) to take the length both of deck and keel, and let the mean of the two be the length for racing purposes? This mode will do justice to existing interests, in the shape of yachts having raking stem or stern-posts, which the other would not. Trusting these hurried remarks may be deemed worthy of notice,

I am, &c. AN AMATEUR.

P.S.—Can any of your correspondents assign any reasonable objection to the plan of measurement proposed by me.

MR. EDITOR.—Hear my complaint, kind sir, and in pity, for I am terribly abused, raise your powerful voice in my behalf. Why are my enemies so eager to blot me out? One would think I was astern of the dullest of craft, instead of being astern or belonging to none but the fastest. Since I came

out, has not the speed of our yachts greatly improved, and also the style? and are not the fastest yachts of the day those that have my principle fully carried out? And if so, ought I to be cast away, and rules passed that will extinguish me,—and all this done without a voice raised on my behalf? In conclusion, I would ask the public if they have reason to be ashamed of me, and why it is that they wish to pass rules for measurement that will entirely favour my more upright Yankee brother?

Give me but fair play, and I hope, in many matches yet, from the position I shall hold in the contest, to show the additional beauty that is added to the stern, by your humble servant,

A RAKING STERN-POST.

MR. EDITOR.—I saw in your paper of last week, placed above my own, a letter signed “Ship’s Carpenter.” I will not now attempt to say all that might be justly stated in opposition to it, but I am sorry to find a man write at length upon a subject he does not thoroughly understand. If the writer of that letter does not see how a raking stern-post enables us to place the midship section further aft, than with a perpendicular stern-post, I should be very happy to show him.

Yours, &c. CRUIZER.

MR. EDITOR.—I should, some time ago, have troubled you with a few arguments against the views set forth by Mr. Hewes as to raking stern-posts, had I not thought that he was almost alone in his theory on the subject, and that every yacht owner admitted raking stern-posts to be bad in principle, and only to have been introduced in order to evade an imperfect tonnage law. I find, however, from your columns, that there are many persons who are deceived by the performances of the raking-sterned vessels, and believe that vessels sail fast on account of the rake, and not in spite of it, and I am, therefore, induced to add a few observations to those already made by the “Ship Carpenter” and others. In the first place it is perfectly true that the new vessels are faster than the old vessels, and that the new vessels have raking stern-posts; but there are abundant reasons to account for their superiority, independently of the rake aft, and independently of any other contrivances for cheating tonnage, as they are finer at the extremities, and carry their midship section further aft, both of which alterations are unquestionably improvements; and to attribute the speed to the rake of certain stern-posts would be as absurd as to attribute the speed of a weighted race horse to the weight he is obliged to carry. In the next place it is perfectly true that a vessel, the rake of whose stern-post has been increased, is improved in the sense that she will sail faster than she did before, but for the simple reason that though she remains of the same nominal tonnage, she is, in fact, a larger vessel, and can carry more sail, and the same result would be produced if she were made larger in any other way, either longer, broader, or deeper; for it is a maxim which cannot be too deeply impressed into the

minds of those who are not thoroughly familiar with the subject, that every increase of dimension, if properly designed, will enable a vessel to carry more sail, and consequently to sail faster. In former days this was not well understood, and vessels of all sizes used to sail together, until at last it became a match, not who should build the fastest, but who should build the largest vessel, and the result was that yacht matches fell into disrepute, and continued so until the classed matches of the Thames attracted attention, where vessels had only opponents of nearly the same size to compete with, a system which has since been superseded by the present time matches. Where time is allowed for nominal tonnage, the yacht owners and builders, led by Mr. Wanhill, of Poole, being well aware of the advantages of size, then began to consider how they could obtain the largest real dimensions for the same nominal tonnage. Now the nominal tonnage depends entirely on the length of keel (L ,) and extreme breadth (B ,) and, in fact, varies as LB^2 . So long, then, as they left these dimensions untouched, they could increase the size of the vessel with impunity. They, therefore, raked the stern-post and increased the depth, by each of which contrivances they obtained a vessel so much larger that the advantage of size more than counteracted the disadvantages of shape. They also reflected that, as the nominal tonnage varies, as LB^2 , they could, by increasing the length and decreasing the breadth, obtain a much larger vessel for the same nominal tonnage; and these three considerations, and these alone, have led to the present class of vessels, long, deep, and raking-sterned. That they are artificial vessels, and not such as would naturally be built, is proved, if further proof be necessary, by the fact that though the best American vessels resemble, or rather exceed, ours in the fineness of the extremities, and in carrying the midship section far aft, they are somewhat broader, have upright stern-posts, and draw much less water.

With respect to the steering, it is a complete delusion to think that a raking rudder is more powerful than one which is upright. It can be mathematically demonstrated that the effect of each in turning the vessel must be the same, and that vessels, with upright stern-posts, can turn well as every day practically demonstrated by the Gravesend hatch boats and the Southampton fishing boats, than which no vessels ever yet built are quicker in stays. It is true that the steersman feels a great pressure on a raking rudder, and is perhaps deceived by it, but it must be recollected that a great part of that pressure is employed simply in depressing the stern of the vessel, and produces no effect at all in turning her, a fact which is not easy to demonstrate to those unacquainted with the elements of mechanics, but which will appear on the simplest application of the problem of the resolution of forces. Another reason for the apparent pressure is that, in turning a raking rudder, the steersman has in fact, to lift it; it requires no small application of force to put the *Mosquito's* rudder to one side when she is at anchor in still water. As to appearance we have become accustomed to see the crack vessels with raking sterns, and we have learned to admire them; but, if all the winners were otherwise built, we should soon consider raking sterns old fashioned

and ugly. In yachting "handsome is as handsome does," and if washing tubs, sailed faster than anything else we should soon consider the circular form the perfection of beauty. It is, therefore, much to be hoped that the yacht clubs, and especially the R. T. Y. C., which generally takes a lead in everything connected with matches, may adopt a new rule for tonnage, which will leave owners at liberty, without disadvantage, to build long, deep, and raking-sterned vessels, if they choose to do so, but which will not confer any advantage on that or any other particular shape. The only valid objection raised is, that such a change would be a breach of faith with the yacht owners. Now, if the change were to be made immediately, and without notice, it would certainly be to a certain extent a breach of faith, but if the change were to be made for the next season, as for instance, if it were to be now made for 1854, it is difficult to say who could complain. At the present day, if a vessel keeps the lead for one season, it is as much as she can expect, as she is always liable to see a better vessel built; and if the now existing vessels are allowed to enjoy the coming season they ought not to feel more disappointed at finding themselves beaten by a new class of vessels in 1854, than they would feel if new and faster vessels, on the old principles, were to come out.

Yours, &c., C. M.

MR. EDITOR.—Having, I believe, inserted the first letter in *Bell's Life* last year, advocating the measurement of yachts by the extreme length on deck only—supported by another immediately after from so able a man as Commodore Ackers, since by other nautical men and some clubs, I now venture again to state, that the more I read of your various correspondents' *pro's* and *con's*, the more am I convinced that the time is fast approaching, when all yachts will be classed in matches by the length on deck, that is, from outside the stem to outside the stern-post, of course restricting any part of the vessel under water within those limits, or we know not what funny and cheating plans may be adopted, after what we have already seen. The present restrictions, it is obvious, prevent building yachts with beam, power, safety, accommodation, sea-going qualities, and speed in all winds and weather. Without wishing to particularize the remarks of any one or more gentlemen, I am compelled to say that the question asked by Mr. Hewes, whether the tubs formerly built are equal in speed or beauty to the vessels of the present form? is scarcely fair, as he is aware that all vessels which have been built of late years have been built with raking stern-posts, in order to cheat the Custom House, (as the old phrase has it,) as though Custom House ad-measurement for vessels of freight had to do with yachts contending for prizes, when their relative and comparative size, as regards each other, can be so much more easily and fairly arrived at. Under the present sailing classification they are crippled in all the good qualities, boats (not sailing machines,) should possess. I ask Mr. Hewes whether he sincerely thinks that a fast vessel, on the raking stern-post principle, could successfully contend with a vessel built on the same lines and same length on deck, but with

an upright stern-post? If he does, then there's an end to (in my opinion,) the much desired advantage of long floors. In this yachting age, the later this necessary alteration in the measurement of yachts is deferred, the greater will be the number of owners to complain of it, as yacht building is every year on the increase.

Yours, &c., NEPTUNE.

MR. EDITOR.—As I see by your journal of the 20th ult, that the question of admeasurement for time-races is again agitating the nautical world; I venture to offer a few remarks on the subject, which I hope may not be deemed irrelevant.

It seems to be beyond a doubt that, so long as the present system shall continue to be upheld by the principal clubs of the United Kingdom, British racing vessels must and will continue to be built, as heretofore, upon one system only, namely, with the upright stem and raking stern, a system under which many vessels of surprising speed and beauty have undoubtedly been produced. But whether the wonderful performances of these vessels be, or be not, attributable to that particular feature in their construction, it surely would be but fair towards those who desire the advancement of the science of naval architecture that other plans should also have a chance, and that they, who are disposed to try something new, should no longer have such fearful odds to contend against as they unavoidably must have so long as the old system is retained.

The suggestion of your correspondent who signs "Amateur," to take the medium between the length of deck and the length of keel, as a compromise between the two extreme theories, reads well at the first sight; but, if he will give the question a little further attention, he will easily see that it would not be so complete a compromise as he imagines, nor give as great a latitude to untrammelled competition of plans as he would doubtless wish to allow.

As a vessel's sailing qualities depend upon that portion of her hull which is immersed, and not upon that which is out of water, those who build for speed alone would, if "Amateur's" plan were adopted without any modification, find it necessary either to build with upright stern-posts in order to avoid an unprofitable length of after-deck, or else to give their vessels prodigious depth under water aft, so as to gain more by shortening the keel than what they would lose by lengthening the deck; and, what is worse, they would be sorely tempted to round their stems in the form of a cheese-knife, with the upper end inclining inwards, like a Dutchman's—a system which would conduce to two grievous faults—first, it would curtail the space for the crew to work in, and, secondly, it would leave no scope for the exercise of taste in the appearance of the craft. However radically wrong the existing system may be, it has unquestionably allowed, if it has not actually promoted, the building of many vessels of exquisite elegance and beauty. Let us not then, in condemning one faulty system, rush into the opposite extreme, and by measuring along the deck, hold out a premium to the building of short, stumpy, unsightly vessels, to supersede the present fleet and beautiful yachts.

As I firmly believe that any system, whereof measurement, either along the deck or along the keel, may form a part, would continue to hold out a temptation to build on false principles; and as the sole object of any change of system, would be to hold out as little inducement as possible to any peculiarity of construction, which would sacrifice one dimension for the sake of exaggerating some other; I consider that we ought to look only to that particular part of the vessel on which her sailing powers principally depend and with which it would be most difficult for the builder to play tricks without defeating his own ends; and I apprehend that the part of a vessel which would most nearly answer that description, must be situated at a moderate distance below the surface of the water, say at one foot under water for about thirty feet of length at the water line. I do not pretend to say off hand, that one in depth to thirty of the length, is the very best point of depth that could be determined on; but I am fully impressed with the belief, that the fairest way of measuring length for time races, would be to take it at a spot not far distant from the one I have suggested. It would hold out but little, if any, temptation for building with raking stems or sterns; yet it would not subject the existing raking sterned yachts to any such great disadvantages, as they would be exposed to by the adoption of a long deck, or even of water line measurement; it would apply solely to that portion of the vessel on which her power and speed depend; and would leave the builder quite untrammelled in respect to all above water, so that the bow and the counter might be contracted or thrown out, as might best suit the fancy of the owner with a view to room on deck or general appearance. The only way that I can think of, in which a builder might endeavour to introduce a deceptive principle under this system, is by making the stem curve suddenly inwards towards the measuring point, and thence out again to a projecting fore-foot. But I would provide against that in this way: in any such case the line of length should be deemed to extend until it met an imaginary line drawn from the outside of the stem at the water's edge to the foremost point of the forefoot.

As a counter-scheme to the above suggestions it may be urged, Why go below the water? Why not measure along the upper water-line itself? My reason is, that by so doing we should offer an advantage to upright stems and sterns, thereby favouring one particular mode of construction, and committing an act of injustice towards the existing race of yachts which I would fain avoid.

In a letter which was published on the 20th September, 1852, I suggested that vessels should be classed according to the medium, between the length of the upper water line and the length along the keel. I still think that that would be a better plan than "Amateur's" proposal to measure along the deck; but considering the difficulty of determining what really is the length of keel of the modern vessels which have literally no forefoot, I think the plan which I now beg to offer, through your columns to the consideration of my brother yachtsmen a better one than the one I then proposed.

Yours, &c. E. R.

MR. EDITOR.—I must again trespass upon your valuable columns, to strike another blow at the proposed unjust alteration in the mode of measuring yachts, viz. by length aloft. Your correspondent "Vanderdecken," asserts confidently, that the Royal London Yacht Club are "about to adopt" this new mode of measuring;

—— "Id quod sperant, homines sæpe credunt;"

The London Yacht Club have no such intention, they know that the proposed injustice would meet with great opposition, and tend to cause disunion. Your correspondent "Progress" speaks of "triangular gigs," (a misapplied and far-fetched term,) and calls mine "a protection argument;" let us see how far he is right. "Progress" advocates the old style, with the upright stern-post of early days, and wishes to put a *tax upon that which others think handsome*, by measuring what is added aloft, but which would not increase the actual capacity so much, as he and his colleagues would by their mode of admeasurement. I advocate the *modern* and improved style of cutter building, introduced by Mr. Ditchburn in 1842, and I am a supporter of freedom in building. Who is the "protectionist," and who the "free trader?" Because a gentleman says, "my finances will only warrant my having a vessel of twenty-five tons, but I wish to have a little rake of post, to give me more room on deck, and have less boom over the stern;" are these "agitators" to say, "If you do *we* will measure it? In other words, "*we* will exclude your vessel, because *we* don't like the style?" This would be a poor sample of liberty. Perhaps some of the "agitators" will be kind enough to limit the number of buttons to be worn on our jackets! that would be in keeping with the narrow-minded partiality evinced by the enemies to freedom in yacht building. I have had twenty years experience in cutter sailing, seventeen in match sailing, and for the last fourteen years have given most of my time and attention to yacht building and altering; I have met with success, and have even seen my suggestions adopted with advantage by builders. I mention these circumstances to show that I am a practical man, or have some slight claim to be thought so. I observe that the anti-raking-post gentlemen give as their authority for what they say, that the *America* is so and so, or that our *trans-atlantic brethren* do so and so; does that effect the question? No. Do the opponents of freedom in building bring forward any instances of *cutters* to support their arguments? No. In a conversation I have had with a gentleman of New York he said, "America is superior to England in schooners, because we have made them our study, but you are before us in cutters." So, upon this, some of our *soi-disant* yachtsmen wish to deprive us of the little merit we have, and put a stop to modern improvement. This must not be tacitly allowed. Should the proposed injustice eventually creep into either of our leading clubs, viz. the Royal Thames or Royal London, there are some of the "right sort" already prepared to join in starting a new club, one of the laws of which would be that cutter building shall be left unshackled. The Royal Charlotte, a vessel well known on the Thames about thirty years since, carrying passengers from London to

Gravesend, had a raking stern-post (rather an unusual thing in those days;) she was “close winded,” and *very quick in stays*. Any of the veteran Gravesend watermen will substantiate what I say, and admit that she was one of the fastest vessels of her time. The celebrated little Don Juan (W. Cooper, Esq.) built by Mr. Hatcher, of Southampton, had a perfectly upright stern-post, but was afterwards lengthened aloft, by having her stern-post made to rake about five feet, her original dimensions by the keel being preserved. *Many can testify to her speed being increased*, and to her being *quicker in stays* by the alteration, or rather improvement. One great advantage of a raking stern-post is, the having so much more boom “in board” that there is less chance of losing a man from off the boom when in the act of reefing, an accident which has too often happened. When next the gentleman who signs himself “Progress,” rushes into print, I advise him to choose some other signature, say,—“Stagnation.”—“Progress” is a misnomer, reminding me of “*lucus a non lucendo*.”

Yours, &c. CRUIZER.

CONTESTS IN THE CLYDE, OR THE ROYAL NORTHERN

YACHT CLUB REGATTAS.

“SEEING,” says a correspondent, “that there is a desire in *Hunt’s Magazine* to record the past regattas of clubs on the coast, as well as those on the river Thames,—although let me say, we countrymen wish to know a good deal more about Metropolitan Yachting than has yet been given in Vol. I., I send a summary of some “Contests in the Clyde” in 1836, in the hope that other followers of His Grace the Duke of Portland will imitate my humble example, in regard to Scottish waters.

First Race, Helensburgh, A. D. 1836.—Wind east, light.—Start, 2h. 23m. 55s.—Cutter yachts of 15 to 20 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
Clarence.....	15	R. Sinclair, Esq.....	6	39	36
Falcon.....	15	R. Kerr, Esq.....	6	41	47
Nymph.....		H. Campbell, Esq.....	6	51	45
Emma.....	20	J. Bogle, Esq.....			
Wave.....	20	M. Perston, Esq.....			
Amethyst.....		J. Smith, Esq.....			
Cyclops.....	20	J. Macnair, Esq.....			

The start was from Helensburgh, to Gourock and Greenock, round the buoy on the shoals of Roseneath, back to Helensburgh.

Second Race. Helensburgh.—Challenge cup.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
Mischief	10	J. H. Robertson, Esq.....	7	14	10
Noran	70	Major Mill	7	19	45
Gleam	30	J. C. Buchanan, Esq.....	7	22	0
Dream.....	66	A. Ranken, Esq			
Sylph	30	J. Crooks, Esq.....			
Bullfinch.....	10	J. Hunter, Esq.....			

Mr. Crook's *Sylph* had won in 1835; the *Mischief* won in 1836, (time, half-minute per ton) so another race became necessary for 1837.

Third Race. Greenock.—Wind west and strong; start, 1h. 16m. Prize £50 cup;—course, past Greenock, Helensburgh and Gourrock.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
Gleam	30	J. C. Buchanan, Esq.....	4	20	30
Dream.....	66	A. Ranken, Esq.....	4	21	48
Sylph	30	J. Crooks, Esq.....	4	27	40
Noran.....	70	Major Mill	touched a mark-bt.		
Cyclops	20	J. Macnair, Esq.....			

The *Sylph* had also won the challenge cup in 1835, but now in 1836 she was beaten by the *Gleam*, thus necessitating a further contest.

Fourth Race.—Not exceeding 15 tons.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
Falcon	15	R. Kerr, Esq.....	5	23	5
Clarence	15	R. Sinclair, Esq.....	5	24	25
Nymph		H. F. Campbell, Esq.....	5	28	52

Fifth Race.—Silver cup.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
Firefly.....	10	R. Morris, Esq.....	3	45	0
Mischief.....	10	J. H. Robertson, Esq.	3	46	34
Midge.....	10	J. Bannatyne, Esq.....	3	47	15
Enchantress	10	J. Dunlop, Esq.....	3	51	45
Bullfinch.....	10	J. Hunter, Esq.....			

The next day but one 22 yachts mustered at Dunoon.

Sixth Race.—£25 cup. Dunoon.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Mischief</i>	10	J. H. Robertson, Esq.....	7	15	0
<i>Enchantress</i>	10	J. Dunlop, Esq.....	7	17	5
<i>Midge</i>	10	J. Bannatyne, Esq,.....	7	23	30
<i>Bullfinch</i>	10	J. Hunter, Esq.....	7	27	30

Seventh Race.—The Dunoon cup, value £50.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Close of Match.		
			h.	m.	s.
<i>Clarence</i>	15	R. Sinclair, Esq.....	7	21	0
<i>Noran</i>	70	Major Mill.....	7	26	53
<i>Emma</i>	20	J. Bogle, Esq.....	7	32	48
<i>Gleam</i>	30	J. C. Buchanan, Esq.....			
<i>Falcon</i>	15	R. Kerr, Esq.....			
<i>Dream</i>	66	A. Ranken, Esq.....			
<i>Cyclops</i>	20	J. Macnair, Esq.....			
<i>Wave</i>	20	M. Perston, Esq.....			

The *Falcon*, of 15 tons, had gained the contest in 1835 and now in 1836, the *Clarence* of 15 tons won, and so this challenge cup stood over for another year. “And” here says our correspondent “we had in 1836 vessels of 60 and 70 tons racing in the Clyde, while in the same year in the Thames, your Metropolitan races, as you may see, in your first Volume, page 128, were confined to yachts of 25 tons, *Princess Victoria*, and under. So that the Clyde has nothing to be ashamed of in her yachting spirit.”

And here ends our brief record of the “Contests in the Clyde” in the year 1836.

We hope some member of the Royal Northern Yacht Club will continue them.

MY UNCLE THE ADMIRAL.

“THE Admiral wants you, sir, if you please.”

“I come, Wilson, directly.”

And off I go, in the middle of my pleasant conversation with the officers, and grinned at by one saucy little middy, whose ears I try to pull as I pass; but he evades me easily, and I nearly break my nose against the mizen-mast for my pains.—The next moment I am with my old uncle.

There he lies in his cot, an old bedridden warrior of eighty and upwards; the body decrepid, indeed, and all but helpless, but the fine old spirit often as strong and as bright as ever. Still there are occasional cloudings, and I incline to think such is the case now.

"You have disturbed a company, Nevey Tom," he said, fixing a strange, vague glance on me as I entered.

"What company, sir," asked I in surprise. "Had you some of the officers with you?"

"Aye, aye, I had officers here, but if as the old saying at sea has it, they once came aboard ship through the cabin windows, and not through the hawse-holes; they're now gone the same way the moment you were heard at the door."

"For heaven's sake, uncle, what do you mean?"

"Mean, boy,—why they were old shipmates of mine, many of them messmates long ago, and they kindly come to see me sometimes now."

"Good heavens, sir, surely none in this ship can——"

"This ship, boy? No, no! they were rolling about the ocean while the timber in this ship was growing, and the ships whose decks they walked are some of them at the bottom of the sea with many of themselves, and more have been broken up long ago at home, and not as much of them together as there is in the mouldering coffins of those of their ships' companies that got burial ashore."

Bewildered with this wild talk I remained silent, while the old man raved on.

"Aye, 'twas kind of them to visit their old messmate on his last voyage, 'ere he musters with them in the next world. There was Denton, Edwards, Vernon, Berton, and poor little Everington, who broke his scull falling from the mizen-top,—and Jones and Harbord, all messmates of mine, in the gun-room of the old *Magnanimous*, 70 years ago, when I first went to sea; and a wild set we were. Edwards died in command of a fine frigate, falling in action with a French 64, of the old class, that struck her colors just as he got his death wound. Poor Denton and Vernon were lost in the same ship in a hurricane in the West Indies, both being then lieutenants. Jones bore up for a parson and died one; and Harbord was shot in a duel. Berton was drowned, trying the beach at Madras in his own gig, and commanding a sloop at the time. There were two or three more whose names I am not clear about, but they died long ago too. And the only one of us that came to his flag, or who for thirty years back has been alive, out of all that merry mess, is myself.

"Things were very different in the navy then, sir, I believe from

what they've been since," said I, humouring the bent of his mind at the moment, and hoping to make his old recollections supplant his wild imaginations.

"Aye, my lad, they were," returned he, going off as I wished upon this new scent. "Why things aboard here are not stranger to a landsman like yourself, than would be one of the ships of those days to our young officers now."

While the old man pauses as if to summon up more clearly to his mind's eye the scenes of early days, let me take the opportunity of mentioning the time and circumstance of our conversation.

The time was, alas, nearly thirty years ago, when I now with bald pate, crow's feet, and wrinkles at the corners of my eyes, and on my forehead, and bearing a "fair round paunch," though not "with good capon lined," was a slim, cherry-cheeked, fair headed youth, with all a young man's visions, hopes, and projects full upon me. The circumstances are, that I was aboard my uncle's flag-ship, in nursing attendance upon him, as he returned from the East Indies to die at home. I had given up a Writer's situation in the Company's service, to which I had not long come out from England, and I had done so at his request, and with his assurance of providing for me at home.

"Our ships when I first went to sea," resumed the Admiral, "sheered up abaft from the gangways like a hill, quarter-deck, poop and top-gallant-poop springing, till the taff-rail was nearly flush with the mizen-top. Then they were very low forward, with long headed rails, and a huge figure-head, that was not only a great weight but held wind too, and when we were on a bow line was as bad as a fore-top-mast stay-sail sheet to windward; we had no jib-booms then, but a short up and down mast, called the sprit top-mast, was stepped into the bow-sprit cap, with a square yard across it for a sprit-top-sail. The mizen and cro'-jack yard abaft were all in one, and went fore and aft on the mizen-mast, somewhat in lateen-fashion, and our mizen top-sail when we carried one, and all our top-gallants were set flying and never remained aloft when not in use. But what's the good of telling these things to a lubber like you, Nevey Gapewell, if I told you the main yard was stepped on end in the cook's coppers, you wouldn't know whether 'twas right or wrong."

I own I felt hurt at this, for at dinner in the ward-room the day before, some of the laughers there had been encouraging me in the idea that I knew a great deal about sea matters already. But it was no use disputing anything with the Admiral, so I wisely confined my reply to expressing a wish to hear and learn everything.

"Well boy I'll talk of what you do, mayhap, understand, and that is the way we were rigged ourselves in those times. Why, when I first joined the old *Magnanimous* in Plymouth Sound, where she was then lying, I was rigged out in a cutaway blue long tailed coat, with no collar, white breeches buckled at the knee, my spindle shanks cased in white stockings with blue clocks up the side, great brass buckles on my shoes, a three-cornered scraper on my head, my hair greased and powdered and gathered behind in a cue tied with flowing ribands, ruffles to my shirt, and my scrag of a neck pudding'd round with a white neck-cloth as big as an ensign!"

"That was a bad rig for going aloft sir," said I, venturing on one of my most recent acquisitions in the way of sea-phrases.

"It was a bad rig, 'low or aloft, Tom," replied my Uncle "but it was thought a great deal of just then. You see that was the time the navy first got their uniform. His Majesty George the 2nd. of Gracious memory, while puzzled how to rig us, chanced to see the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire in her riding habit of blue, faced with white; and so he swore; and if he didn't swear, he said; *that* was just the thing for us; and accordingly blue and white we got and blue and white we have to this day.*"

"What did you wear before, sir?"

"What did we wear? Why whatever our skippers liked! One captain made all his officers dress in grey and silver, another preferred red and gold! Feathers too were sometimes seen on the quarter-deck; making the wearers' heads look all the same as so many flyvanes broke adrift! And some old tar-buckets made officer and man rig all alike; flannel shirts, and duck frocks in fine weather, flushing jackets and sou'-westers in bad. But the Lords and the Honorables having most of the commands, there were more dandy-captains than others. Admiral Boscawen whose flag was the first I sailed under, once brought a dandy-chap of this kind up with a round turn. He was lying in Port Royal Jamaica, when a smart sloop of war came in from England, and her commander waited on him to report his arrival, rigged out with a plush velvet coat, satin breeches, a scraper with the feathers combing over it like a breaking sea, gold buckles and red heels to his shoes.

"Who the d——l are you sir," sung out old Boscawen?

"I command the sloop, sir, that has just come in" "Gad, so sir, was the answer he got: "Why, I took you for a dancing master!"

Here the narrator was taken with a heavy fit of coughing in the mids

* This was said in George the 4th's reign. The short-lived and very ugly change from *white* facings to *red* did not occur till the succeeding reign.

of his chuckles, over the rough piece of sea-wit he had just detailed; and some minutes past 'ere he was able to speak again.

"I was saying, Tom, I first joined the *Magnanimous* in the Sound. There was quite a nitty going on when I shewed myself on the quarter-deck, and I had to stand by till it blew over a bit. The captain had come aboard, full figged out in the new uniform; and he had expected all his officers to be the same. But the first lieutenant, old Swash, as they had nicknamed him aboard from a habit he had of calling everything "*swash*" save regular boatswains'-grog, that is, half rum and half rum and water,—he I say, was one of the old sea-bears; and did not relish anything new, or anything fine, and so a pretty mess he made of the new rig.

"Too long at sea,—and he had been 25 years following the water; that is to say 10 years before his captain;—too old a hand, I say, not to know that orders must be obeyed, he had indeed shipped the blue and white; but the fire-new buttons were all astray, hitched into wrong button holes; and one or two of them fairly twisted off. Then he had a pair of buckskin tights stopped in with rope-yarns at the knees, one blue woollen stocking and one white, a check shirt, no neckcloth, and his hat slewed down over the corner of his eye. His one epaulet dangled back over the shoulder, and the point of the long skiver of a regulation sword that he wore, stuck up abaft, thro' his skirts, like a mizen-gaff half-struck; while the hilt hung down a foot clear of his knee!

"The second lieutenant, a son of a Lord and barely 18 years old, was as much of a Jemmy Jessamy as the first was of the old rough and ready school; and had silk stockings and breeches, true Flanders lace in his neckcloth; and a great swab of an epaulet that made him lopsided. The other officers were more or less like old Swash or Jemmy Jessamy, but those two shewed out most of all, and fairly headed the fleet as a man might say.

"Well, the skipper opened fire at once on old Swash; and Swash returned broadside for broadside; until they had nigh-hand run each other right aboard and come to grapplings. Jemmy Jessamy however saved them from this and from court-martials, and worse that would have come after, by shoving his oar into their rullock with a bit of friendly advice to the first luff to take pattern after him; and a request to the skipper to ease him down handsomely for this turn.

"I thought the skipper would have fairly kicked him where he stood, and as for Swash, he couldn't speak, he was so taken aback when the dandified coxcomb strutted up, shewing himself like a peacock; and what would have come of it I can't say, if just then the reefer of the

watch who had received me, seeing that things were likely to take a bad turn, hadn't had the wit and the mischief too, to shove me right into the midst of the officers; whispering me that it was my duty to present myself at once, and ask the skipper wasn't my rig just the thing?

"These old ear-ports of mine, that are half closed now, and will soon be caulked in entirely for the last long cruize, seem to be yet ringing with the laugh that went round the deck when I did as I was bid. As if I was not enough of a scare-crow in my outlandish rig, the mischievous monkey I had been speaking with, had managed to cast loose all but the inner-hitch of the ribands of my cue; so that the ends, which the barber ashore had left very long, streamed away down my back well nigh to my heels. After all, this helped to put an end to the row, for, when I ducked my head in a bow, and these streamers flaunted out with the breeze, the skipper, vexed as he was, couldn't stand the figure I cut, but roared out at once, and when the captain laughs, all hands will take a spell. Well, this set him and his officers all in good humour again, and after they had all badgered me a bit, I was desired to go below, in charge of one of my new messmates, and see where my chest could be stowed and my hammock slung, as well as be introduced to the gun-room; for being a liner, we mids were in the gun-room, and not in berths as in a frigate.

"It was there, my boy, that I met the poor fellows I have been telling you of, that I sometimes see coming about my cot here, when I am lying awake; and the light shifts about from corner to corner with the swinging of the lamp. And there are others too, come, whom I knew later; and sometimes they mix and jumble up together, till I can scarce make out which is which. There are three of them peering in at the cabin-windows this very moment!"

This startling announcement completed the discomfiture which the old man's sudden relapse into raving had caused me; and I threw my head round in fair affright, half believing that I should see some horrible vision in the direction indicated. I need not say that nothing met my gaze but the expanse of heaving waters; and ashamed of myself, I turned again and sought to recall my uncle's mind to matters of this world.

"You forget, sir, you sent for me, is it to read for you, or what is you would wish me to do?"

"Sent for you—you—who the d——l are you?" returned he, mind now completely wandering. "You're no messmate of mine, you no sailor, you're not even a marine."

"I'm your nephew, Tom Gapeton, sir," said I earnestly, "and I

come to sit with you, and read for you if you like. Don't you know me, sir?"

"Know you—you—aye, I do, I know you well, you're a lawyer, sir; not a sea-lawyer, not even as good as that, but a land lawyer, a land-shark, an attorney! What brings you aboard my ship? I'll have you clapped in irons.—Outside there, steward! d'ye hear—"

At this moment luckily, not only the steward, but the doctor came in, attracted by the outcry; and with a few hasty words of explanation to the latter, I left the aged invalid in his hands, and hastened on deck to breathe the fresh air again, and then to drop into conversation with my friend the lieutenant of the watch.

B. A.

BRITISH BOATING ABROAD.

On St. Valentine's Day, February the 14th, 1853, there was a Regatta at Calcutta, when the Dalhousie Cup was won by the *Witch*, and the Second Class Cup by the *St. Valentine*. The sports were under the direction of the Calcutta Regatta Club. We omit the rowing.

The Dalhousie Cup.

Yachts.	Owners.	Remarks.
<i>Witch</i>	J. Day, Esq.'.....	Won the Cup by 1m. 15s.
<i>Kate</i>	Major Hogg.....	Carried away gaff.
<i>Spray</i>	A. Emerson, Esq.	Got aground.
<i>Prima Donna</i>	W. H. Foster, Esq.	
<i>Adelaide</i>	J. Curnin, Esq.	Got aground.
<i>Sylph</i>	Captain Viale.....	
<i>Susan</i>	Captain M'Lardy.....	

The Second Class Silver Cup.

Yachts.	Owners.	Remarks.
<i>St. Valentine</i>	A. Emerson, Esq.....	Won the Cup.
<i>Minna</i>	T. Shircore, Esq.....	
<i>Will o' the Wisp</i>	Major Hogg.....	
<i>Uncle Tom</i>	Captain H. Bouchier....	

THE BLOOMER YACHT.—This vessel, built in 1852 by Mr. Purkes, 6 tons, m., on the American sloop principle, has been sold by Mr. Davis, her original owner, to L. Whitehead, Esq., of Chatham, which port she has just reached. She left Southampton on Thursday week, at 4 p.m., and arrived at Chatham at 6 p.m., on the following Monday, after calling at Portsmouth, Brighton, Ramsgate, and Whitstable.—*The Field*.

Our Editor's Locker.

THE CLUB YACHT.

Crown Hotel, Erith, April 18th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—The Royal Northern Yacht Club have a club-yacht the *Orion*. Will they tell us what it costs? My reason is this.—Why can't we have a club-yacht stationed at Gravesend, to which our four nearest clubs shall subscribe; for Harwich and the three clubs in the Thames ought to pull together in such a matter. I don't mean to take money out of the respective club funds, but no man should be permitted the *entree* of that club-yacht unless he pay 10s. 6d. a year to it, and above all no man should be permitted to pay that 10s. 6d. a year unless he were a *bona fide* member of the Thames, Harwich, London, or Prince of Wales yacht clubs. Nor should any member be allowed to introduce more than *one* friend into such yacht, in any twenty-four hours. The half-guineas would pour in fast enough if the flag-officers of these four clubs, or their representatives, were to form a United Committee for the management of such a yacht, the benefits of which would be very great to yachting.

1st. She should be stationed at Gravesend or Erith, but weigh every day at noon exactly, so that all subscribers (most of whom would have no yachts of their own,) might run down by steamer, and have an up-river or down-river cruise for the day, according to wind or tide. This would teach yachtless members yachting.

2nd. She should be well provided with all yachting signal-codes, flags, lists, regatta programmes, naval instruments, and a library.

3rd. No eating or drinking should be allowed on deck, nor any smoking below.

4th. Her flag at the mast-head should be quadripartite, carrying in each square the bearings of the four clubs to whom she belonged, in order of seniority:—Thames first, London second, Harwich third, and Prince of Wales fourth.

5th. Her ensign should be red, containing a whole shield with "a hand in hand" under a crown, and above an anchor.

6th. Her sailing master should keep a register of all yachts he meets, recording all such messages as they choose by signal or otherwise to make to him; such as the arrival and departure of yachts, vessels spoken, regatta news, and so on. And a "Suggestion Book" should be kept on board for all members, to enter therein such matters as they might conceive necessary to come to the knowledge of the Committee of Commodores managing yacht.

7th. A plain dinner should be had on board at a fixed hour and charge. Every member to pay for what he drinks. By no means allow the bill to be divided between all present:—the poor must be considered as well as rich.

8th. About sunset the yacht should land her passengers, or her boats put them aboard the steamers going to London.

9th. If a night cruize is required, then members on board must remunerate the crew.

10th. The sailing master to keep accounts, to be audited every quarter-day.

Such, Mr. Editor, is a very rough outline of "something looming in the distance."—Proposed in your pages, it will make headway in every club-room, and subject to alterations and improvements will sink or swim on its own merit.

Yours respectfully, A MAN FOND OF A DAY'S SAIL.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

[P.S. A tender might do for all the above, and perhaps Her Majesty's government would lend and station for us a small man-of-war at Gravesend. I hear they would.]

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

Pimlico, April 27th.

SIR.—Having visited London to see some of the wonders of the Great Exhibition, I came to the determination of taking up my residence in the world of smoke to learn something of its scientific institutions, some of which I felt much pleasure with; I may mention the Museum of Practical Geology, with its lectures to working men, the Society of Arts, British Museum, and others representing the History of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture; I began to enquire for the museum containing the Models of Naval Architecture, and I was told there was none; none in England! that proudly boasts of ruling the waves, whose commerce extends all over the world, having princely merchants, with a vast amount of capital entrusted to the bosom of the ocean in ships; the question here suggested is, are these ships perfect, can science improve them? I think the answer will be in the late mishaps of some of our ocean steamers, that they are very imperfect, and call loudly for investigation. I say then, let us set to work energetically and form a Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture, with periodical exhibitions and prizes for the best models, or perhaps we shall be again disgraced by the arrival of another American clipper carrying off the palm. If you think these few remarks worthy of being published, it may open the subject for discussion, and set some of the yachtsmen on a good look out ahead, or the small speck in the horizon in the direction of the broad Atlantic, may turn out to be an unconquerable rival.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN FROM THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

CLUBS IN THE RIVER THAMES.

April 23rd, 1853.

EDITOR.—I fancy I perceive an intention on your part to "cry off" and giving us full particulars of *all* the clubs that have existed in the London

River. Being myself a bookseller, I imagine I understand the reason, (to which you as well as myself must bow, if you want to increase your country circulation,) but still I don't want "greenhorns " to believe we have had no clubs here but the Thames, London, and Prince of Wales. I myself, in 1836, belonged to one called the British Yacht Club, a list of which I subjoin, and hope you will insert.

THE BRITISH YACHT CLUB, 1836.
Commodore,—J. Weston, Esq.—*Vestris*.
Vice-Commodore,—J. Tomkins, Esq.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Alarm.....	8	E. Bayly, Esq.
Alert.....	16	W. Lyon, Esq.
Brilliant	8	J. Hewes, Esq.
Caroline	5	J. Fellows, Esq.
Diana.....	6	C. Noke, Esq.
Gem	9	A. W. Bode, Esq.
Margaret.....	8	R. Holiday, Esq.
Oberon.....	6	D. Davidson, Esq.
Rob Roy.....	16	J. Southam, Esq.
Selina.....	9	
Secret	8	W. Harvey, Esq.
Vestris.....	8	J. Weston, Esq.

This, the British Yacht Club, as well as the Royal Sailing Society, were founded on the dissolution of the "Coronation Fleet," at the demise of H. M. George the Fourth. In 1830, the *Lady Emma*, 8 tons, belonging to R. C. Bucknall, Esq. won the first Cup and Cover, given by the British Yacht Club; in which club the Commodore's flag had perhaps rather too Austrian an appearance, since it consisted of three equal horizontal stripes, the centre, white, the other two, red. It is true the union was carried in the "dexter chief," with the motto *Aura Veni*, and the letters B. Y. C. in the white. The union was only carried in the Commodore's flag, and not in the private burgees.

In 1836, the season commenced on Saturday, the 21st of May, when we went down the river in company. The London Clubs are now, in 1853, a month earlier. I hope some of your subscribers will soon follow my example and give us the lists of the clubs referred to at page 16, of your first volume. There are plenty of "nuggets" in the "Yachting Diggings," if people will only take a little trouble; it ought to be our desire to inform each other.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

Yours, &c.,Caxto

THE DUNRAVEN TUREEN.

MR. EDITOR.—Will some of your Irish readers tell me what has become the Dunraven Silver Tureen, that floating prize, presented to the R. Western Yacht Club of Ireland, by the Earl of Dunraven, and won by

Paul Pry, in 1833, by the *Comet*, in 1834, by the *Peri*, in 1835, &c., &c.
Is there to be a race for it in 1853? The rules were,—

1. Challenge on or before the 1st of May, in each year.
2. Race on the second day of the Shannon Regatta, unless postponed by the Committee.
3. The winner of the Tureen to give security for its safe keeping and delivery.
4. Should there be no challenge, the Tureen to be returned to the holder, subject to a challenge in the following year; and so on for ever.

Perhaps, now that hunting is over in Ireland, some of your readers may find time to enlighten us a little on the above subject.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

Yours, &c.,

DIOGENES.

MIDSHIPMAN'S WATCH SONG.

[Original.]

The ocean is roaring around me
As the night watch I wearily keep;
And darkness and danger surround me
As I gaze on the pitiless deep.

When the tempest is raging on high,
The bird flits away to her nest;
So swiftly, when danger is nigh,
Our thoughts flee to those we love best.

And while I so fearfully wander,
O'er the dark win'try waves of the sea,
How fondly my heart loves to ponder
On thee dearest girl upon thee.

Oh 'tis a proud boon we inherit,
That no limit our thoughts can control,
No power can shackle the spirit,
Or fetter the wings of the soul.

But free as the hand of the giver,
Though darkness and danger assail,
Free wanders the spirit for ever,
Nor shrinks at the breath of the gale.

Ah could my fond fancy discover,
That thine too had strayed from her home,
To muse on thy true absent lover,
And follow where'er he may roam!

Though mountain, and desert, and ocean,
Were yawning between thee and me,
What could hinder my heart's true devotion
From winging it's way unto thee.

ALI VI.

DISCUSSION ON SHIPBUILDING.

We were much gratified by attending to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, at the Craven Hotel on the 21st, ult. in order to chronicle a new feature in the annals of societies of this description and which we sincerely trust will be generally followed throughout the kingdom. A paper was read by Mr. Bain, a gentleman who is devoted to scientific pursuits, and who undertook to give the first of a series of papers, which will be produced in this club on matters connected with yachting, and thro' which the views of eminent men will be elicited on various matters connected therewith, such as ballast, rig, straight or hollow lines, wood *versus* iron, &c. &c. These present a large field for enquiry and improvement.

Mr. Bain commenced by asking "the indulgence of his numerous audience while he attempted to give a few opinions on matters of which many then present were more competent to judge than he was, but he felt that something must be done to elevate still more the character of these clubs, which were not wanting in friendly feeling and good fellowship, but which had not done much to set at rest the numerous questions that still agitated the yachting world. One of the first rules of yachting clubs states, that their object is to promote shipbuilding, and they should endeavour not only by practical experiments afloat, but by discussions on shore to come to some understanding on many points, which might long ago have been set at rest had something of this description been organized. His object this evening was to provoke discussion. He would bring forward some startling points for this purpose, and he would be pleased rather than dissatisfied were his arguments found wanting in reason and experience. His main object would be to attempt to prove that short, shallow and beamy vessels, could be made faster than long, deep and narrow ones like the present yachts of this country.

"In the first place an idea prevails that in yachts of equal tonnage, although you lessen the proportionate beam, still by increasing the length you get equal stability. He had here two models to show the contrary.

FIG 1

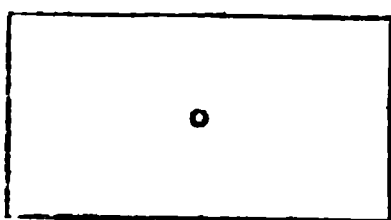
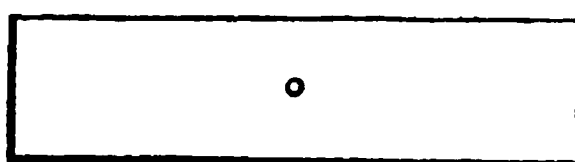


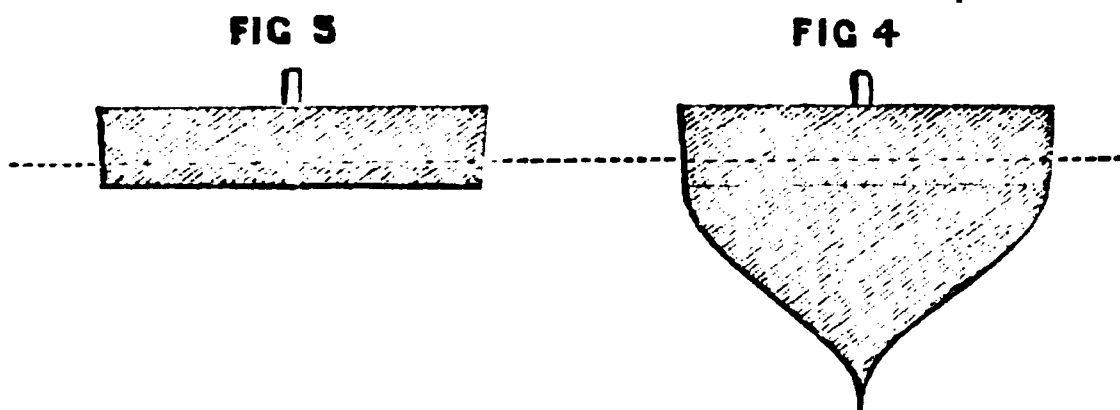
FIG 2



"Both were of an oblong shape, of the same depth, and of exactly the same deck surface and tonnage, but one, Fig. 2, was in length four times beam, while the other, Fig. 1, was only twice. He would place them in water and add weights at the mast-head. They would see that the shallow beamy vessel had stability, or was able to bear canvas to the extent of while the long narrow vessel only stood up under the pressure of $9\frac{1}{2}$.

"He would now endeavour to shew that depth was not so advantageous as

generally supposed. He had here two models, representing the middle bodies of a flat boat, somewhat like an ordinary barge, (Fig. 3,) and that of a yacht, (Fig. 4.)



“He would place them both in the water,—the flat boat being without ballast, and weighting the other till the quantity of free board was equal in both. By applying weights at the mast-heads, it would be seen that the yacht possessed as near as possible double the stability of the other. This seemed a great point, but on coming to compare the midship sections of the two, they would see by simple calculation that the surface immersed was more than four times greater in the yacht than in the flat boat, so that although possessing double the stability, she had to force four times the quantity of body through the water. The great advantage hitherto possessed by these deep vessels was, that on a wind they made less lee-way, but this could be obviated by the use of lee boards or a sliding keel. He was speaking of speed only, and did not deny that a shallow skimming dish should hardly be allowed to sail in matches, in which vessels possessing the usual accommodation were competitors, and almost certain to be distanced. But his idea was that the midship section was not of so much consequence, if the entrance and delivery were easy.

“The vessels which are met with in America possess the greatest variety of shape and dimensions. There are large vessels which draw only three feet, and some of these possess greater stability than any vessels in the world, because of their great breadth. They are built with a centre board or sliding keel, to increase the lateral resistance, and although almost all yachtsmen in this country believe that no vessel can sail fast unless she has a very rising floor, yet most of these vessels will sail faster than yachts possessing this quality, so that we are forced to conclude that speed must consist more in the entrance and delivery, than in the nature of the midship section. Another reason why these flat vessels are coming more into use is, that they carry more cargo for their tonnage; for a square midship section is more profitable than a triangular one. Thus the famous Baltimore clipper, of which we hear many legends, and whose white canvas has floated over every sea, is now thing of the past, as they do not sail better than flatter vessels and carry much less cargo.

“The centre board of these craft is of essential use to enable them to hold a better wind, and when hauled up, the absolute resistance and friction in their progress through the water, is materially lessened.

"These vessels therefore partially slide over the water, as the lines of the entrance are made receding. That a vessel of this kind would be easier in a sea-way by having some dead rise there is no doubt, but the fact should not be forgotten that by giving a yacht a large amount of this, we lessen the power of carrying sail by making her more crank.

"Now an American broad sloop with a centre board, will always outsail a yacht of the usual construction, because possessing greater beam she heels less, and therefore the centre board being more vertical, has much greater lateral power in preventing lee-way. In having rounder lines also, this kind of vessel stays quicker than a long deep vessel, and is enabled to carry a greater quantity of sail from her greater stability. There is one thing certain however, that this construction is more apt to meet resistance in pitching in a sea-way in consequence of her round bow, but in the model of the *Una* this is prevented, by making her a combination of the two plans,—a flat boat aft and amidships, and the ordinary entrance of a yacht forward.

"The ordinary hatch boats in the Thames, are also remarkable for their speed and seaworthiness, nor must the barges be passed unnoticed. They are the surprise of every one for their power, and carrying properties, when we consider the very small amount of sail they show in comparison with their bulk."

Mr. Bain concluded by saying "that shallow and beamy vessels also were economical in the great matter of sails and spars, as one half of the propelling surface only was required in comparison with deep and heavy ballasted vessels."

Mr. Ditchburn "rose to make some remarks on the amusing and singular doctrines that had been broached by the gentleman who had sat down, and which seemed to him to possess more ingenuity than soundness. He had constructed many of the fastest yachts that had ever sailed, and one of his main objects had been ever to avoid all flatness and angularity. Confining his remarks chiefly to yacht building, he would say that by cutting off the lower corners of the section (Fig. 3,) and putting them on each side above the water line, then bringing down his section in the usual manner to the keel as in (Fig. 4,) he would have a vessel of roundness and stability and one which could not be beaten by any barge-like craft that ever sailed."

In illustration of his views Mr. Ditchburn had brought several models and illustrations, and he drew various diagrams, all possessing the highest order of talent. Upon a future occasion he will explain more fully his matured views on this subject.

Senor de Carvalho, of the Portuguese navy, now studying naval architecture in the yards in this country said, "He must agree with the views of Mr. Ditchburn, for as far as he had seen the fastest yachts had been but gradually longer and narrower."

Mr. W. Knight said, "He was proud to be at a meeting of this description and hoped that a new era would dawn upon the yachting world. Some years ago he had been bold enough to suggest *conversazioni* of this character, and a United Yacht Club was formed to carry out scientific views, but it

failed. He saw, however, in the Prince of Wales Club, a nucleus of something which would prove, they were all yachtsmen in the true sense of the word,—men who owned craft and could work them. He hoped that next season every member would contribute his views on the most salient points which struck him in his experience, and he was proud to see this club taking the initiative in really useful and scientific pursuits."

Mr. Longmore, Hon. Sec. of the Royal Eastern Yacht Club, said "He had come up from Scotland principally to see what was stirring in the metropolis, and the building yards at Cowes, Lymington, Poole, and other celebrated ports, in all of which he had received the utmost politeness from clubs, and the various builders, but he should go back with the highest feeling of gratification for the privilege he had this evening enjoyed in being present at this discussion, which was taking higher ground than had yet been attempted. In his travels along the coast he had found the most striking feature in the yachts on the stocks, was the universal practice of cutting away the fore-foot so that with almost no exception they were following in the footsteps of the *America*; some would no doubt be fast, but others were certain to be failures."

Commodore Berncastle said,—“He considered there should be some distinction drawn between yachts and sailing machines. The former were built for accommodation as well as speed, and the others, such as the flat centre board boats, were merely a species of jockeying, which the club this year had been liberal enough certainly, to allow to sail in their matches purposely to test their real character, but whose career would most likely be limited. He considered that the true subject of enquiry was the proper form of a yacht as a yacht; however small her proportions might be, we ought to have accommodation as well as speed.”

Mr. Legg, “having had considerable experience in these matters, thought that the subject of ballast should have entered more largely into the matter for discussion. He was not an advocate for too much, but he considered that it was generally placed too low, and that vessels were benefitted in their sailing properties by the weight being placed some distance up the sides of the vessel between the timbers.”

After several other gentlemen, whose names we could not catch, had made remarks on the subject, Mr. Bain rose to reply, and stated “that the object he had proposed in reading this paper had now been accomplished, in eliciting a highly interesting conversation. His premises however, although attacked, had not in his opinion been confuted, and his argument was still untouched. He must still continue in the belief, that although an ordinary yacht possessed twice the stability of a flat vessel, she had more than four times its bulk to force through the water. He begged, in conclusion, to return thanks for the great courtesy and attention that had been shown him.” and thus concluded the first meeting for imparting useful and practical information, on a subject not only beneficial to yachtsmen but to the public generally.

OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON OF FIFTY-THREE.

IN the river Thames the first club to open the season was the Prince of Wales. They mustered at Blackwall.

Thursday, the 24th of March, at 4 p.m., was the time appointed for the opening trip of this flourishing yacht club, and a most unpropitious day for such an event it was. There is, however, that true spirit of naval discipline among the members of this club, that when their worthy Commodore gave orders that all yachts should rendezvous at Blackwall at four precisely, and after having duly saluted the flag officer's broad pennant, should proceed with him to Erith, it would require stronger considerations than these of foul winds, hail or snow, or frozen decks, to prevent them from being at their post. Commodore Berncastle hoisted his flag in the *Wanderer* (the *Albatross* from an accident, not being ready in time;) and among others we noticed the *Julia*, *Pearl*, *Britannia*, *Ondine*, *Calliope*, &c., Vice-Commodore Knibbs bringing up the rear in his elegant little cutter, the *Idas*. Off Woolwich a heavy snow storm overtook the fleet, and the decks were soon one sheet of ice. A dead calm ensued, and after a somewhat tedious beat down, the yachts anchored at seven off the club-house at Erith. At eight o'clock about forty members brought up under Mr. Dean's mahogany, and did ample justice to an excellent dinner the host had provided for his almost famished visitors. The cloth being removed an accession to the company was made by many members arriving by the train. After the Commodore had proposed the usual loyal toasts he gave "Success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club," which was received with great cheering. He said that it was a good opportunity, seeing so many new faces around him, to take a retrospective view of what had been achieved last year, and then to take a prospective glance of the programme that would be held out for the forthcoming season, which would be found to eclipse even their past achievements. He enumerated the five matches that had been sailed, beginning with Mr. Logie's silver snuffbox, won by the *Julia*; then the first club match, in which the *Valentine* and *Ottilia* carried off the prizes; after that he (the Commodore) presented his prize, which again fell into the hands of the celebrated *Julia*. In the second club match, the two yachts, *Valentine* and *Ottilia* again carried off the laurels. And, lastly, the silver tankard given by the club was won by the *Valentine*, which seemed to have it all her own way. The closing trip terminated their doings afloat, and the annual dinner at the Craven would not, he was sure be easily effaced from the memories of those present. But the crowning feat of 1852 was reserved for Willis's Rooms, and the club ball given there with much success would be still fresh in the minds of all who assembled on occasion. They had enrolled 400 members and fifty yachts, and among them were some of the finest vessels ever built. So careful were the yacht owners in observing the laws, and such was their sense of integrity and love of fair play, that protests were unknown in the club. Having disposed of the past, he took a glance at the future. He urged upon members the

cessity of supporting the officers of the club in everything and everywhere, He considered that when their colors were flying it mattered not if in a steamer, at the Craven, or at Willis's Rooms, the interests of the club were equally at stake, and their officers being there, it was the duty of members to be there also. If a man told him that he only joined the club for match-sailing, he would answer, that a yacht club was formed for social as well as for sailing purposes, and that one was so linked with the other, and so dovetailed together, that from the ball alone some 30 or 40 new members had joined the club, who otherwise could never have heard of it, and these exclusive sailing men were glad enough to take the money arising from such indirect sources. He hoped never to hear such absurd notions brought forward. For the present year he promised them a great deal of sport. The two club matches would take place as usual, at the beginning and end of the season, and the amount of the prizes would be double or perhaps more than double what was given last year. Several new clippers would be ready for the first match, and another was being built at New York for the express purpose of contending on the waters of the Thames with their vessels in the first match. The season would further be enlivened by matches due to the liberality of private members. The respected treasurer (Mr. Turner) intended to present a piece of plate to be sailed for, and another gentleman a silver telescope; these, he hoped, would be followed by other similar gifts. The Commodore having concluded his speech in his usual able manner, was loudly cheered.

The health of each of the officers having been proposed, and thanks returned in appropriate words, Mr. Turner, the treasurer, expressed the great pleasure it gave him to present a piece of plate this season, as he was determined to do all in his power to promote the welfare and success of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club. Mr. Secretary Chubb also returned thanks in an able speech. The toasts of the Royal Thames and Royal London Yacht Clubs were given and duly responded to, and uninterrupted harmony was kept up until a late hour, when the members separated, and the next morning many yachts proceeded on a cruise along the coast.

The next monthly meeting will be held on Thursday, the 7th April, at half-past seven, at the Craven Hotel, Strand, when the preliminaries for the first match will be settled.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

(Continued from p. 54.)

ROYAL EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—It is expected that George Muir, Esq., will at the next meeting be elected Rear-Commodore of the club, and that at the same time some little alteration will be proposed in the burgee of the club, which is now blue, with a white St. Andrews Cross on a red field, in the upper portion of the burgee. Why not insert the Leith or Edinburgh Arms both

in the ensign and burgee? There are now no less than five Royal Yacht Clubs carrying the blue ensign, without any bearing thereon, and as many owners persist in the absurd custom of carrying private distinguishing flags, (*lucus a non luoendo*) instead of their club-burgee, mortal man has on passing them no mode of guessing to what club they belong, since the ensign is alike in all five cases; and private flags certainly look but like bits of bed-curtain hung up to dry.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—The Commodore's new yacht is called the *Rosalind* and not the *Reindeer* as at first intended, and indeed announced in the Metropolitan press. We stated at page 54 that Captain Durand had resigned the secretaryship; we may now add that on the first Wednesday in April, the club voted a pension to that officer for his long and arduous service, and elected in his stead, out of sixteen candidates, J. C. Alldridge, Esq. Paymaster, R.N. a gentleman whom, from our personal knowledge, we cannot but regard as one of the best, and certainly one of the most active officers the club could have had the good luck to obtain.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB.—Her Majesty has graciously presented a Regatta Cup, to be sailed for at the coming regatta at Hull, and the contest will be open to vessels of any royal club. We understand both Leith and Harwich will send a champion to try to win this attractive prize. The annual meeting was held at Glover's Hotel, Hull, on Wednesday, April the 6th, when several yachts were added to the club-list, and many candidates admitted.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—The monthly meeting of this club held on Monday, April 18th, at the Caledonian Hotel, was numerously attended, and ten new members were elected, amongst whom were Mr. Cooper, of the *Pearl*, 15 tons, and Mr. Chandler, of the *Ibis*, 14 tons.

After the usual business had been transacted, the Commodore, James Goodson, Esq., who presided, having made some feeling allusions to the melancholy intelligence that had reached them of the death of their much respected Rear-Commodore, George Elliot Browne, Esq., said that under these circumstances, he was sure that the members would agree with him, that as a mark of respect to his memory, the opening trip of the club should be postponed from the 23rd of April until the 7th of May, which proposition having been seconded by Mr. Crockford, was carried *nem con.* Mr. Browne was the oldest flag officer in the club, and had been its staunch supporter in its days of doubt and difficulty now happily past, and was much respected by the members for his many amiable qualities. Mr. Talmadge was elected one of the measurers to the club, *vice* Mr. E. R. Browne retired and Messrs. Vann and Sons, of Tooley Street, were appointed flag makers to the club.

Letters were read from the R.C.Y.C. and from Mr. W. J. William nouncing that he had sold the *Duchess*, and bought the *Lucifer* yawl, from Mr. Curling. A number of gentlemen were put on the ball list for the next meeting, amongst whom are several yacht owners.

LOUGH ERNE REGATTA, 1853.—At a meeting of the club, held at Rosslare, on the 9th of September, 1852, it was resolved,—That a prize of £50 be given, to be run for by yachts exceeding twelve tons, open to all clubs. Half-a-minute a ton time to be given. The course and rules the same as for all former cups. To be won three times by the same person. £20 to be given annually to the winner of the race. Entrance for three yachts to be paid or no race. Entrance money, Subscribers £3; Non-Subscribers for a year previous, £5.

That a prize for £25 be given to yachts not exceeding twelve tons, open to all clubs, subject to the same rules as the £50 prize. £10 to be given annually to the winner of the race. Entrance, Subscribers, £1 10s.; Non-Subscribers for one year previous, £3.

ORWELL YACHT CLUB.

THE inhabitants of Ipswich have ever been famous for boating, and the beautiful river Orwell generally presents in its nooks and corners, specimens of the finest naval architecture, although necessarily on a small scale. We are glad to find that a club, in existence some ten or twelve years ago, has been now again revived with every prospect of success. We subjoin the letter and list with which we have been favoured.

St. Clements, Ipswich, April 22nd, 1853.

SIR.—I beg to enclose a list of the yachts belonging to the Orwell Yacht Club, with the tonnage and the owners names. This is our present number, but we expect many more to be added in a very short time.

Yours respectfully,

H. LAWRENCE, Sec.

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Albatross	cutter	8	J. A. Pettitt, Esq.
Alligator	schooner	21	Rev. B. Smith
Alpha	cutter	10	James Bayley, Esq.
Antelope.....	yawl	8	Arthur Cobbold, Esq.
Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
Coral	cutter	24	Rev. B. Smith
Curlew	cutter	18	Alfred Cobbold, Esq.
Eva	cutter	4	H. Folkard, Esq.
Fawn	cutter	10	J. Kirby, Esq. Vice-Commodore
Hen	cutter	10	T. Harvey, Esq.
Indy of the Lake	mudian	4	F. H. Huntingdon, Esq.
Indy	cutter	10	William Batley, Esq.
Indy	cutter	10	J. Kirby, Esq. Vice-Commodore
Indy	cutter	6	J. D. Everest, Esq.
Indy	yawl	10	J. Cardinall, Esq.
Indy	cutter	4	J. Smith, Esq.
Indy of the Wave	cutter	6	G. Tyrrell, Esq.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—Yachts entered to sail in the match on Tuesday, May the 3rd, 1853, from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith.

For £100.—First Class.—Exceeding 30 tons.

Station	Name of Yacht.	Tons	Owner's Name.	Distinguishing Flag.
1	Mosquito	50	Londesborough, Lord	Blue pierced white, red Maltese X
2	War Hawk	50	Bartlett, T., Esq.	Blue, gold hawk
3	Volante	48	Craigie, J. L., Esq. ...	White
4	Pauline	35	Brandreth, C., Esq.	White with blue X

£50.—Second Class.—Exceeding 15 tons and not exceeding 30.

1	Thought	25	Coope, G., Esq.	Red
2	Phantom	25	Lane, S., Esq.	White, red border
3	Capella	30	Wilkinson, R. S., Esq.	White, red crescent

Third Class.—10 tons and not exceeding 15.

Vampire, 15 tons, Charles Wheeler, Esq., was the only yacht entered, consequently there will not be any match.

May 11th.—Royal London Yacht Club ball.

“ 18th.—Sailing match of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club in the river Thames.

“ 31st.—Royal London Yacht Club, first match of the season, from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith.

June 2nd.—Royal Thames Yacht Club match for schooners, from Gravesend to the Mouse Light and back.

“ 16th.—Royal London Yacht Club match, for yachts above 10 tons and not exceeding 18 tons, and for yachts above 18 tons and not exceeding 25 tons.

“ 30th.—Royal Thames Yacht Club match, for all three classes from Erith to the Nore and back.

July 21st.—Subscription Regatta at Brighton.

“ 26th.—Royal St. Georges Yacht Club Regatta in Dublin Bay.

August 3rd.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

October 13th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MONA.—The continuation of the Mersey Racing Records has not yet reached us.

CAMBRIA.—We have already intimated our desire to notice Welsh Yachting, but if neither Pembroke nor Milford Haven produces an aquatic penman, surely the fault is not ours. pages are open to that locality but we cannot spare time at present to run down and take own notes. Carnarvon is ever ready with information, but in the south the same spirit not yet prevail. We deplore the fact as much as Cambria does.

THE SEA, CORK RECORDS, and several other Communications, in our next.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1853.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTS AND YACHTING.

BY A MEMBER OF A ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not surprising that yachting is an aristocratic as well as popular amusement. It is at least no *parvenu* in Great Britain. Honest John Evelyn in his amusing and instructive Diary mentions that, on the 1st of October, 1661, he sailed "with his Majesty in one of his yachts, (or pleasure-boats), vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the king, being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure-boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The king lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his majesty sometimes steering himself." The presentation of this yacht, (which is also mentioned by Pepys) to Charles the Second, may fairly I think be taken as the origin of yachting in England. If the national sport owes its introduction to royalty, it hath not disgraced its descent, as a promising progeny of eighteen yacht clubs, (all legitimate however,) can attest. The eldest scion of this noble stock is the Royal Cork, which traces its origin to the year 1720, while the next younger brother of the

race, the Royal Yacht Squadron, is but coeval with the battle of Waterloo. I do not however propose entering into an account of the commencement and progress of the various clubs, that has been well done elsewhere, I rather hasten to plunge in *medias res*, by beginning the practical part of my subject. It is but fair, however, to prevent disappointment to my readers, to say here once for all, that I do not pretend in the present series of papers, to give original facts, or elucidate new scientific principles, but merely to communicate to novices in the sport, the result of some twenty years yachting experience in the least technical language I can command. Previous to entering on details I wish however, as it were, to clear my way from obstacles, by removing, or at least attempting to remove, from the minds of such of my readers as may not yet be thoroughly imbued with a love of nauticals, some cobwebs of prejudice, which are apt to hinder their entering heartily into the pursuit. The first of these prejudices I shall deal with, is the very common one that yachting is so expensive an amusement, that none but the very wealthy can indulge in it, without serious detriment to their fortune.

Yachting on a great scale is unquestionably a most expensive amusement, but this is only for the nobles, the merchant princes, or the millionaires of our land. The main-stay of our yacht clubs, their bones and sinews, as I may say, are our yachtsmen on a small scale, owners of vessels of fifty tons and under; indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that it is among the proprietors of vessels under twenty-five tons, that the most practical and skilful amateur seamen are found; such men are generally their own sailing-masters, and if not the builders, very often the designers of their own vessels. They attend to the details of their fitting out, and know every rope and bolt aboard of them, from the bobstay to the main-sheet. It is such men and such vessels that have produced the elegant and swift clippers of the present day, and doomed to oblivion, the clumsy and lazy tubs of the last century. It is not to yachting alone that these men have done good, their beneficial influence is far more extensive. I have in my eye, one of the ablest yachtsmen of the present day, a naval officer, whom for his brave deeds in his country's defence, it hath delighted his sovereign to honour. Not required in these piping times of peace (long may they last,) to fight the battles of his queen, and incapable of indolence, he devotes a portion of his leisure, and a portion of his wealth, to teaching a race of ignorant fishermen to build boats in which speed and safety are wonderfully combined. Instead of crawling about their own shores in crazy skiffs, equally dangerous and inefficient, they now yearly seek the far distant Hebrides in pursuit of the treasures of the deep. This gallant yachtsman resides in a lovely

villa close to a hamlet occupied by such aquatic denizens, where his benevolence has made him universally beloved. The plan he pursues is this, he builds a boat, about the size of one of the fishing boats, used by the villagers; but of improved model: encourages the fishermen to race with him, and gradually as they come to beat him, every year furnishing them with better boats, he builds a new one of a larger size and swifter model. Several such boats has he built and altered, at considerable expense, till at length he has raised the standard of boat-building in his vicinity to such perfection that there is hardly a fishing smack you could not make a clipping yacht of, by putting a counter on her and coppering her.

Many a Monday morning have I seen my worthy friend hove to with his foresheet to windward, waiting for the fleet of fishermen as they returned to their week's work, after passing the Sunday with their families. A pretty sight it is to see some thirty or forty fine vessels of fifteen or twenty tons, beating to windward, in a narrow channel, with a fresh breeze. Half a dozen he allows to pass him, these he is more than a match for, but the crack boat of her year draws nigh, twice the size of his little craft, and then you should see the anxiety with which the hero of many a sterner fight trims his boat for the approaching contest, carefully keeping the weather gage, for with all a sailor's simplicity and generosity in the important affairs of life, he is a perfect Machiavel in yacht sailing, he bids his solitary hand let draw the foresheet, and as the fisherman's bow breasts his lee rigging, he fills and lets his beautiful boat glide through the water in a style no other boat ever built or worked by mortal hands can surpass. Then are orders *sotto voce* given to his man, to go well forward and lie down on the ballast, for platforms or bulkheads has he none, nor a morsel of woodwork that can be spared. Though his last boat may be some twelve tons, not a vestige of cabin has he. If he finds his opponent forereaching on him, then he gradually calls to his man to creep aft, and if that does not do, then he begins to shift ballast. If that wont do, then he tries to lead his opponent into a tide way, or on a lee shore, where the breeze is less brisk than on the weather land.. By some means or other he always or nearly always comes in victor. When he puts up his helm and passes his adversary on the lee side, as he returns home after accompanying the fleet for some eight or nine miles, and is saluted by a parting cheer, from his admiring though defeated antagonists, I believe he is a prouder man than when he paced the deck of the noble ship he last commanded, while the bastions of the enemy were trembling, at his broadside.

This is yachting to some purpose, benefitting the public while pursuing individual amusement. I am very far however from thinking that those

who pursue the sport on a more extensive scale, do not also "do the state some service." Their more ample means enable them to build and fit out vessels of great size, compared with those I have been speaking of, but it is but the same principles of construction that are evolved, and quite possibly a yacht costing several thousands, may do less to benefit the science of naval architecture, than one which stands its owner in but as many hundreds.

The yachtsman who carries his flag on the spars of a vessel of some hundred tons, has generally other amusements to pursue, and other duties to attend to, which divide his time and his attention. His pack of hounds, his stud of racers, his shooting box in the Highlands, his preserves at home, the frivolities of fashion, or his seat in the legislature, all demand a portion of his care. While he whose burgee flutters from the lowly spars of the twenty-tonner, has generally little else to occupy his leisure hours. I have generally seen that yachting "bears no rival near the throne" it is either pursued passionately, or it is speedily given up in disgust. A yachtsman like a poet, *nascitur non fit*. It is quite possible that the taste may be long dormant, until due occasion calls it forth. One old gentleman I particularly remember, who had reached the mature age of sixty-nine before he ever set his foot in a yacht, and who yet lived to become one of the keenest yachtsmen I ever knew, never happy but when afloat, ever at the helm of his cutter, blow high or low. A love of yachting once originated, is a passion which never dies, this old gentleman carried it with him to the grave. How vividly I see before me now, in his stout flushing boat coat, another septuagenarian, well known in the fields of literature and science who, unlike the former, has been a yachtsman from his youth upwards; beginning with a little vessel of eight tons when yachting was yet but young, he has gradually increased the dimensions of his craft to a cutter of twenty-five tons; but beyond that he has wisely never gone. It is not many months since I saw him start on a lengthened cruise, among the stormiest seas of our British Isles, in pursuit of his favorite study conchology, his own sailing master, pilot and navigator, although not professionally a seaman. But I pause too long amid these veterans of the noble sport, I must hasten to what is practical or my notes will belie their name.

In order to give the tyro in the art of yachting (and it is to such I chiefly address myself,) useful information, I must have some idea on what scale his means or his inclination lead him to enter on the sport. Yachting is a word of very general import. A yacht may be anything from a boat of ten feet keel to a ship of 500 tons or 5,000, if ships so large shall ever be built, as seems not improbable. Everything depends

on the purpose for which the vessel is wanted. If a voyage to the Mediterranean is in view, a yacht of from 60 to 150 tons is desirable, altho' less craft have often done it; for cruising among our own islands such vessels are both inconvenient and expensive. Truly, to become a yachtsman you must take an interest and assist in working your own yacht, if you don't you become a mere passenger, would be much better in a steamer; and will soon get disgusted with the whole affair, sell your boat and retreat to *terra firma* again, denouncing yachting as *le plaisir le plus triste* you ever enjoyed, and all because you did not set right about it. To make a thorough amateur sailor, you cannot begin on too small a scale, the tiniest boat that can carry sail is not too small a craft in which to learn the rudiments of the art. Go afloat alone in a 12 feet boat with a spritsail and jib, get caught in a breeze of wind, and if you are not drowned, you will learn more of fore and aft sailing than you would do in a cruise of months in a large yacht, where the sailing-master and the crew did everything. This is a kind of initiation, which like the Eleusinian mysteries, every one might not care to undergo, but depend upon it the smaller the vessel and the fewer the crew you commence with, the better. By all the hopes you have of becoming an accomplished yachtsman do not start with a yacht above twenty-five or thirty tons. To give an idea of the expense of acquiring and keeping up such a vessel will be my task in my first chapter.

Before commencing it, however, it may be well to say a few words in regard to another objection often urged against yachting. You hear many a man exclaim, "Who would risk their precious lives on board so small a vessel as a yacht of twenty or thirty tons?" While very probably this very individual goes next morning to the nearest meet of fox hounds, and perils his life as often in the course of one run, as he would do in a whole season's cruising,—or to Lord L——'s *battue*, where if he escapes with a riddled hat he is fortunate. Danger to a certain extent there is in all our sports, without danger there would be no excitement, without excitement no amusement: in yachting, the smaller the yacht the more excitement, and therefore the better sport.

CHAPTER I.

SIZE OF YACHT—COST OF BUILDING—PURCHASING SECOND HAND—NUMBER OF HANDS REQUISITE—EXPENSE.

It may very probably be asked why I select twenty-five tons as the best size of yacht for home cruising? My reasons are "plenty as blackberries."

A twenty-five tonner is the smallest size of a vessel in which comfortable accommodation can be got. If well constructed you may have a comfortable main cabin some nine or ten feet long, and with some rounding in the deck little less than six feet between it and the platform over the ballast, a good after cabin with two roomy berths, a state cabin on the starboard side forward, steward's pantry and sleeping place, and a forecastle quite sufficient for her crew and an extra hand or pilot if required. In a future chapter I propose giving the details and exact measurements to show what really can be accomplished in a twenty-five ton yacht. In the meantime the above may be taken for granted as the results, and for a party of three for a trip of a month or six weeks, the accommodation seems very ample.

A well constructed cutter of twenty-five tons, built on a good model, ought to be a comfortable, swift, and able sea-boat, perfectly competent to contend with any seas likely to be met with among the British Isles. Her light draught of water which should not exceed seven and a half or eight feet, is an immense recommendation to such a vessel. Many of the snug-gest harbours are comparatively inaccessible to yachts with a deep keel, and the additional safety in having a sure anchorage under your lee, to which in the event of being caught out, you may confidently run, is an advantage which all practical yachtsmen will fully appreciate. In beating to windward through the many narrow and intricate channels with which our shores abound, the light draught and the comparatively short vessel are of the utmost importance. How often does it happen that the little craft makes out her point, and lies in a mill-pond under the lee of some sheltering headland, while the large yacht not daring to venture the intricacies of the entrance without a pilot, is obliged to keep the open sea, hove-to for the night with great discomfort to her crew, and no small detriment to herself.

A twenty-five ton cutter besides can be kept without inconvenience by many a man, who would be ruined by the expense of a large vessel. As I think I shall be able to establish in the following pages, a vessel of this size may be built and fitted out with every requisite for comfort at about £20 per ton, that is £500. In this of course I do not include two suits of sails and spars, as most racing craft have, or lead ballast; of the advantage of which except for wager sailing, I have my doubts, but of this hereafter. Of course there is no limit to the expense that may be incurred in cabin furniture, ornamental brass and wood-work. Double the money may be very easily laid out on such a craft, but without, in my opinion, adding a sixpence worth to her value as a really useful serviceable yacht.

If you do not choose to incur the trouble and expense of building, (and to get such a craft as I speak of, you must bestow a good deal of personal superintendence, for all yacht builders if left to themselves, are for many reasons, more disposed to build clippers than cruizers, and in pursuit of speed, very often unnecessarily sacrifice comfort and weatherly qualities.) You can purchase a second-hand vessel, which according to age, condition, and reputation, you may get from £10 to £15 per ton. A boat offered for sale at a lower figure than £10 per ton is generally done, and dear at any price, while I question if any craft which has been sailed for some seasons is worth more than £15. If she has been used much in regatta sailing the chances are that she is a good deal strained from the press of sail, which with the aid of shifting ballast, she has been made to carry in her various matches.

There is nothing more deceptive to the uninitiated, than the price asked for second-hand yachts; a friend came rushing up to me some little time since joy, beaming in his eye, "Oh! I can buy the *M*——, of thirty tons, belonging to C——, for £250. Is not she cheap?" cried he. "Softly," says I, "How old is she?" "Twelve years old I believe." "A good age," hinted I. "Where was she built?" "By ——, at ——." "Aye, aye, he built fast vessels but flimsy, has she raced much?" "Won thirty cups." "Then for heaven's sake have nothing to do with her, the value of her is on C——'s sideboard, she'll cost you £100 a year in repairs to keep her afloat." My advice was however thrown away, the idea of possessing the famous clipper *M*——, was too much for my friend's philosophy, so he bought her. When the season was drawing to a close, I happened to meet my friend in the reading room of the —— Yacht Club House.—"Well, my dear fellow, how have you got on with the *M*——, I am surprised I have not seen you chronicled as a winner at any of our late regattas?" "Oh!" says he: "confound her I wish I had taken your advice; when I got possession of her I found she had'nt a sail fit to bend, copper done, and was iron fastened in many places, particularly about the decks: in short all the screws loose; I had her hauled up; cost near the value of her in repairs, new copper, and new sails; and when I had got her in decent order, I was disgusted to find that her day was past, and that she had not the ghost of a chance with the new clippers. No second hand craft for me again. Though she stands me close on £500, I will let anybody have her for what I paid."

Good bargains of yachts are unquestionably sometimes got, but they are rare, a man seldom wishes to part with a really good vessel in good condition. Unless very wide awake indeed, a man has as much chance

of being cheated in the purchase of a boat, as in that of a horse; indeed in some respects more so, for as the former is generally bought in a dismantled state, you have no idea how things will turn out until you commence fitting for the season; whereas, a man who buys a horse has generally a trial first. My advice to the yachtsman would be, go to the builder; and to the speculator in horse-flesh, to the breeder; you will have a better chance of getting what you want, and be I believe cheaper in the end. I may well say *haud inexperto crede*, in my early yachting days, misled by a flourishing inventory and tempted by a low figure, I bought a vessel which would not sail, and hardly float, which I was obliged to get rid of in a month at half what I paid, with the loss of a season's sailing in addition, since that I have built and altered, but never purchased. Besides the *pretium affectionis* of him who builds is marvellous, it emulates almost that of a parent for his child; and he who sails a yacht constructed on his own plan, looks on his craft with a very different eye to him, whose vessel owes her origin to another's taste.

As to the crew such a vessel as I have been describing would require; this depends on how you rig her, not the kind of rig, (for I take it for granted, you make a cutter of her,) but the size of rig. One man will rig such a craft with a main-sail, with a hoist of thirty feet, and a boom twelve or fourteen feet over the taffrail; but such men don't want a comfortable, nor yet a fast craft under them, in a breeze of wind, or a sea-way. Depend upon it the error of the present day is over rigging. Except in the lightest breezes this is absolute ruin to your boat. Rig a twenty-five ton cutter as she should be rigged, and you may work her with two stout seamen and a youngster of sixteen or seventeen, of course I expect you are sometimes to take the helm yourself when reefing, shifting jibs, or any other job requiring all hands, is in progress. The only heavy work in such a vessel is getting your anchor, and setting the main-sail, a good windlass will expedite the one, a good winch on your mast the other.

Wages vary in different parts of the country, and of late they have been universally on the rise, and I fear we have not yet seen the worst of it, though luckily Jack is tiring of the "Diggins," as he does of all other hard work. But a very good first-hand may still be had for between a guinea and twenty-five shillings a week, a second-hand at a sovereign, and a third at twelve or fifteen shillings;—in all £3. per week for wages, add £1. for the numberless items which a yacht always wants, and I really think the chief part of your expense is stated. I am satisfied from my own experience that, keeping aloof from wager sailing, which is a very expensive affair, £16. per month is amply sufficient for the support of a twenty-

five ton yacht. Say you keep her in commission five months (which is long enough,) from the first of May to the end of September, this gives

at £16. per month	£80
Add at 3s. per week for looking after her and firing during the winter	5
Add interest at 5 per cent. on cost (£500)	25
Add also 5 per cent. for depreciation	25
	<hr/>
	£135

This is no very deadly sum, and yet if you are content, as many a yachtsman is with four months, or even with three months cruising, the expense is most materially reduced. The 5 per cent. for depreciation would, after a year or two be reduced, as the decrease in value is much more rapid the first and second years than afterwards, but on the other hand the expense of maintenance becomes greater. However, I think the £1. per week I have allowed for etceteras, is sufficient for this, until a new main-sail or new copper is required. The first should not be with ordinary care for four or five years, and the second for seven or eight. After all I believe few yachtsmen consider the capital expended in their vessel as any part of their ways and means, and are willing to enter their boat expenses in their ledgers, if they keep such vulgar things, at the annual list of maintenance. On that footing a man may keep his twenty-five ton cutter nearly as cheaply as he keeps his horse: of course in this estimate, the expense of living on board is kept entirely out of view; a yachtsman like other folks must live somewhere, and if not spending money aboard he is on shore. I look on a yacht as I would on a house, you pay so much a week or month for your accommodation simply; eating, drinking, servants, clothing, all being in addition. Unless you give a great many champagne luncheons on board, you wont find the expense of living very heavy, your appetite will be too good, to be very fastidious as to what you eat, and the plainest viands will be more relished aboard than the greatest dainties ashore. You will generally find one of your hands a tolerable cook, and a few lessons will make your boy, even suppose he had no experience before, able to give you all the attendance you require, which if you are a thorough going yachtsman wont be much. If, however, you have a male domestic upon whose not getting sick you can depend, you may take him with you: we have already provided a berth for such an individual. The chances are however that the first voyage or two you will find him more bore than benefit.

On the whole I am disposed to state that from £4. to £5. per ton per annum is the expense of keeping a yacht, and in this I include depreciation, interest on cost, and maintenance.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION; OR THE LOG OF THE PET.

(Continued from page 68.)

 BY R. E. H.

CHAPTER X.

“And fear’st thou, and fear’st thou?
 And see’st thou, and hear’st thou?
 And drive we not free,
 O’er the terrible sea,
 I and thou?”

SUCH a night it was that we passed in Cardigan Bay after leaving Holyhead; and the following day being nearly calm, the *Pet* made but little way, and the sun was low when we made the Strumble Head, looming out of the fog to the southward. The western sky was dark and angry, the fog closed round us thicker and thicker, the sea rolled heavily, and still more heavily; and light as the wind was, from time to time the rollers seemed half inclined to break; indeed there was every appearance of a gale before morning.

Under these circumstances we determined, instead of groping about in the fog to leeward in search of shelter, to get an offing and keep out of mischief. Our storm gear was in good order, and we had no fear of our little ship, so we roused in our tacks and sheets, made every sail as flat as a sheet of tin, and worked her away to windward, hoping to attain a commanding position before the gale came down upon us. All night it continued thick, with light and flying squalls of wind and rain, and every appearance of a strong south-westerly wind. By 2 A.M., we had gained an offing, which gave us command of the passage between the Bishop and Clerks on the one hand, and the Grass Holm Rock on the other; and keeping all sail set we stood off and on, waiting for light.

It happened that I had kept the middle watch, and at 4 A.M. of the 24th of August, (a well remembered day,) seeing several other vessels about to enter the passage, and a clear course of five or six miles before we could come up with the Bishop and Clerks, I hove her about, and resigning the charge of the deck to the morning watch, prepared for an hour or two of repose. But scarcely had half-an-hour passed, when I was hailed from the deck with the news, that the boatswain was ill and could not keep the deck; that we had outrun all our company, except a schooner and a sloop that were just a-head of us; and that the sea from one side of the channel to the other, was nothing but breakers.

True enough I found it—a more angry sky I have seldom seen; and a look out from the cross-tree, showed a succession of races and overfalls, from which there was no escape. Just as we entered the broken water on the starboard tack, we overhauled the sloop and schooner, and they immediately hove about and stood off. We did the same, and sent the *Pet* crashing through the breakers in fine style. At a distance they looked very formidable, but on closer acquaintance their terrors disappeared, and we carried on through the whole of them, leaving all our consorts hull down to leeward. By this time we had passed St. David's Head, the Bishop and Clerks rocks and lighthouse, and leaving the island of Grass Holm on the starboard hand, we had just reached the broken water off the Isles of Skomer and Skokham, when the breeze came in earnest. "Look at that schooner to windward, sir," shouted the cabin boy, "blowed if she ain't a going to turn the turtle."

She had got it in good earnest, and it was sharp work to get the *Pet's* gaff-top-sail off her, fore-sail down, and main-tack up, before we were in the thick of it. But we were well to windward, and could now afford to bring the wind upon the quarter, and run for Milford Haven, the port for which we were bound.

It was rather blind work, tearing in for an ironbound coast at the rate of nine knots an hour, in a scud so thick that we could scarcely see twice the length of the bow-sprit; but we were pretty sure of our bearings, and 'ere long the white lighthouse on St. Ann's showed through the fog, guiding us in safety to the haven where we would be.

In an hour more we were moored to a government buoy off Pembroke dockyard, and were well pleased with our quick little boat, whose weatherly qualities had saved our tide round the Head, and brought us into a smooth and snug berth in peace and safety. An adverse gale was now raging outside; driving scuds of rain obscured sea and land, and we pitied our late companions, who were still kicking about upon the inclement sea, while we had just passed an unanimous resolution that such weather as this was only fit to go to sleep in.

"The clouds hung thick and heavy o'er the deck;
And heavily upon the long slow swell
The vessel laboured in the labouring sea:
The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits the sudden gust howled ominous,
Anon with unrelenting fury raged!
High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam."

At Pembroke dockyard an officer of the garrison seeing a small yacht with her club colours flying, very kindly rowed off to call, gave us the

entrée to the dockyard and showed us all possible kindness and hospitality. He was himself the owner of a little Bermudian cutter about six tons, in which he had been to Cork, to Lundy Island, and I think to the Isle of Man. She was built and rigged by his own direction and from his recollection of the boats in Bermuda; and she appeared a very clever weatherly little craft, but her accommodations were of course of the most limited order.

The *Duke of Wellington*, then the *Windsor Castle*, was on the stocks; and we had a good opportunity of seeing every part of her. The lower planking is of red pine, about the water-line English oak, and in the upper works a great quantity of mahogany is employed. Her lines are much sharper than one is accustomed to in large ships; a change which in point of beauty, and probably of speed also, is a great improvement. Several vessels planned by Sir William Symonds and other builders were in an advanced state. Without meaning to offer an opinion upon their respective merits as men-of-war, I must say that as regards appearance there was as much difference between Sir William's ships and the others as between a racing filly and a fat cow.

Here again we had cause to regret that we had started on our voyage so late in the year; for much as we should have enjoyed spending a few days in exploring the beauties of Pembrokeshire, prudence hoisted the Blue Peter and compelled us to go to sea.

Milford Haven is one of our four first class harbours: the entrance is easy for a yacht without further assistance than her chart and book can supply, the water is deep, and the anchorage off the dockyard good and undisturbed. The run from hence to the Land's End is about one hundred miles, and for many seasons this may be considered the most critical stage in the circumnavigation of the island. The prevailing winds are contrary; there is usually an adverse current caused by the accumulation of water blown into the Bay of Biscay; the sea off the Land's End is heavy and broken; and excepting Padstow, there is no harbour of refuge on the iron-bound coasts of Cornwall and North Devon, that a vessel can run for with safety. It was, therefore, with a resolution to pay more than usual attention to the seaman's three averters of all evil,—lead, log, and look-out, that we slipped from our moorings on Thursday evening and sailed for Falmouth.

A little below Milford we lost our tide, and a dense fog coming on, we were glad to get hold of a mooring buoy and make a quiet night of it. This, however, was not our fate; for out of a thick fog bank to the eastward there proceeded such a din of yells, shouts and drunken laughter, as you would suppose only the crew of a French privateers'-man, or Davy

Jones's pleasure-boat could create. Loud senseless merriment, and vile ribald songs peeling across the water, out of tune with heaven and earth, and out of tune with the deep majestic music of the sea, whose solemn diapason tones came echoing from the hundred rocky caverns of St. Ann's

"For 'e's a jolly good feller
For 'e's, &c., &c. [*da capo ad libitum*.
Which nobody can deny."

'The deuce they can't! fancy a good fellow, however jolly, clipping his *k's*, and yelling like a fiend with a sore throat.

Morning came, and the fog was still too thick for sailing till eight o'clock; when a light breeze puffed away the mist, and there lay a schooner yacht the scene of last night's toppege and devilry. The vessel herself was well enough; but every part of her appointments was in that slovenly unship-shape state into which a yacht soon lapses when she falls into the hands of owners who are not gentlemen. The limp colours which had never been hauled down at sunset dangled from the mast-head, ropes trailed over the side, weeds stuck to the shabby paintwork and the unburnished copper, the men's clothes hung drying in the damp fog upon all sorts of unconstitutional places, slack halliards beat the devil's tattoo against the masts, and the whole craft looked heartily ashamed of herself.

Taking warning by the faults of others we gave the *Pet* a double scrub, and an extra polish, and went to sea.

During Friday and Saturday nothing occurred worth recording: we kept well to the westward, seeing nothing of Lundy High Light, which is visible thirty miles to seaward; and the wind failing, we fell off to the eastward, and on Saturday afternoon made the land about Trevoze Head.

Here we encountered a heavy ground swell which came rolling up from the westward. A number of large ships were in sight, some with studding-sails set alow and aloft like huge moving towers gliding smoothly over the seas, others bound to windward pitching and scending, like a lot of restive nags, one rearing, another with his heels in the air, as they topped the great rollers in the light breeze, while a smart looking yawl with white sails was walking away the leader of the fleet.

The wind which had been W.b.S. now hauled round to S.S.W. and headed us: and the sun sank below an angry horizon as the evening watch was set, and the *Pet* prepared to battle through nine hours of adverse wind and tide, till the morning ebb should make, and enable her to double the Land's End.

As night fell, the wind and sea continued to rise; a light scud came flying before the breeze, and we felt sure that a gale was at hand: accor-

dingly every part of the *Pet's* gear was thoroughly overhauled, and everything being found in perfect order we kept sail upon her, and used every effort to get well to windward before the row began.

The vessels in company seemed to be similarly employed, and it appeared as if great black brigs dropped from the clouds, and taunt graceful schooners rose like Venus from the sea; for every minute added to their number. But now night threw her dark shadow over sea and sky and we saw them no more: from time to time a tall dark ghost came stalking from out the gloom, and a light glimmered, or a voice hailed "Ship ahoy!" and the stately apparition passed by and vanished in the mist. Once the look-out swore we were close to land for he heard a calf blair. "Nonsense, you must have dreamed it." Presently "Ba-ah," was heard plain enough. "Confound it, how's her head?" "W.b.S." "Well there's no land there." "Ba-ah! Ba-ah! Ba-ah!"—this time there could be no mistake: a whole brigade of calves was bellowing a few yards from the bowsprit.

"Sail dead ahead, sir." "How's she standing?" "Same as us, sir." In a few minutes she was under our lee: calves bellowing, sheep bleating, and gaff groaning in concert.

"Blowed if I'd like to sail aboard o' she," said Sam? "I'd as lieve go to sea in Noah's Ark."

"Better there than were t'other folks went?" replied his mate. "Where's that?" "Jump overboard and you'll soon find out," said Jack, as he dived down to resume his watch below.

What a blessing it is in a dark night at sea to have a good bright faithful light in view. During the threatening night in Cardigan Bay we had the Bishop Light to cheer us; and now "through the waste and lonely middle of the night," the Longships sent its bright hopeful ray far and wide over the dark heaving sea.

"Steadfast, serene, immoveable the same,
Year after year through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light."

About 2 A.M. the scud passed off and the night growing lighter, I sent the cabin boy below and kept the deck to myself. The sea rose, the wind freshened, but the *Pet* still stood up well and breasted the sea like a widgeon, shipping nothing heavier than spray.

The morning dawned cold and breezy, showing a stormy western sky and a heavy tumbling sea. We had gained a good offing, and the fleet which had been in company, the smart yawl included, was far away to leeward.

A sharp squall now came on; we hove the *Pet* to, got the top-sail down, struck the top-mast, set a smaller jib, looked her well over, and having found all right tacked ship and laid her head for the Longships; and heartily tired I was when I went below at four and left the deck in the care of the starboard watch. After spending some time at work with charts and compasses, I had turned in and was cruising somewhere in the ocean of dreams, when crash! "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I found myself on the floor with bed clothes, charts, and compasses in company, all rolling to the lee-side. The *Pet* had gone about and was on the other tack, she was heeling over fearfully; I heard strange rushing sounds, and a voice overhead loudly called me to come.

On deck I found a wild scene of peril and confusion. The vessel was almost under water, a huge sea having broken and come on board of her; the tiller was unshipped, the main-sheet had spun off, and the boom was plunging in the sea, the fore-sheet was foul-a-weather, the only sail drawing was the jib, and he, having got it all his own way, was making the most of his time; he had already carried away his bobstay, and the bow-sprit seemed likely enough to follow. To crown all, a huge sea was on the point of coming on board.

For a moment I thought she was gone. One flew to the lee jib-sheet and let it go; another seized the tiller, shipped it, and clapped it hard-a-lee, and then we all held on by the first rope we could catch, till the sea had passed. Happily the great monster went by us without mischief, and before another came the main-sheet was got in, the hatches were secured, the head-sails were sheeted home, and the *Pet* was stalking away to windward as merry as ever. On enquiry it turned out that the boatswain, who was tired, had let the head-sails be too quick for him in stays, my brother had left the helm for an instant to clear the fore-sheet; that moment a huge sea struck her on the weather-bow, and as she lurched heavily into the trough, the next sea had come aboard and nearly finished her.

The seas were now running fearfully high; the huge Atlantic rollers jammed together by the foul ground and the recoil from the land, met, clashed, and tumbled over in great roaring cataracts. None of us, though well accustomed to the Channel and German Ocean, had ever seen such a sea or believed it possible. To look up and see them come roaring down upon us, was indeed an awful sight; and when the vessel had reached the crest, the plunge down into the gulf beneath was frightful. The *Pet* got on much better than I could have supposed possible; perhaps the very size of the waves, by affording room for her

length between them, was in her favour. She shipped very little water, except now and then when a broken sea struck her on the lee-bow. On these occasions it went fore and aft sweeping the whole deck, and going out over the taffrail.

Under such circumstances it was of course impossible to repair the bob-stay, and as the bow-sprit was in jeopardy, the best we could do was to secure the slack of the chain, and set the third jib on the double reefed bow-sprit, and the vessel was all the better for the change. By the time this had been done it was nearly eight o'clock, and the southerly tide which runs only three hours had ceased; but we were off the Longships, the westernmost point that we had to weather, and had an offing of two or three miles. Accordingly we tacked, and found that she could lie her course clear of all danger with a point to spare.

The Land's End itself is a rather low and blunt rocky promontory; or rather it may be divided into two points, of which the westernmost, which is low and has a spire upon it, is more strictly called the Land's End, and the easternmost, near which two beacons are placed to mark the Rundle Stone, is known as Tol Pedan Penwith.

But the mariners' Land's End is the Longship's Rock. This is a high, bold, craggy reef, appearing at a distance like a ship under sail; it lies about a mile off shore, and a lighthouse has been built upon it. The sea breaks fearfully over its steep and dreary sides, and happy is the man who gives a wide berth to the Longship's Rock.

After weathering this formidable point we found rather less sea, but the wind continued to increase. We, therefore, hove her to and hauled down a reef; this, however, would not do, another and another followed in quick succession, and now we dared not heave to, for the rock called the Rundle Stone was not yet passed, and the loss of a few minutes would have rendered it necessary to bear up and run back for the Bristol Channel. When nearly off the Rundle Stone the gale came down upon us. We had now reduced our canvas to a close reefed main-sail and third jib, and still she was almost smothered. The wind and sea were a-beam, perhaps the worst point of sailing for a little low cutter with heavy masts and spars. The boom being off, the whole weight of her gear is over the side, she derives no advantage from the form of her bow, which is admirably constructed to catch without checking her as she pitches; but every sea strikes on her unprotected side with a shock which threatens to start every timber, and sends her with a heavy sickly lurch into the deep trough to leeward; and from time to time a great crested wave seems as if it must tumble the whole concern over and over, and bury her in the deep.

It appeared as if we never should get clear of this treacherous spot; the adverse tide was now rushing past us at the rate of six knots an hour, and supposing that we were running nine or even more, still at the best we were but crawling over the ground. Meanwhile it blew harder and harder, but we dared not take a stitch more canvas off her till at last our enemy was fairly astern. Then all hands down main-sail and up try-sail. Everything had been prepared, and in less than a quarter of an hour the *Pet* was under try-sail, double-reefed fore-sail, and storm-jib, swaggering away as bold as a man-of-war. This was a vast improvement, we had no more heavy lee-lurches, confidence in our little craft was restored, and casting a glance astern, we saw, I confess with pride and satisfaction, that not one of the fleet that had been in company, had got round; they were all headed back by the tide, and when the breeze caught them, many bore up and ran from it, and others, more resolute, prepared for another nine hours' struggle against wind and tide, before they could hope to weather the rocks and dangers which beset the stormy Land's End.

"Please, sir, the cabin's all afloat." This was indeed startling news and gave rise to horrid ideas of a seam opened, or a started plank; however a few minutes pumping set to rest all such fears, and on inquiry it turned out that the cabin boy, who on deck was no sailor, and below was no use, had neglected to plug the chain pipe and batten the fore-hatch, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. A few minutes set this to rights, and a bright cheerful fire soon warmed and dried everything below, and rendered more tempting the rest and shelter which was still denied us, for fast and furious came the blinding squalls, shutting out everything from view, except now and then a dim phantom of a ship scudding under snug canvas, or some poor short-handed emigrant with his sails all blowing adrift as he tried his best to reef or furl.

At length the Lizard with its two white lighthouses was made out upon the lee-bow; a furious race was raging off the Point, but we had now been through as much sea as we were likely to encounter anywhere and we entered the broken water without fear. Those who are accustomed to sail only in the neighbourhood of the Thames, have no idea, of the formidable appearance of these races when seen from the deck of a little low vessel; the seas break and run in all directions, frequently dashing against each other with a fearful noise and toss their great crests aloft in wild confusion. The tide usually runs in them with great violence, sometimes with eddies and whirls which make it difficult to keep the vessel straight, especially as the din and roar of the sea frequently kill the wind, and sometimes even when it is blowing hard a

vessel's sails will flap against the mast as soon as she enters the broken water, and she will drift through it with scarcely steerage way. The Lizard, the Start, Portland Bill, St. Alban's Head, and the back of the Isle of Wight, are all more or less beset by these turbulent races. Formidable as they certainly are, as far as our own experience goes, we have found them with a fair wind and tide, less dangerous than their frightful appearance would lead one to suppose. Much of course depends on the skill of the helmsman and much upon chance; sometimes you will ship seas one after the other as quickly as they can come, and sometimes you may pass through almost with a dry deck. In running through the Lizard Race on this occasion, we found the *Pet* dryer than she had been all day.

But now the glorious sun shone out once more, the last great black cloud drove over, and passed away with an angry growl to leeward. The wind lulled, the *Pet* spread her white wings again, and the red cross flag was lowered to the setting sun as she ran with a merry breeze into the smooth waters of Falmouth Bay.

(To be continued.)

TO MY SCHOONER.—THE BLOODHOUND.

My Schooner, O my Schooner, thou'rt
My glory and my pride,
With flowing sheet, in gallant trim,
Thou bear'st me o'er the tide—
With flowing sheet, in gallant trim,
Thou waftest me along;
The Main-stay of my Happiness—
The Fore-tack of my Song.

My clipper Schooner, O what can—
What can contend with thee?
What craft that climbs o'er Ocean's hills,
May dare thy rival be?
What Swan that sits on river's lap,
The mimic surge to brave,
Can mate with thee in speed or grace?
My Wizard of the Wave.

My Wizard of the Wave! thy masts
And yards are taunt and square;
Thy rigging strong, yet light; thy sails
As white as lilies are;
Thy beauteous hull is long and low,
And black as raven's wing;
Thy crew as smart and stout of heart;
As e'er o'er grog did sing.

Let others talk of Horse and Field,
And laud the sportsman's skill;
Give me my "Bloodhound," swift and staunch,
To cruise where'er I will;
Give me my "Bloodhound," swift and staunch,
And—sweetly, doubly blest
With Her on board, in soul adored—
The world may take the rest.

Fill up, fill up a bumper, Boys,
And shove the bottle round;
I'll give a toast we all can boast
About our hearts is wound:
I'll give a toast, that man is proud
To drink on sea or shore—
Here's—"Dearest Woman," nine times nine;
And—bless her—one cheer more!

Her eyes do duty for the stars,
And sparkle full as bright;
Her lip's our compass, and her kiss
Illumes the darkest night;
Her smile's our log, her merry laugh
The chart by which we steer—
And for our bliss, her gentle breast,
Is Beauty's planisphere!

How throbs the pulse of him with joy,
Who loves the foaming sea;
To stand upon his schooner's deck
In sailor company;
To stand upon his schooner's deck,
And view the glorious sight;
In calm and storm, and—if so need—
To man his guns and fight.

Up anchor then, and 'way aloft,
Lie out my lads, let fall,
Sheet home, set main-sail, top-sail, gaff,
Jib, flying-jib, and all—
Should Pirate flaunt his sable flag,
In dark and murderous mood;
We've shot for shot, and cheer for cheer—
Hurrah, my "Hound of Blood!"

CALAB BALAC.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES AFLOAT.

(Concluded from p. 76.

BY VINCENT.

CHAPTER VI.

FAR out to sea the "*Ocean Spirit*" had stretched, after leaving the haven where she had been boarded by the celebrated "*Bodagh Browne*." The outermost and highest headlands of that coast of long mountain—peninsulas had been sunk in the waves, even from the top-mast cross-trees, 'ere Melrington would give the order to heave her in stays. "Hold on—hold on yet awhile," was for a long time his only cry. "Keep her yet reaching off: who can say what we may fall in with; it will be always easy to get a hold of the land again."

And of a certainty they *did* fall in with something; Melrington himself had gone below for the night, after spending the three first hours of darkness pacing his deck, and leaving word to his skipper to head the vessel round for the land again at sunrise. Towards the end of the middle watch, the night being mild and clear, his skipper Jones thought he made out some object like a boat on the water to windward, in the wake of the moon, and heaving the schooner too, with her fore-stay-sail-sheet up, and fore-sail brailed, he dropped the punt from the stern-davits, and with one hand besides himself in her proceeded to examine the strange object.

"By George, my sons, it's a cask of brandy"! joyously sung out the hearty old fellow, when the schooner had forged ahead within reach of the voice.

"Get up tackles and lashings, and stand by to heave it in and stow it. Fill on her for stays again."

By this time he had himself clambered on board and superintended the execution of his own orders. Sail was reduced on the schooner, and her head being brought round on the other tack, the precious object, a quarter-cask apparently of the liquor named, was cleverly brought close under the lee, and the water having no motion, save the long drawn gently heaving swell of the ocean in its times of placidity, the cask was speedily got upon deck and secured there. Three or four oars in the rough, of good American ash, were also picked up, as well as a few deals, which chanced to have been as it were drifting in company with the cask, though not belonging to the same wreck, as might be easily pre-

sumed not only from the strangeness of the assortment, but from the cask being pretty well covered with "barnacles;" the strange shell-covered zoophyte that attaches itself to timber when long in the water, and seems to grow from or in course of time through it, while the spars and deals were comparatively fresh.

"This is a *bonprize* we've made to-night my boys," said the old skipper. "We've got what'll give us the best part of a gang of new oars for the gig, and plank her besides when she wants it; and then here's what will keep the Irish fogs out of our bones: I'm blessed, but we'll have a drop of it, just to see if it's the real thing."

So saying, and meeting of course a hearty and delighted assent to such a proposition, from the men of the watch, Jones, whose only failing, but a serious one indeed, was that peril and heavy temptation for sailors a fondness for liquor, proceeded straightway to tap and spile the task. Then with one knee devoutly bent before the object of his affections, and the allowance-glass in his right hand, he drew the spile, and opened the way to a beautiful little jet or spout of a pale amber colour—the well remembered hue of the prime of Cognac. The sailors stood around him with fixed and reverent attention, such as the Druids may have displayed when the Arch Druid was entering the sacred grove, or like the pupils of some old alchemist in times of nearer date, when the hour of projection was at length arrived, intently watching every stir, and all their eyes and souls followed the grave and dignified sweep of his arm, as he raised the glass slowly, and throwing back his head and half closing his upturned eye, yielded himself to the coming enjoyment.

"Ah! pah! oh! my eyes and limbs," roared the old man, jumping to his feet and spitting and spluttering over the side with every demonstration of the uttermost disgust and disappointment, "I'm poisoned! The brandy has all soaked out and what is there is worse than bilge-water. I'll turn myself inside out if I don't get a mouthful of rum."

He disappeared down the fore-scuttle, in search of the proposed antidote, and the seamen in momentary forgetfulness of due restraint, were somewhat loudly indulging their exuberant mirth, when the scene was changed in an instant, and everything restored to even more than ordinary stillness and rigidity of discipline, by the appearance on deck abaft of the dark tall figure of the melancholy and sternly morose-tempered owner of the schooner.

"What is this unseemly noise," he sternly demanded of the now crest-fallen and shrinking men: "Why am I roused from my short and unrefreshing sleep? Is all order, all duty at an end? Where is Mr. Jones?—send him aft instantly."

The old skipper needed not a call. He had run on deck the moment he heard his master's voice, and in great trepidation now came aft to acknowledge with most entire humbleness his fault, and try to obtain pardon. He had in truth made rather a slip of it, in taking on himself to hoist the cask and the other wreck on board, without leave asked, especially as the well known Customs' regulations entail a considerable difficulty in most cases, upon vessels coming into port with articles picked up at sea. And the noise which this breach of discipline had occasioned, was he knew well a far more exasperating offence.

Humility however disarms wrath, so says the proverb, and so found poor Jones. The storm blew over his unresisting head, and he gradually became again emboldened enough to make the suggestion that the unlucky cask, now for two most sufficient causes, an object of double execration to him, should be restored to the deep, or in simpler English, should be put overboard and let go again.

"No. no, Jones," replied his moody master: "since we have fallen in with and got it, we will bring it into port. Who knows but there are marks or traces about it that may tell of some good ship's fate; and end the cruel suspense, worse than the worst certainly, of some expecting and aching heart! A light—a light here! I will examine it myself. There may be some intelligence even for me!"

Jones groaned heavily in spirit as he saw thus awakened again what was now becoming in fact a monomania of his master's; and twenty times over he cursed himself for having meddled with the cask at all; and vowed roundly that he would never be betrayed more into any imprudence, by his unlucky love of grog: a promise which like most old sea-dogs, he no doubt would punctually keep until the next temptation!

The rest of the night, and the day and night succeeding, passed away without other incidents than a calm for some hours and then for the remainder of the indicated period an off-shore wind against which the schooner worked up with no great assiduity: her owner, still bent upon his one idea of searching the waters everywhere within his ken for traces of his lost darlings, having ordered her to be kept much longer on either tack than at all required, if his object had simply been to close the land; and occasionally letting her "off" a couple of points to run close to and examine some broken spar, or fisherman's buoy adrift, that chanced to catch his eye.

About the middle of the second succeeding day, just as the sun was on the meridian, a snug little cove with some houses upon it, and a few boats and small craft, amongst which arose the tall and slender spars of a cutter yacht, came open upon the weather-beam of the schooner, some

two miles distant. It was in fact the cove, into which Frederic Hartland had been brought captive in his own vessel; and it was she that was shewing her speck of a burgee, fluttering far aloft, in relief against a high sand-hill.

"It's Mr. Hartland's vessel sure enough, sir," said Jones to his master; after examining the cove for a moment with his glass: "I wonder what lark the gentleman's at in there just now. One may always be sure that his hands are piped to mischief wherever he goes!"

"I will not meet him," returned Merlington: "his reckless thoughtless, childish frolicsomeness would be torture to me. "I have suffered enough by his folly in our last harbour; and might be driven to resent it, did we meet. Stand on, along the coast."

"Here's a galley or gig sir; a coast-guard boat by her paint and ensign, running out for us under her lug," reported Jones, again dropping the glass from his eye; and touching his hat as he spoke: "she's steering to head us if she can; and cross our fore-foot. Shall we shorten sail to let him close, sir, or run the schooner off, and get rid of him."

"No, stand on as you go; and if he come up with us, let him board; but I will not delay for him. If he come; shew him our papers: but do not let me be intruded upon."

Not very long after Mr. Merlington left the deck, which he did with the order just given, the officer of the coast-guard boat, the redoubted Bensal himself, seeing that the schooner was likely to pass ahead, 'ere his little craft, fleet as were her movements, could close, fired a carbine as a signal to heave to and await him. Had Jones, to whom the idea of a customs or excise officer was nearly as distasteful, as that of a rope to a condemned man, not been so recently in a scrape with his master, he might have indulged himself with a few experiments on the patience and temper of the official now standing out for them; and in all probability would have ultimately given the schooner sheet and run away from him altogether. But a wholesome dread of his dark tempered master, in addition to the real attachment, which on account of long connexion with the family, he bore towards Mr. Merlington, prevented his yielding to temptation in this instance; and accordingly he reluctantly enough drew over the head-sheets; and stopped the way of the vessel, till Bensal's gig came slashing up, and dropping her lug as she neared, shot with her remaining way, close under the lee quarter and alongside.

A scene of very dangerous exasperation ensued. The commissioned boatman (Bensal's full rank and title) was yet smarting under the reproof received from Mr. Erton, for his blunder in Frederic Hartland's case, besides not being a little soured by his disappointment. The appear-

ance of the schooner not only revived his hopes of gain; but at first had seemed to promise a safe vent for his hitherto necessarily suppressed irritation. He had accordingly leaped on board in the ripest temper for violent measures; and the sight of the articles of "wreck" that had been picked up by Jones, gave him in his then mood, confirmation strong as holy writ of his estimate of the schooner's vocation; and made him meet and attempt to roar down with insult and outrageous menace, every attempt at remonstrance, or explanation. The already half-phrenzied Merlington, was worked up to nearly absolute madness, by their treatment; and the schooner's people warmly taking up their owner's quarrel with a particular relish from its promising a "row" with the revenue men, blows would have been exchanged and blood have been freely spilt, had not Jones, impressed with his own heavy responsibility upon all accounts, acted for the first time in his life, as a peacemaker; and really at no little personal risk for the moment, and with no small amount of labour, separated the excited seamen; and obtained a truce. In this it must be recorded that he had the earnest help of Bensal: that worthy however clamorous and insolent where he had everything his own way, having wonderfully changed his note since he saw the evident determination of the schooner's crew.

"The yacht-cutter is standing out for us, sir," reported one of his own men most opportunely at this juncture.

Every eye instantly turned towards the cove; whence undoubtedly Hartland's little vessel was now issuing, with the pleasant off shore breeze "sitting full in the shoulder of her sail!" Big jib, square headed top-sail and huge bellying main-sail below, with its boom, swung off to the port-rigging, were full as they could draw; and doubtless the square-sail too would have been on her, but for the briefness of the distance she had to run. In less than half-an-hour from the time when first reported, she was hove to, upon the weather beam of the schooner; and had hailed the latter for the revenue boat; Hartland's gig being yet unrepaired. The command came from no less a personage than Mr. Erton; who with his family, were distinctly to be seen upon the cutter's deck; and when in immediate and somewhat flurried obedience to the call, the boat had been sent, he entered it at once; and proceeded on board of the *Ocean-Spirit*; to examine himself how matters were going on there. No one however left the cutter but himself.

"See, see," cried Frederic Hartland to one of the young ladies: "my friend, or foe, Mr. Bensal, has clearly got himself into another scrape! Look how he bows and gesticulates; and do see how your good father seems to rate him! and mind the energy of Merlington, as he tells his

tale. I am glad anything has happened to rouse him even for a while from his terrible blue devils!"

"What has caused Mr. Merlington's gloominess," asked the young lady.

"You shall hear all I know of the story, replied Hartland" but meantime do but keep your eye upon the party over there. I am sure we shall see some capital sport. I wonder how Merlington has so long kept himself from knocking that insolent boatman fellow down!

No such "capital sport" occurring, the story of Merlington's misfortune and his restless misery since, proceeded uninterrupted; save for the gentle exclamations of pity, and the sighs of the fair auditor. As Hartland concluded however, she suddenly appeared as if some of the excitement prevailing on board of the other yacht had reached her; for she exclaimed with much warmth of feeling:

"There is news, good news, I am sure of it, for him! my father had a letter only this morning from the Inspecting Commander at G——— telling him amongst other things, that a man-of-war, has put in for water there, coming I believe from South America or the West Indies and that she has on board an English lady and her children, who with some others were saved out of a sinking vessel by another ship bound I believe to New South Wales; and in some way or other they fell in afterwards with the man-of-war; which has brought them back."

To do Frederic Hartland but justice, he did not allow even his growing partiality for the young lady's company; (the very one he it remarked who had quizzed him most unmercifully when he wore the garb of a follower of a Mahomet) to delay him after he had jumped to the conclusion that the family on board the man-of-war, must be the long missing family of Merlington. Hastily and incoherently apologizing to Miss Helen Erton (the youngest of the girls) and throwing himself over the side into his punt which Thompson hauled up at a word, he took the paddles himself; and pulled lustily for the schooner.

For a moment or two there was some danger of an explosion when Merlington and he first encountered upon the latter's deck. But the prompt intervention of Mr. Erton secured Hartland an opportunity to speak; and with generous eagerness, he told at once his tale.

"What—what mean you!" cried the wildly excited Merlington, in a tone of voice, the gasping hoarseness of which as well as his distorted countenance and staring or really glaring eye, betokened the fearful strength of the emotions now awakened within him: "You jest! do you jest with my misery! have a care, have a care, young man; you had better rouse a tiger than mock at me."

"I protest, I most solemnly assure you, on my life, on my soul!" cried

Hartland, now getting excited in his turn. I tell you exactly the tale I have myself but a moment ago heard; and from one, (cried he with increased warmth as a certain fair face that had as we have seen already begun to make inroads upon his heart, arose before his mental eye,) from one who would be incapable of aught but the purest truth and the kindest sympathy! from your daughter Helen, Mr. Erton!"

"Mr. Hartland tells you what I can fully corroborate, Mr. Merlington," said Erton; "here is the very letter that gave me the intelligence. Unluckily the name of the lady saved is so hastily written and blotted, that it is impossible to make it out. But see here," said he, endeavouring to turn over a page of the letter which Merlington, with a kind of convulsive motion had snatched from him and held fast, though his whole body trembled so with agitation, that the very quivering and shaking of the paper was distinguishable to the ear and eye. "Somewhere over here on the third page the name of the vessel she was taken out of, and the place it sailed from, are I think set down.—Stay, aye, here it is, the "*London Merchant*, last from Madeira." A cry, shrill, harsh and terrible, rent the air and pierced to the very hearts of all around, and then Merlington, from whom it proceeded, fell prostrate in strong convulsions upon the deck.

"That was the vessel, gentlemen, the very vessel Mrs. Merlington sailed in," said the skipper Jones, as he assisted the others to upraise his insensible master, and bear him down below. "The Lord send it is her that is aboard of the man-of-war, or my poor master will go mad altogether after this."

"There cannot be a mistake my friend," said Mr. Erton, "now that I look at the letter again I see that the name is certainly one of equal length and beginning with the same letter as your master's; besides the officer that writes to me, distinctly states that the lady and her children had been returning from Madeira, and that they were in great uneasiness at not having been able 'ere now to make known their fate to their friends."

"Upon my word, Mr. Hartland," said Miss Helen Erton, as that gentleman pulled back to his own vessel, when satisfied that Merlington's seizure was but a momentary swoon from excess of emotion; "I shall take care how I tell you news again, for without so much as thanking me for it, you darted off to have the first telling of it yourself, I suppose."

With much assumed humility, Hartland made a thousand apologies to the young dame, and her pretended offence speedily gave way to sincere and honest interest, not unmarked by a few tears, as he recounted to her the scene he had just witnessed.

A consultation of all parties was now held, and Merlington having sufficiently recovered to be able to announce his full determination of immediately proceeding for the port of G——, where the man-of-war had put in for water, and some other supplies, Mr. Erton decided on accepting for himself and family, Hartland's offer of a passage thither in his cutter; the weather being very propitious, and the distance by water not much more than about fourteen or fifteen leagues. The land journey on the other hand was known to be more than a hundred miles through a difficult country. The carriage was of course to be sent on the road, but to be long preceded by a "runner," or smart country lad, despatched with the first charge of informing the coast-guard inspector of all that had occurred; and secondly, with that of ordering accommodation for the ladies. Of course the passage by sea promised to ensure that the man-of-war should be intercepted and met; should she chance to have left the port on her voyage to England.

All these arrangements were accordingly set in progress 'ere night. The courier was far upon his way, the carriage was lumbering along upon its journey, and the two yachts in company were making "short leagues of it" towards their destination, with a pleasant breeze two points abaft the beam.

THE SEA.—A FRAGMENT.

BY W. MOLYNEUX.

Another step and there
 Before me lay the ocean,—the grand waste,
 That sucks up mountains and re-moulds the world!
 Soft in its beauty, blending with the sky,
 With not an outline, save a bluer tint
 Through which a pale star look'd, and trembling shone,
 While white sail'd ships seem'd dancing thro' the air,
 On eve's soft hazy fields of yielding grace,
 Which floated round, and mirrored unseen things.
 And stretching far tho' scarce discernible,
 Rose the bold headland of a wilder chain
 Of rocks and mountains,—as their natives rude,
 Yet no less sheltering from the storms of life,*
 I know not why, but yet it seemed to me
 As the great champion of a storm-beat coast,

* Flamborough Head, the termination of the Yorkshire Wolds. I need scarcely add that the natives of those regions are famed for hospitality and bluntness.

Advancing from the ranks of Nature's host,
 To wage a war against the elements,
 Proud and unbending!—While the sheltered bay,
 Caught the spent waves to murmur o'er their loss,
 And weep their anger to cornelian ears;
 And even now they swept the beaten strand,
 Their thin white crested mimickries of wrath,
 Stealing in gambols round the sandy forts
 Some child had built to guard a weed-grown stone.

The grand, the stern, the beautiful, the calm,
 The brave, brave sea! A deep sweet thrill of joy,
 Crept through my frame, and quivered in my eye,
 When first I stood and saw thee—saw, and wept!
 No mystery that I wept,—a woodland boy
 With woodland feelings, as its foliage soft;
 Nursed 'mid a fairy recklessness of flowers,
 And tinted leaves, and trees that sought the sky
 In tow'ring magnificence, there to court
 The revelling sunbeams, throwing back their gold
 In mellow'd lustre, laughing all the while
 With the soft breeze that toyed with them in peace;
 Such peace as childhood mourns when both are gone.
 Then lost in worlds such as conjecture builds;
 Now thrown without their bounds, a startled thing,
 Eager to clasp, yet diffident, alarmed
 At so meet mystery, tho' so palpable,
 No wonder that I wept; it touched the heart!

I stood not far from the now silent mount,†
 Where ages since an iron show'r arose,
 To wreck a castle, and to stain a cliff
 With British blood! and o'er it soon upreared
 It's silent head, a gloomy threat'ning cloud,
 Which the red sun, as if in mockery,
 Fringed with its fire, then redder tipt the waves,
 And vanished!

In one short hour arose,
 On the wild hurricane a startling cry,
 Frightful and shrill!—as shade that follows shade,
 Skimm'd o'er the rushing floods, and echoed back
 Its freezing clearness,—mariners of woe,
 Their white wings cleaving thro' the briny snow,
 That rose in clouds to darken human hope
 And conquer friendly aid. Fury, tempest leagued
 Howl'd maddening onwards, waking up the deep
 From its sweet slumber in bright coral caves,
 To gird upon its back the fleet of worlds;
 And roll them over mountains as a reed;—
 Mountains that mingle with black torrent clouds,

† Oliver's Mount, near Scarbro'.

Kissing the lightning that reveals a tomb!
 Or hide them from the sight in moving gulphs,
 When frightfully calm, the broken cordage hangs,
 To shivered sails, and shattered starting masts,
 And yet how grand, to see this mass of floods,
 Battling and hissing in their frantic glee,
 And throwing their salt spray o'er every sail,
 Laughing in mockery at the fear they raise.
 I now had reached the rocky shore, and stood
 Thus face to face, with the wild hurricane,
 Shouting in all the madness of my joy,
 Though to my lips my heart alone replied:
 Alone I stood,—and through the howling storm
 Pierced the wild shriek, my ear had caught before;
 And close upon a sunken reef appeared,
 Dimly and dark, a vessel half a wreck,
 I shuddered, for my throbless heart told why!

Years now have pass'd, but years cannot erase
 From memory half the horrors that transpired
 That fearful night, and even now in dreams,
 That strange shriek writhes itself in agony,
 O'er night's deep slumber, and awakes a scene,
 Of storm and tempest,—wrecks upon a shore,
 And death entwined with seaweeds, and a form
 Lovely and cold, in that o'er powering sleep,
 Which beautifies the countenance while it opes,
 The beating heart to feel tis' desolate!
 Yet how I love to mount the sparkling waves,
 And feel their dancing gladness through my fame,
 To bare my brow, and let the dashing spray,
 Leap on my temples. 'Tis a joy I prize,
 And who does not. I love the deep blue sea,
 Calm in its beauty; but its wild rage awes,
 Excites, and thrills, as no rapt tongue can tell.

THE LUSITANIA.—A PORTUGUESE YACHT.

WE this month present to our readers an engraving (*see plate*) from a very beautiful drawing by Mr. Carvalho of the Portuguese navy, now in this country, of a handsome vessel of about 20 tons, which he has designed, and which is to be built immediately at Lisbon.

The first regular yachting match which ever took place at that delightful port occurred last year, [*vide H.Y.M.*, vol 1, p. 222,] when a yacht called the *Corca* designed by an Englishman, Mr. Ronalds of Blackwall, carried off the prize.

A Portuguese gentleman, Mr. Moser of Lisbon, in the true spirit of

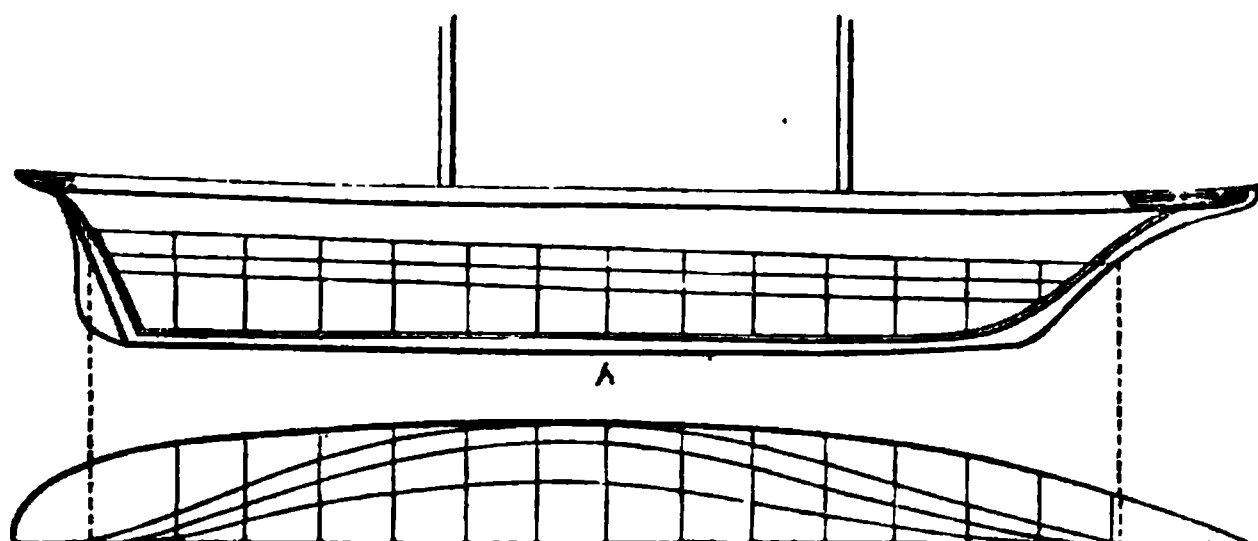


yachting, and wishing to see whether his countrymen could not recover the prestige of the days of Vasco de Gama, requested his friend Mr. Carvalho to attempt this victory, and the result has been the vessel now designed, to be called the *Lusitania*, and which we believe will carry off many prizes in future years.

The rig used at Lisbon, as is well known, is chiefly the cahique, a kind of lateen sail.

We believe that the *Corca* was always superior in speed when she was rigged as a schooner, but when altered to the cahique rig she outstripped all her competitors.

The *Lusitania* will measure about 45 feet by 10 at the load water line.



Scale one-16th.

METROPOLITAN YACHTING.—THE PRESENT SEASON.

WE have already recorded, at page 108, the opening of the yachting season of 'fifty-three, in an account of the muster of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, to sail down the River Thames in company on Thursday, the 24th of March, a trip which was performed during a heavy snow storm. We had also inserted, at page 112, the names and other particulars of the seven vessels entered for the match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, on Tuesday, May the 3rd, which duly came off on that date. On the then following Saturday, May the 7th, the Royal London Yacht Club sailed down to Erith on their opening trip; on the 11th of May they also gave a grand ball at Willis's Rooms; and on the 31st of May—the day before the distribution of the present number of our Magazine—eight of their yachts sailed a match, which we shall report in our July number. On the 18th of May the Prince of Wales Yacht Club also sailed a match; and, with these exceptions, we have as yet, up to May the 31st, had no racing in the River Thames. But June

the 1st will witness the novelty of a schooner match round the Mouse Light, the entries for which we have given at page 147, and in page 168 will be found the fixtures for the other matches already appointed. The season of 'fifty-three is at last in full swing, and no rest for our own poor pen "looms in the distance." So, before we now proceed to note down what has actually been done this year, and has become as it were "fully complete and ended," we wish to remind all committees, and yachtsmen, and secretaries, that even with the best intentions, and with the most unremitting exertions on our part, it is utterly impossible for us to be everywhere and to know everything, and that, therefore, we shall be particularly obliged if they will as early as possible, communicate to us all information in regard to their respective clubs which they wish to be preserved in our pages; and moreover call our attention to such meetings as they wish our reporters to watch whether afloat or ashore. It is far from our desire to neglect anybody; we aim at even-handed justice; at no exaltation of one club at the expense of another; and we trust that at the close of this our second volume, at Christmas next, our pledge will be found to have been fully carried out.

In addition to "opening trips" and "sailing matches," the "meetings" in the metropolis have been more than usually well attended; we give an outline of them elsewhere in our Memoranda of Club Meetings.

Having said thus much, the first point to which we must now direct attention is the match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which came off on the 3rd of May. We repeat that we have already inserted the "regatta card" at page 112, where it will be seen that for the £100 prize, the *Mosquito*, *War Hawk*, *Volante*, and *Pauline* raced; while, for the £50 prize, the *Thought* and *Phantom* were the only competitors, since the *Capella* did not start.

The rules under which this match was sailed were as follows:—

Article 1.—That all club matches and all yachts sailing therein be under the direction of the Commodore and Vice-Commodore.

2.—That all yachts sailing in a match have a proper distinguishing colour, which must be of the following dimensions, viz.: for the first class yachts three feet in the hoist, by four feet six inches in the fly; for the second class yachts, two feet in the hoist, by three feet in the fly; and for the third class yachts, eighteen inches in the hoist, by twenty-seven inches in the fly: to be carried at the top-mast head, unless it should be necessary to strike the top-mast, when it may be carried at the mast-head, or at the peak; such colour to be the distinguishing flag of the yacht during the time she may belong to the club.

3.—That in the event of both Commodore and Vice-Commodore having yachts entered for any one match, the Sailing Committee be required to ap-

point some member not having a vessel entered, to act as President of the match; such appointment to be made at the time the entries are taken.

4.—That the owners of yachts entered to sail in any match draw lots for stations, and that No. 1 at all times take the southward station of the line, the other yachts following in numerical order.

5.—That the yachts start from buoys, either in one or more lines, laid down for that purpose under the direction of the Vice-Commodore of the club; and that all yachts be at their stations within one quarter of an hour after the signal given by the Vice-Commodore, or not to be allowed to sail in a match.

6.—That the course for each match shall be regulated by the Commodore, and announced at the meeting at which the entries are made for such match.

7.—That all yachts cutter-rigged, not carrying more than four fore-and-aft sails, be eligible to sail; but no jib to exceed two feet in the head, nor to be hoisted above the main-mast head, neither shall it be boomed out.

8.—That in all matches in the river Thames schooners to be classed according to Mr. Ackers' scale. That fore-and-aft schooners be allowed to carry the following sails in a match, viz.: main-sail, fore-sail, fore-stay-sail, jib, jib-top-sail, main-gaff-top-sail, fore-gaff-top-sail, or fore-square top-sail, or main-topmast-stay-sail, but only one of the last three viz.: fore-square top-sail or fore-gaff-top-sail can be carried in the same match. Square-rigged schooners to carry the same sails, with the addition of fore-square top-sail and top-gallant-sail.

9.—That in any of the matches of this club, should any yacht wilfully foul another sailing in the same match, the member in command of such yacht so fouling, upon being declared guilty of the same by the Sailing Committee, shall be liable to be *expelled* by a general vote of the club.

10.—That a yacht sailing in a match shall have some member of the club to which she belongs on board, who shall be held as fully responsible for the vessel being sailed in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, as if he was actually steering her; and the said yacht shall not have on board more than one hand for every five tons or fraction thereof, exclusive of the master, pilot, and three members of any Royal Yacht Club, or officers of the army or navy; and that any member winning a prize be requested not to give more than ten shillings and sixpence gratuity to each of the crew.

11.—That no yacht hoist any sail *before* the second gun has fired, *after* which no ballast to be shipped or unshipped, under any pretence whatever. No water ballast allowed.

12.—That no sweeps be used, except in case of necessity, to clear a vessel, or to shove off, if aground, to sket to windward only, and that no other means of sounding be used than the lead.

13.—That yachts are allowed to anchor during the race, if they require it, provided they afterwards weigh the anchor.

14.—In sailing to windward, the yacht on the port tack must invariably give way to the yacht on the starboard tack: any yacht disobeying this regulation forfeits all claim to the prize.

15.—That if two yachts be standing for the shore, or towards any vessel, and the yacht to leeward be likely to run aground or foul of the vessel, and not able to stay without coming in contact with the windward yacht, the windward yacht must be put about on being hailed by any member of the club who may be on board the leeward yacht; the leewardmost yacht must, however, in this case, tack at the same time as the one she hails; but should a collision take place, the yacht causing the same will be liable to all damage occasioned thereby, and forfeit all claim to the prize.

16.—That during a match, should any yacht engaged therein run aground or foul of any vessel, she shall be allowed to shove or warp off; but any person leaving a yacht except for this purpose (or being accidentally knocked overboard,) forfeits the yacht's claim to the prize.

17.—That if a yacht before the termination of a match decline the contest, she shall signify the same to the Commodore, by hauling down her distinguishing flag.

18.—That any yacht having been disabled by foul sailing on the part of any other yacht, or having valid cause of complaint, shall hoist the club ensign as a signal of protest, which signal shall be answered by the Commodore firing a gun.

JAMES C. ALDRIDGE, Sec.

When the morning of the race occurred we woke somewhat early, and, hailing the old tar who slings his hammock in our ante-chamber, anxiously enquired the state of the weather.

"Dirty, sir, very dirty," was the reply, and added he, "the drops, sir, hang like round shot on the bars of the balcony, and that's a sign 'twill rain all day: I takes that to be a sure sign, sir, and, want of a better—for who can see the horizon thro' chimley pots? I says you'd a better not go this here sailing match; jist remember your rheumatiz."

We did not give way to the advice of our old and faithful coxswain, but rose, shaved, breakfasted, jumped into a cab, reached London Bridge Wharf, took up a position under the dripping awning of the *Meteor* steamer, and so for some time remained, as best we might, chewing the cud of disappointment; for tho' the steamer hung on for three-quarters of an hour after the period fixed for departure, and the ladies were all singing out, something in the style of

"Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

The Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, was unavoidably detained in the west, and, unable to reach London Bridge in time, pushed on by land for Blackwall Pier, where ultimately he with a few score of visitors was taken on board, and then the *Meteor* proceeded to Erith.

Arrived in that interesting little bay, so associated with the exploits of river yachtsmen, the competitors of the day were seen at anchor. We subjoin the entries for the two classes. A third prize had been offered, but as there was no entry but the *Vampire*, this third-class match came to nothing. In the first class, four vessels sailed; in the second class but two. The six, however, were all of note, and thus excited intense interest.

For £100.—First Class.—Exceeding 30 tons.

Station	Name of Yacht.	Ton.	Owner's Name.	Distinguishing Flag.
1	<i>Mosquito</i>	50	Londesborough, Lord	Blue pierced white, red Maltese X
2	<i>War Hawk</i>	50	Bartlett, T., Esq.	Blue, gold hawk
3	<i>Volante</i>	48	Craigie, J. L., Esq. ...	White
4	<i>Pauline</i>	35	Braldreth, C., Esq.....	White with blue +

£50.—Second Class.—Exceeding 15 tons and not exceeding 30.

1	<i>Thought</i>	25	Coope, G., Esq.....	Red
2	<i>Phantom</i>	25	Lane, S., Esq.	White, red border

These were the entries, and at 11h. 45m. the signal-gun to start was fired from the *Meteor*. “Hoist, hoist away your canvas,” was the cry; and immediately the six rivals were seen close-hauled on the starboard tack standing for the Kentish shore. In these matches in the Thames, the quickest eye frequently fails to detect the yacht to which the honour of first setting her main-sail, or top-sail, or of first getting fairly away actually belongs. On this occasion, however, there was less doubt than usual, and all seemed pleased with everything except the rain, which still continued to pour down in torrents, nor, in fact, did it stop during the match. And now, while the yachts are on their first and second tack, let us see what are the prizes* for which they are contending. They were manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, and were selected by Lord Alfred Paget. Placed in the main-cabin of the *Meteor*, they attracted considerable attention.

The First Class Prize was a silver centre ornament for the table. On the cover of a Tazza is a figure, representing the Genius of Navigation. The cover is made to remove, and the cup and stand can be used for flowers. On the angles of the pedestal are figures of Ulysses. The first, that on the left

* We intended giving illustrations of these prizes, but, owing to the neglect of the engraver, we are prevented carrying out our wishes. In most matches throughout the season we shall give engravings of the prizes. Our desire is to render the Magazine a work of the greatest utility to yachtsmen, and we trust our exertions will meet with corresponding support.

angle, is Ulysses bound to a vessel, when by stopping the ears of his companions he was preserved from the enchantments of the Syrens, or the difficulties of navigation. On the other angle is Ulysses asleep on the shore of Ithaca, after having been laid there by the Phœnician sailors. In the panels are nautical insignia, the oar and the sail. The whole is mounted on a wooden pedestal, on which are panels, containing the name of the contest of the day.

Second Class Prize.—A large silver ewer. This is decorated in the *renaissance* style, and has two relievos on the side of the body; first, a Nereid attended by Cupids; second, Amphitrite riding on the sea-horse surrounded by Cupids. In the first is a panel to contain the name of the race, &c.

Well, at 11h. 38m. the gun to prepare to start had been fired, and at 11h. 45m. the yachts had got under-way; and then the *Phantom*, S. Lane, Esq., which had been just lengthened by the bow by White, of Cowes, and which with great judgment on the part of her owner who sailed her, forebore to set her top-sail, handsomely took the lead of the fleet. *War Hawk* and *Mosquito* brought up the rear, while between them and the *Phantom*,—*Pauline*, *Volante*, and *Thought* appeared tolerably close to each other. The tide was running down—the wind south-east, and rather fresh than otherwise, while owing to the continuing rain all seemed as uncomfortable as possible. The prospect of spending nearly four hours before reaching and again leaving the Nore, was not one of the most cheering. Nevertheless, until the racing craft seemed well settled into their positions few left the deck. Even the *cuisine* of Mr. Gore could not attract them into the cabin. When once there, however, it was very difficult to quit his viands and liqueurs to partake of the “heavy wet” on deck. Through the driving rain; which rendered spy-glasses almost useless, and drove to despair all those respectable old gentlemen who rejoiced in gold spectacles, *Phantom* was seen to be still ahead, followed by *Volante* and *Mosquito*, second and third,—the rest, even the *War Hawk*, doing comparatively nothing. Tack and tack the contest continued. First we saw their port sides as they stood towards Essex, and then their starboard as they headed for Kent. There was a fine struggle between *Volante* and *Mosquito*, which ultimately ended in *Mosquito* gaining the weather-guage and keeping the headmost position; and then *Phantom* made a good third. All carried jib-headed top-sails except *Phantom* and *Thought*, which contented themselves while working to windward with main-sail, fore-sail and jib. There is really nothing to report touching this, the first match of the season of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, for after the first hour it was evident to the merest tyro that the breeze was not strong enough to render accidents probable, and that barring accidents *Mosquito* must have the first prize, and *Phantom* second. And on rounding the Nore all doubt was at an end, the only additional opinion mooted being that if *Phantom* had set her large top-sail sooner, she would through the rapidity of her running, have almost to a certainty have saved her time from *Volante*. Let us now subjoin the result of the race.

Yachts.	Rounding the Nore.			Close at Erith.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<i>Mosquito</i>	3	25	33	7	13	30
<i>Volante</i>	3	40	30	7	24	0
<i>Phantom</i>	3	54	0	7	45	0
<i>War Hawk</i>	4	3	45			
<i>Pauline</i>	4	8	5			

Looking to this race, there is no doubt the *Mosquito* and *Phantom* each achieved a great victory, but taken as a whole the contest offered but few points for the pen of the reporter; and the weather was so dreadfully wet that the minor incidents of the match drew little attention from the company assembled. But the greatest interest is evinced for the schooner match of the 1st of June, which we feel may afford us far greater opportunities of doing justice to the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The following entries were made at the Bedford Hotel on the evening of Tuesday, May 23rd.

No.	Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
1	<i>Vestal</i> ...	74	B. G. Rowles, Esq. ...	White with urn of fire.
2	<i>Rosalind</i>	100	Lord Alfred Paget, M.P.	Blue, pierced white, Maltese X
3	<i>Mayfly</i> ...	130	S. M. Peto, Esq. ...	Blue before white.
4	<i>Sverige</i> ...	280	T. Bartlett, Esq. ...	{ Red, white, blue and yellow, diagonal, and yellow border.
5	<i>Violet</i> ...	60	Captain Freestun, R.N.	{ Blue, pierced white, with a violet in centre.
6	<i>Sappho</i> ...	104	G. P. Naylor, Esq. ...	White and red, blue +

Rules for Schooner Yachts racing on the 1st of June, 1853, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light:—*

That no more than one man for every ten tons, exclusive of master, pilot, owner, and five friends be allowed.

No time allowed for tonnage.

No shifting of ballast to be allowed on any account, and owners of yachts to give their personal pledge to observe the same.

Schooners to start from their own anchors, and owners will have to give their anchors to Mr. Eversfield, Gravesend, the night before the match, if required, who will, if necessary, supply them in lieu thereof, with a small anchor.

The Commodore, or in his absence the Vice-Commodore, to have the power of shortening the distance if he considers it necessary.

The yachts to start at the second gun fired from the steam boat—five minutes allowed between the first and second gun.

If any yacht previous to the start hauls taut upon her spring, and thereby causes her to drag her anchor and get out of the line, she will be liable to forfeit the prize.

* The same sail to be carried as ordered in article 8, page 143.

No yacht to hoist any sail *before* the second gun has been fired ; *after* which, no ballast is to be shipped or unshipped, under any pretence whatever. No water ballast allowed.

To sail from Gravesend, round the Mouse Light, and back to Gravesend, leaving the Mouse Light Vessel on the port hand, and the Winning Flag Buoy at Gravesend on the starboard hand ; unless, the wind being light, the Commodore, or Vice-Commodore, thinks fit to shorten the distance, when a gun from each bow of the steam boat will be fired, and the yachts are to pass round her in the same manner as the Mouse Light.

All yachts sailing in a match must have a proper distinguishing colour, and of the following dimensions, viz.: the first class yachts, three feet in the hoist by four feet six inches in the fly ; and the second class yachts, two feet in the hoist by three feet in the fly : to be carried at the top-mast head, unless it should be necessary to strike the top-mast, when it may be carried at the mast-head.

The owners of yachts having drawn lots for stations, No. 1 at all times to take the southward station of the line, the other yachts following in numerical order.

The yachts to start from buoys, either in one or more lines, laid down for that purpose, under the direction of the Vice-Commodore of the club ; and all yachts are to be at their stations within one quarter of an hour after the signal given by the Vice-Commodore, or not be allowed to sail in a match.

In sailing to windward, the yacht on the port tack must invariably give way to the yacht on the starboard tack : any yacht disobeying this regulation forfeits all claim to the prize.

Schooners are allowed to boom out.

In any of the matches of this club, should one yacht wilfully foul another sailing in the same match, the member in command of such yacht so fouling, upon being declared guilty of the same by the Sailing Committee, shall be liable to be expelled by a general vote of the club.

No sweeps are to be used except in case of necessity—to clear a vessel, or to shove off if aground, to skeet to windward only, and no other means of sounding are to be used than the lead.

Yachts are allowed to anchor during the race, if they require it, provided they afterwards weigh the anchor.

If two yachts be standing for the shore, or towards any vessel, and the yacht to leeward be likely to run aground or foul of the vessel, and not able to stay without coming in contact with the windward yacht, the windward yacht must be put about, on being hailed by any member of the club, who may be on board the leeward yacht ; the leewardmost yacht must, however, in this case, tack at the same time as the one she hails : but should a collision take place, the yacht causing the same will be liable to all damage occasioned thereby, and forfeit all claim to the prize.

During the match, should any yacht engaged therein run aground, or foul of any vessel, she shall be allowed to shove or warp off ; but any person

leaving a yacht, except for this purpose (or being accidentally knocked over-board,) forfeits that yacht's claim to the prize.

If a yacht before the termination of a match decline the contest, she shall signify the same to the Commodore, by hauling down her distinguishing flag.

Any yacht having been disabled by foul sailing on the part of any other yacht, or having valid cause of complaint, shall hoist the club ensign in lieu of her distinguishing flag as a signal of protest, which signal shall be answered by the Commodore firing a gun.

A protest against a yacht receiving the cup or prize may be entered previous to her starting; or during the match by hoisting her ensign at the top-mast head, which is to remain flying till a gun be fired from the steam-boat, which will be an acknowledgment of the protest: but should such protest be declared by the Sailing Committee to be *frivolous* and *vexatious*, the yacht in favour of which the said protest may be made, shall be excluded from sailing in the following match.

(Signed) ALFRED PAGET, *Commodore*.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

WE must now turn to the 7th of May, on which day the "opening trip" of the Royal London Yacht Club came off in the river. At 11 h. A.M. the following fleet of cutters left Erith for the rendezvous at Blackwall whence they were again to start at 4 P.M. to return to Erith for the "opening dinner" at the Crown.

Avalon, 35 tons, Commodore Goodson; Marina, 52 tons J. W. Forster, Esq.; Will o' the Wisp, 44 tons, G. Taylor, Esq., Pauline, 35 tons, C. Brandreth, Esq.; Phantom, 25 tons, S. Lane, Esq.; Mouse, 15 tons, G. C. Eagle Esq.; Waterwitch, 15 tons, C. Saunders, Esq., Frolic, 12 tons, A. Cox, Esq.;

At intervals during the day this fleet was joined by the following yachts; Albatross, 8 tons, Commodore Berncastle; Thought, 25 tons, G. Coope. Esq.; Snow-flek, 43 tons, W. Hogarth, Esq.; Whisper, 19, tons, T. Eveleigh Esq.; Petrel, 24 tons, J. H. Townsend, Esq.: Gnat, 4 tons, J. T. Talmadge, Esq.

It rained during the trip down almost as much as it had done while the R. L. Y. C. match was being contested, but nevertheless some forty members reached the club-house at Erith and dined together in that harmony which ever distinguishes the Royal London Yacht Club. The Commodore and Vice-Commodore were both present. and these officers, on the following day, took a cruise seaward in Mr. S. Lane's *Phantom*.

On the 11th of May, the Royal London Yacht Club gave a ball at Willis's Rooms which proved all that the warmest friends of the club could have desired; we never saw stewards more assiduous in their duties or a company more satisfied in every respect. There is no doubt there will be an exceedingly great demand for the next issue of ball tickets, owing to the great discretion used in the distribution of those applied for on the present occasion.

The ball was followed by a sailing match which came off on the 31st of May, and cannot therefore be reported in our June Magazine.

But in May, on the 18th, the Prince of Wales Yacht Club had a sailing match from Blackwall to the neighbourhood of Gravesend and back. On this occasion the weather was most propitious, owing possibly to the Genius of the air, being honored in good time with an appropriate sacrifice of sweet sounds from the *cornet a-piston* of *Calliope*. For a wonder there was no rain during the match. Thus the youngest club was so much more fortunate than its two elder brothers. And fortunate not only in weather, but also in having the club steamer—Waterman, No 2——“cram-full” from stern to stem. The Folly House, Blackwall, was the starting point, and these were the craft that came to the buoys. The wind was S. E.

First Class, £15.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Albatross.....	7	A. Berncastle, Esq.
Britannia.....	7	G. Legg, Esq.
Julia	7	J. Hutchinson, Esq.
Undine.....	6	C. F. Chubb, Esq.

Second Class, £10.

Idas	6	E. Knibbs, Esq.
Truant... ..	5	N. Jackson, Esq.

Third Class, £5.

Demon	3	N. J. Fenner, Esq.
Calliope.....	3	W. Tuckwell, Esq.

Of these *Truant*, *Julia*, and *Calliope*, were destined to win.

Great anxiety was manifested to witness the start, owing to the *Truant* being a yankee clipper, the first that has ever sailed on the river Thames, and to her being fitted, not with a fair fixed keel, but, with a centre-board or sliding keel, a “dodge” which enables her to butter her toast on both sides; using the keel when beating, and hauling it inboard when running. The *Truant* did not start so smartly as the *Albatross* and the *Idas*, and the *Julia* would also have got off before her, but for her throat halliards getting foul, an accident that ever renders it prudent to lower away the mainsail at once and make another attempt at hoisting it, which is much more likely to be successful than “tearing your life out” by tugging at the peak and throat halliards like a disappointed Goliath. The gaff-topsail of the *Albatross* also hung fire. With these exceptions everything went perfectly well.

We are no friends to making a long story out of nothing and shall therefore be somewhat brief in our notice of the present match. Its incidents may be summed up thus. The *Truant* succeeded in getting the lead and kept it, both in the beat down towards Tilbury Fort, and the run back to the Folly House. The *Julia*, notwithstanding her mishap at the start was the second boat down, and the second boat at the close, the *Undine* and *Idas* got into collision thro' the fault of the former, the *Britannia* lost her bobstay and

bowsprit-end, and the *Romp* not in the match carried away her top-mast by getting foul of the *Julia*. The whole match was a beat down and a run up, and tho' excessively interesting to the eye calls for no particular remark. It was, however, a glorious day for the ladies in every respect, and there were plenty of yachts to gratify the taste of the yachtsmen; but no two vessels kept so closely together (except at the goal) as to create much difference of opinion among the lookers on. But we would not have missed the match e'en for a tempting nugget, for matters were well managed, the sun shone, guns fired, crews cheered, flags flouted the sky, craft of all sorts and sizes flitted before our vision and bent gracefully to the passing breeze; and there was an appearance of joyousness in the whole scene far, very far different from the proceedings under the late rain. This time the *Truant* won, but we may just as well call her a yacht as term a match-cart a comfortable family carriage. If Englishmen be content to build for mere speed, they're not the sensible boys we take them for. We shall recur to this subject, being now compelled to subjoin the time of the match, which we repeat, was the cause of an agreeable and successful reunion, and a happy hit in itself, though it gave us so little chance of showing off our long-shore nautical lingo.

Yachts.	Northfleet.			Folly House.		
	h.	m.	s.	h	m.	s.
<i>Truant</i>	3	30	0	6	14	0
<i>Julia</i>	3	44	30	6	37	0
<i>Idas</i>	4	3	30	6	56	0
<i>Britannia</i>	4	15	0	7	14	0
<i>Albatross</i>	4	29	0	7	30	0
<i>Calliope</i>	4	36	0	7	30	0

The Commodore at the conclusion of the match presented the prizes in due form to the owners of the *Truant*, *Julia*, and *Calliope*, and then presided at the usual banquet at the Folly House, Blackwall. We hope to give a more detailed account of the next match, which we have every reason to believe will prove a most spirited affair. Messrs. Gordon and Chubb the two Honorary Secretaries, and Mr. Turner, the honorary Treasurer were, as usual, excessively attentive to all who came within reach, and very much of the pleasure received during the voyage is attributable to their courtesy and assiduity. And the Commodore also, we need hardly say, transacted his duties with his accustomed zeal for the occasion and the cause.

THE LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THIS we believe to be the oldest Model Yacht Club, and therefore it claims the title of No. 1. Many persons seem surprised to see men of mature age wading into the water (especially on a cold day) pole in hand to turn the tiny craft which in years gone by were considered play toys for children; but one word to those uninitiated "in the mysteries of seamanship." These small, but handsome boats, are the offsprings of inventive genius, and will

as men progress in science and skill become models from which swift sailing vessels of a larger growth will spring. Therefore now it is that many love to watch the evolutions of this tiny fleet, and defy aches and pains.

The day on which the first match of the season was held was the birth day of the Princess Alice, April 25th. The wind was from northward and westward,

“ It blew great guns;”

and on a more unpropitious day we have seldom attended a sailing match, the rain and sleet were very annoying, and continued throughout the day. At one o'clock the first heat was punctually started. The *Ripple* a sailing boat of four tons, with colours flying, filled with members and their friends, and steered by Mr. Secretary Gordon, P.W.Y.C., although, under reefed canvas was, to our eye, several times gunwale under; but her appearance gave such life to the lake, that we regretted the *Yankee Una*, then at her moorings, was not, with other craft of the same size, also under weigh.

Fourteen fairy yachts started for the prizes:—the first a cup, which was displayed at the mast-head of the *Ripple*;—the second two sovereigns. It is not the amount which these amateurs contend for, it is the honor, and whenever Dame Fortune hails the winner, the owner is as proud, of his tiny craft as are the owners of a *Cynthia*, *Secret*, *Mosquito*, or even a *Phantom*.

The station No 1 is ever the most to the eastward, while No. 7 is the most to the westward, being farthest from Park Lane.

Number	Station.	Rig.	Owners.
1	Blackwall.....	cutter	W. Bundock, Esq.
2	Storm Witch.....	cutter	H. Rowe, Esq.
3	<i>Weathergage</i>	cutter	J. Bertram, Esq.
4	Atalanta.....	schooner	J. Gibson, Esq.
5	Coralie.....	cutter	T. Sanderson, Esq.
6	Wellington.....	cutter	J. Siburn, Esq.
7	<i>Gloriana</i>	lugger	R. G. Boom, Esq.

The first two the winners, were the *Weathergage* and *Gloriana*.

Second Heat.

Number	Station.	Rig.	Owners.
1	Water Kelpie.....	schooner	W. Biffin, Esq.
2	Alcyone	schooner	W. B. Crabb, Esq.
3	British Fair.....	lugger	R. Richardson, Esq.
4	<i>Scud</i>	cutter	F. Escudier, Esq.
5	Fairy Queen.....	schooner	J. G. Liné, Esq.
6	<i>Nil Desperandum</i>	lugger	R. Hunt, Esq.
7	<i>Xarifa</i>	lugger	R. H. Forrens, Esq.

The *Scud*, cutter, came in first, and the *Nil Desperandum* second.

Third and fourth heats of the losing boats, one winner in each.

Final heat of six boats, namely, two from first heat, two from second heat, one from third, and one from fourth heats.

All the losing boats in the first and second heats now drew for stations in the third and fourth heats, and having sailed across the Serpentine and back

in two divisions, the *Storm Witch* won the third and the *Wellington* the fourth heats, in the latter of which the *Xarifa* withdrew to make room for the *Gannet*, belonging to Mr. E. Flood of Brighton, (a vessel with a crack suit of sails, made by Ratsey at a cost, of five guineas,) but neither the *Xarifa* nor the *Gannet* started.

In the final or grand heat, the *Scud* won the cup (a name probably taken from the centre syllable of the owner's name,) and the *Weathergage* gained the second prize of £2, beating *Gloriana*, *Nil Disperandum*, *Storm Witch*, and *Wellington*. The *Gloriana* came in ahead of the *Weathergage*, but having broken a club-rule was disqualified for the second prize. Notwithstanding the "raw and gusty day," which carried away *Alcyone's* bowsprit, several members of the London Model Yacht Club and Prince of Wales Yacht Club were on board the *Ripple* and on the banks. T. H. Williams, Esq., the late Commodore acted as umpire of the day, and started the heats.

The Commodore and Vice-Commodore were absent; the Rear-Commodore was present but he could not take the command, as his own yacht was entered in the match. The heats commenced at 1 P.M., and did not close till 5 P.M.

On Monday the 2nd of May the club assembled at the Blue Boar Tavern, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, (being the usual monthly meeting, which according to rule, is there held on the first Monday in the month,) first to transact business, and secondly to present the prizes to the winners on the conclusion of the club-supper. Several gentlemen were admitted members, but no date was fixed for the next match. We understand that it is in contemplation to have a "Field day" on the Serpentine, in order that the company who, through bad weather, were disappointed at the last contest, March 25th, may have an opportunity of witnessing the sailing properties of the club flotilla. On this occasion the vessels of course, will not contend for a prize, but will simply be sailed several times from shore to shore under the direction of one of the flag officers. A notice of motion has been given by the Honorary Secretary, to limit the tonnage of vessels of the first class of the club to four tons, instead of eight as hitherto; a measure which we think a decided improvement, as it will prevent any jealousy on the part of other clubs which limit the tonnage of their racing yachts to eight tons. At the club supper above alluded to, the Honorary Secretary took the chair, faced by the Rear-Commodore, the Vice-Commodore being absent owing to a domestic affliction. After the cloth was drawn and the usual loyal toasts drunk, the Rear-Commodore presented the prize cup to Mr. F. Escudier, the owner of the model cutter *Scud*, who returned thanks. The second prize (sovereigns) was also presented to Mr. James Bertram, owner of the *Weathergage*, a gentleman whose improvements in naval architecture we shall soon take an opportunity of noticing. The healths of the officers were succeeded by singing, which did not terminate till about midnight. Most of the members wore the new button of the club, which bears the device of a Maltese cross over an anchor.

The next meeting for the admission of candidates will take place on the first Monday in June, at 8 P.M., at the usual rendezvous.

NAUTILUS AND STAR OF ENGLAND SAILING CLUBS.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON turning over the pages of the *Yachting Magazine*, kindly lent to me by a friend, (ought I not for the future to purchase it?) I found a notice of the sailing boats used in the River Hamoaze, and a few words on their constructors. With the permission of the Editor, I will make one in addition to his occasional contributors, and give in the present instance some brief remarks (rendered necessary by the late period of the month,) upon the clubs, new boats, and also on the regatta given by the Star of England Sailing Club, on the 24th of May, the Queen's birthday.

The clubs until very recently were four in number, one died, after an ephemeral existence—of consumption, induced by excessive gentility; a second perished partly by the emigration of some of its members, but principally through dissension. Two still exist in great vigour, the Nautilus and Star of England Clubs.

The Nautilus men, although ostensibly forming a rowing club, do not profess to engage in any rowing contests, or to keep sailing boats, yet the members individually, are free for any matches they please to engage in, and they possess many very excellent sailing craft. Mr. Edmonds, of this club, has recently had constructed for him, by Willis and Son, boat builders, an eighteen foot boat, which promises well, and Mr. Denniss has placed upon the beach, the well known little clipper *Kate Kearney*, a boat for speed, appearance, and durability of construction, never surpassed in this port; the builder is Wallis, of Devonport. The Nautilus Club is principally composed of professional men, and the most respectable persons in business.

The Star of England Club is mainly formed of mechanics employed in the Royal Dockyard at Devonport, who really have made, and are making, the most surprising exertions to advance the art of boat building. One member of this club, (W. Barret,) deserves special notice for his persevering ingenuity, both in constructing, and afterwards sailing these models.

Rule 9, of this club, is as follows:—"That there be three classes of boats; the first class not to exceed 17 feet in length, to be measured on rebate line of the keel, *without restriction* as to depth or breadth; the second class not to exceed 15 feet 7 inches in length; the third class not to exceed 15 feet 1 inch in length, and no boat of second or third class to exceed 2 feet 9 inches in depth, depth to be taken from the upper part of the keel, to the upper part of the wash strake, and the back rebate not to exceed one inch in depth from the garboard strake. The second and third class boats to be measured for length between the perpendiculars." The quotation of this rule *in extenso*, may perhaps be useful to our friends of the Model Yacht Club.

On Monday, the 24th of May, (a dockyard holiday,) was the annual sailing day, dinner afterwards of course, of the Star Club, and the races took place upon that charming piece of water between Mount Wise and Mount Edgcumbe, the inner harbour. The course was twice round the marks,

(supposed to be six miles,) and the races were splendidly contested in each class. The wind east, very strong and squally; the weather dry.

Boats of the First Class not to exceed 18ft. in length.—Time of starting 10h. 15m.

Names.	Owners.	Builders.	Time of coming in.		
			h.	m.	s.
Fanny.....	Mr. J. Carder	Mr. J. Carder.....	gave up		
Fawn.....	Mr. A. Aikenhead...	Mr. A. Aikenhead...	11	5	30
Kate Kearney.....	Mr. Dennis.....	Mr. J. Wallis.....	11	3	0
Castrumet Claves...	Mr. Bazley.....	Mr. Barret.....	gave up		
Gem.....	Mr. Major.....	Mr. Burlace.....	11	5	30
Flower of the Flock	Mr. Braddon.....	Mr. Barret.....	10	57	30
Ernestine.....	Mr. Best.....	Mr. Waterman.....	11	5	0

Second Class not to exceed 15ft. 7in. in length.—Time of starting 12h. 15m.

Elizabeth.....	Mr. Bazley.....	Mr. Barrett.....	1	50	0
Frolic.....	Mr. Hill.....	Mr. T. Veal.....	1	50	15
Foam.....	Mr. Hill.....	Mr. Peters.....	dismasted		

Third Class not to exceed 15ft. 1in. in length.—Time of starting 3h. 20m.

Frolic.....	Mr. Hill.....	Mr. T. Veal.....	4	17	30
Flower of the Flock	Mr. Braddon.....	Mr. Barret.....	4	22	0
Foam.....	Mr. Hill.....	Mr. Peters.....	4	38	0

The *Flower of the Flock* is a new boat, (1853,) and this, her first essay proved a successful one:—she was first throughout the race. It is not a little remarkable, that in sailing against eighteen feet boats,—no less than four of them, the *Flower of the Flock* should have been the winner, when in her own class (fifteen feet,) she was beaten four minutes and a half.

The *Elizabeth*, built in 1852, was first then as now; but the *Flower* and *Elizabeth* are boats drawing but little water forward, and the reverse abaft, both are half-decked with water-ways, so that the accommodation for general purposes is particularly scanty. The *Frolic*, built in 1852, is known here by the name of the “Yankee,” having been constructed somewhat after the model of the *America*. This little boat has exhibited sound good qualities, she is weatherly, runs fast, and considering how lean she is forward, ships but little water. *Frolic* has no deck, but water-ways from the luff of the bow to the extremity of her long counter, she draws less water forward and more aft, than either *Elizabeth* or *Flower*, and is a match for them, close-hauled or off the wind. All these boats were remarkably well handled, and escaped from the strong wind with little or no damage.

PROPOSED MATCH FOR SCHOONERS AND SQUARE RIGGED YACHTS OF ALL NATIONS, ROUND THE EDDYSTONE FROM RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

With a view of promoting yachting interests, and for the purpose of testing the merits of the various improvements latterly introduced in yacht building, a match for schooner yachts of all nations will take place at Ryde, on Wednesday, the 10th day of August next, on the following conditions:—

Course.—From off Ryde Pier to the eastward, leaving the Noman Buoy and Nab Light-ship on the "starboard" hand, thence to make the best of their way to the Eddystone Lighthouse, rounding it on the "starboard" hand also, back to the Nab Light-ship and Noman Buoy, passing both these on the "port hand," and finally passing between Ryde Pier and a flag-boat, as the winning goal.

Conditions.—1st. To start at noon precisely on the day abovenamed, without reference either to wind or tide. Yachts to ride by their own anchors, and to weigh the same at starting.

2nd. All bulkheads and usual partitions to be left standing during the match; and no "canvas" bulkheads to be allowed in any part of the vessel.

3rd. The owner of each yacht (or a member of some regular yacht club, as his representative,) to be on board during the match.

4th. Each owner to be at liberty to sail his yacht in such a manner as he may think best. No restrictions as to sails, spars, or number of men.

5th. Stakes to be £50 for each yacht, or half forfeit; an entrance fee of £5 each is to be paid at the time of entry to defray expenses.

6th. Stakes to be paid to the secretary of the R.V.Y.C. before starting, or yacht disqualified.

7th. The winner to pay £25 towards expenses, (if required.)

8th. Entries, with name of yacht, tonnage o.m., owner's name, and distinguishing flag to be carried during the match, to be made to the secretary of the R.V.Y.C., at the club-house, Ryde, Isle of Wight, by British yachts, on or before the 16th of July next; and by Foreign yachts, on or before the 31st of July next.

9th. Three to enter and start, or no race.

10th. All the usual laws and regulations of the sea shall be strictly complied with, and any yacht infringing them will be disqualified.

11th. If any objections be made respecting the match, such must be in writing, signed by the owner of the yacht making the objection, or his representative alluded to in No. 3; and delivered to the secretary of the R.V.Y.C. at the club house, Ryde, within twelve hours after arrival.

12th. The Commodore of the R.V.Y.C. shall have the supreme management of all regulations connected with this match; he shall be sole umpire; his decision shall be final and without appeal.

N.B. It is to be an understood condition of this match that the owner of each yacht entering for the same binds himself in honour to abide by each and every of the above conditions.

LAUNCHING APPARATUS FOR SHIPS' BOATS.

Registered for H. Bridson, Esq., Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire.

In the language of the Society of Arts' Exhibition Catalogue, "this apparatus is intended to provide an easy mechanical means for lowering boats by the most inexperienced persons without risk." The inventor states that he does

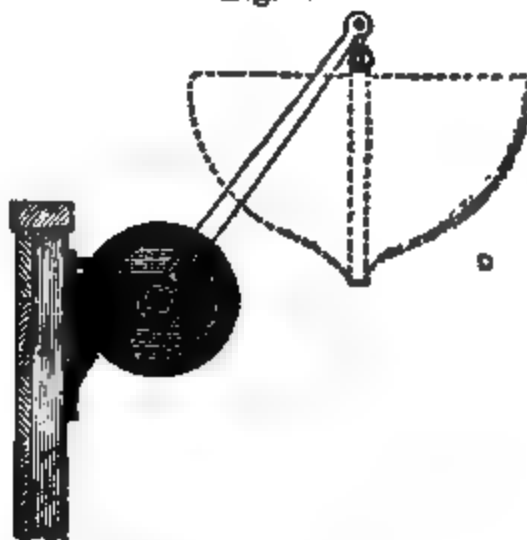
not bring forward his system of boat management in opposition to many other contrivances already before the public, as such existing plans are simple and effective as far as they go; but he argues that they do not go far enough to meet all the requirements of the case, which imperatively demands that all ships' boats, in whatever position they may be, whether stowed on deck, or slung over the ship's side, should be capable of disengagement and safe lowering by simple mechanism, quite independent of the exertions of tutored hands. But the apparatus we already possess is chiefly applicable to sea-going vessels only, and involves the necessity of having the boats constantly slung on the davits over the ship's side; or, as Mr. Bridson terms it, at "full cock;" for, if brought on deck, all the difficulties of the original system are met with. In the large steamers of the Atlantic, for example, the boats are seldom or never required to be stowed on deck; and to these, the present suggestion does not apply so much as to the smaller class of vessels: coasters, channel steamers, and especially craft carrying large numbers of passengers, where the boats must often be brought inboard. When so carried, the new plan works so that one or two men—as the case may be—can raise the boat from the deck, lift it over the side, and lower it down, by a single actuating handle. The perspective sketch, fig. 1, represents the

Fig. 1.

boat as hoisted inboard, the view being taken from the deck. The mechanism consists essentially of a main horizontal shaft, carried in steps bolted to the bulwark stanchions, and having the davits keyed or welded on it. This shaft, together with the davits, may be made to revolve at pleasure by a winch handle, and worm and wheel at one or both ends. The tackle falls are attached to the boat, by being rove through eyes at the stem and stern, and led under the thwarts of the boat or under the gunwale, and both ends are made fast round one cleet in the centre of the boat, so that both are cast free, simultaneously, when required. The falls may be rove through the blocks at the ends of the davits as usual, and led through eyes or sheaves and thence on to the drum, which runs loose on the shaft, whilst it is prevented from revolving by the detent or the ratchet-wheel.

When the boat is to be lifted from its position on deck, as shown in fig. 1, the turning of the winch carries round the main shaft, and with it the davits, to the position indicated by the dotted lines. At this moment the detent is released by coming against a stop; and the drum being thus free to revolve on the shaft, the boat at once lowers itself on an even keel by its own weight. This is also additionally shown in the end view, fig. 2. To check the rapidity

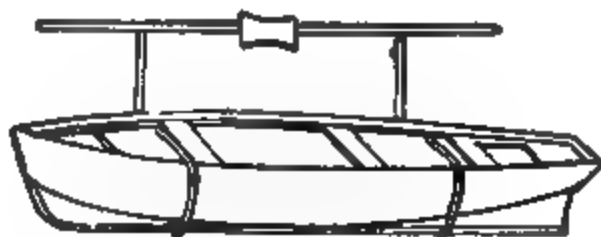
Fig. 2.



of the descent, the drum is furnished with an internal friction apparatus, as delineated in fig. 3. This is a simple knee-joint contrivance, so adapted

Fig. 3.

that, by giving a half turn, or less, to the handle, in either direction, the screwed boss, on which the knee-joint friction levers are fixed, is made to traverse along the shaft, to bring the friction pieces into or out of gear—the screw being acted on by a fixed pin. The principle of this friction stopper may, indeed, be familiarly illustrated by a reference to the opening and shutting of an umbrella. Fig. 4, shows another simple modification of the traversing davits.



Mr. Bridson has produced several modifications of the apparatus, but the principle of the vertical swinging davits is the same in all.—*Practical Mechanic's Journal*.

LITERATURE AND ART.

UNIVERSAL YACHT SIGNALS.—By *George Holland Ackers, Esq., Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.*—Hunt, 6, New Church Street, West, Edgware Road, London.—*Second Edition.*

This code of signals has already been referred to at page 50, where we described the ten numeral flags selected for it, and which may be seen in an advertisement on the wrapper of the present number. These ten numeral flags do not indicate the same figures which they represent in Marryat's Code where indeed several of them are not used as numeral flags at all. No. 5, for instance.

Still, let it be remembered that one set of flags will work both codes, a great advantage, altho' to do so perfectly one additional pendant is required, called the Church pendant which is employed by Ackers but not by Marryatt. Its uses are as follows:

Position.	Signification.
Alone at mast-head.....	To look out
Alone at Peak	{ Divine service going on
Under numerals	
Over numerals	Interrogative
Hoisted with second substitute.....	Numeral pendant
pendant (with white and red ball)....	{ Refers to the compass table

In addition to the ten numeral flags there are one substitute flag and two substitute pendants,* which respectively repeat the first or highest, the second and the third flag of a signal in such numbers as 11, 111, 1111; 1231 1213; 1232, 1223 &c., by which plan we can here, as indeed in all codes make thirteen flags do the duty of twenty or even thirty, that is, of course of three full sets of numeral flags.

The rules as to substitutes differ in some codes but in none are they difficult. In Ackers' code

The First substitute is a square red flag with a yellow cross.†

The Second substitute is a white pendant with one red ball.

The Third substitute is a pendant with two equal divisions (vertical not horizontal) yellow before blue; that is, blue in the fly but yellow to the mast.

The next flag in the code is the *Union Jack*, the well known pilot signal which all yachts must carry with a white border round it, such border to be one fifth the width of the flag.

Blue Peter comes next, the time honored signal for sea. Some yachtsmen have as a signal flag changed its white centre to yellow. 'To our readers we say "pray you avoid it," plain blue, with a white square in centre is the only orthodox flag. Stick to that as a barnacle does to a ship's bottom.

* Every pendant is a flag, but every flag is not a pendant.—*Printer's Devil.*

† This cross should be made wider in flags than it usually is.—*Ed.*

The Cypher flag (0) is the very reverse of *Blue Peter*, being white with a blue centre. We always hoist this flag about breakfast time when at anchor off the coast, and when our engagements do not permit us to get under weigh, and this is always understood by our friends that they must not expect us to accompany the day's cruise. By this plan, yachts going to sea hoist the *Blue Peter*, and yachts not going to sea fly what a friend of ours will call the *White Peter*. But "what's in a name?" The adoption of this method, however, certainly prevents a good deal of troublesome telegraphing, and prevents your having to answer 4726 (come on a cruise) a dozen times in a morning.

The Quarantine flag or *Yellow Jack* given at page 22 is not at all required in the code itself, but of course it should be carried when going foreign, altho' many a time and oft foreign officials have made us pay for a yellow flag provided by themselves, instead of allowing us to use our own.

No further flags than the seventeen above alluded to are necessary on board a yacht (except of course her Ensign and Burgee) altho' we very strongly advise all yachtsmen to carry two Number 7's. The following rule will explain this (p. 21, code.)

"As a preparative, this flag will be hoisted with those signals expressive of evolutions to be performed together, but on separate signal halliards, and will be hauled down at the moment the manœuvre is to commence; the signal remaining up till the movement has taken place."

Now if there be but one No. 7 on board a yacht, this rule cannot be obeyed in such signals as

67	Furl sails	187	Tack
137	Reef sails	197	Send up topgallant-masts

It will be seen that as No. 7 is also the *Preparative flag* it cannot be hoisted on separate signal halliards with those signals expressive of evolutions to be performed together, simply because it is already hoisted elsewhere, and neither a flag nor a bird can be in two places at once. The Royal Yacht Squadron avoided this difficulty by using another flag, perhaps the only means of cure for the error * for it certainly was an error. But No. 7 presents no other difficulty than the one we have pointed out, and one perhaps that has not yet occurred to many but ourselves. We are ferrets in these things.

The sixteen or seventeen flags of the Code, four of which are pendants, create an uniformity when yachts are "dressed" at regattas; and if more bunting is required, we should advise numeral flags being purchased and not pendants. And if national flags are to be added, the first bought should be French, Belgian, Dutch, and Russian, since these four powers are more

* An ingenious friend of ours at Harwich managed to get over the difficulty thus. When he wanted the squadron to "reef sails together" he hoisted of course 137, but he had two pair of signal halliards at the same mast-head, and he bent 13 on one and 7 on the other, so that the signal properly appeared as 137. When acknowledged he then hauled down 13, keeping 7 flying till the exact moment the manœuvre was to commence when he dipped it.—ED.

mixed up with yachtsmen and regattas than any other. And these ensigns become necessary when saluting at Cronstadt or Cherbourg, Amsterdam or Antwerp.

To any one who now in 1853 takes up telegraphing for the first time, (and we are here writing for tyros,) we recommend the code being studied *ashore*, in preference to that fashion which foolishly defers every thing till actually afloat. The ten numeral flags at least should be learnt by heart, so that if the question be asked, "*What is No 2 ?*" the answer should at once fall from the tongue "*white before red.*" A good signal man never hesitates however he may be "dodged," and good signal men are soon made by practice. A yachtman should occasionally drill his men in the code, by sending away his boat under canvas, and then directing her movements by signal. The signals entrusted to the coxswain of the boat are generally in M.S. and are but selections from the code; and two pendants hoisted one over the other catch the eye of those in a boat far better than any other signal. Thus as a yacht has her number and pendants, so has a boat, and perhaps the best as boats' pendants would be,

White pendant over blue pendant.*—*Gig's pendants.*

Blue pendant over white pendant.—*Dingy's pendants.*

To give an example or two, two pendants at the peak and a tricolor flag at the main would, in answer to 2317 recal a boat, the tricolor being the numeral flag 3, which indicates "recall." Thus, the numeral or numerals indicate the signal, while the pendants point out the particular boat for which it is intended. The following signals are among the scores sometimes useful when boats are away, especially in foreign ports.

8972	Get out a kedge	70	Haul your wind
205	Weigh	124	Look out and act with caution
42	Hoist your colours	138	Close reef
59	Don't alter your course	1760	Beach your boat
60	Standing into danger		

Scores, we repeat, of similar and more appropriate signals might here be subjoined, but we pass on. Signals however necessary between a yacht and her own boats, are seldom made so frequently as between two or more yachts. And old hands to save the trouble of turning over the leaves of the book, generally write down on its fly leaves such extracts from the code as the following:—

A. 527	Show your number.	A. 427	Have you any news?
2430	Where are you bound?	A. 6709	Hope you are all well?
4905	How many days out?	69	I wish to come within hail
A.6379	What are you in want of?		

Then another series of signals, frequently found written on fly leaves, is a series of replies ranging from the plain blunt "No," to the courteous "Very sorry I cannot;" the latter is the signal A, 4017.

* The white contains a red ball, and the blue a white ball. They are both in the code, but never hoisted together in it.—ED.

A. 1602	As soon as possible	A. 5317	If there is time
A. 1796	Very probable	A. 1475	Sorry cannot have the pleasure
5602	Great doubt	3589	It is by no means certain
2853	I (or we) cannot		

But we must not encroach upon our space with these quotations, as there is yet another section it is as well to scribble down on the fly leaves of the signal book.

A. 2079	Come and see the race	4735	Who has won the cup ?
A. 6803	Who is winning ?	A. 1853	A strong protest against
(N.B. Next signal will give yacht's name from Hunt's Universal Yacht List.)			
4097	Sailing committee	A. 718	Agree in opinion
3921	Is at the club-house	A. 1794	Who has won the prize ?

(To be answered by the number in Hunt's Universal Yacht List.)

A 35 Rowing match.—When does it take place ?

3859 At what o'clock ?

There is much talk of a strong muster of yachts at Boulogne regatta this season, which all hands seem to wish should come off on some Monday ; and at this rendezvous Ackers' Code of Signals will be exceedingly useful. And as we are to have a man-of-war or two moored at the mouth of the Thames nearly the whole summer, it is necessary to remind river yachtsmen that signals will very likely be made to them by such men-of-war ; for the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have already distributed a large number of Ackers' Signal Books among the vessels of Her Majesty's Service. And here we must pause, with a hope to trespass but once more on our reader's patience, and then to conclude our review.

LAURIE'S PATENT FLOATABLE MATTRESSES.

WE have had our attention called to a trial of the above last season, which we have much pleasure in preserving.—“ Laurie's patent pillows, mattresses, boat cushions, &c., were tested at Cowes off the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and under the superintendence of Mr. Secretary Bond, of the Royal Patriotic and Industrial Society of Scotland. A boat's crew, wearing belts, consisting of air-tight compartments, stuffed also with some soft buoyant material, so as to prevent the possibility of collapse, appeared on the scene, with one of their number dressed in female attire. Capsizing their boat, they went through all sorts of antics in the water, floating on the mattresses now adrift, and proving their capability to save people from drowning by showing the great support they afforded. The important characteristics of the inventions displayed are that, being articles, of indispensable use, such as mattresses, pillows, deck cushions, &c., they are always at hand ; that they require no inflation or preparation, and cannot collapse, even if punctured, as mere air bags inevitably must. The general feeling among the nautical men present at Cowes seemed to be, that every vessel should be provided with such doubly useful appliances ; and it is evident that had

they been adopted on board the *Orion*, *Amazon*, and *Birkenhead*, many invaluable lives might have been saved

THE EXPANDING TUBULAR LIFE RAFT.

MR. G. F. Parratt has fitted up a whale boat with his tubular raft apparatus and trials have taken place off Pimlico Pier, to the perfect satisfaction of several eminent nautical authorities. Besides the great additional capacity of burden which this raft affords an ordinary boat, it adds little to its bulk.

THE TRUANT YACHT.—We have received a coloured engraving of this yacht from Mr. S. Walters, of Liverpool, which shall be noticed in our next.

IT BLOWS A MERRY BREEZE.

It blows a merry breeze—ho, boys, cheerily,
 We can work her as we please—ho, boys cheerily,
 Her sails are fast asleep,
 And fast ahead we creep,
 Along the slumbering deep.
 Ho, boys, cheerily.

But let it blow a gale—ho, boys, cheerily,
 With a double-reefed mainsail—ho, boys, cheerily,
 'Tis then that she'll make way,
 Heeding neither wind nor sea,
 Give the old Revenge fair play.
 Ho, boys, cheerily.

As for Sunday craft—ho, boys, cheerily,
 Square rigged, or fore and aft—ho, boys, cheerily,
 'Tis now as 'twas of yore,
 We're at sea, when they're on shore,
 While the stormy winds do roar.
 Ho, boys, cheerily.

In a calm they make some play—ho, boys, cheerily,
 And will boast for many a day—ho, boys, cheerily,
 But let them but be seen,
 Where the tempest's path hath been,
 And they'll own her for their queen,
 Ho, boys, cheerily.

Still ready shall we be—ho, boys, cheerily,
 To meet friend or enemy—ho, boys, cheerily,
 With a friend our grog to share,
 We both hands and heart prepare,
 But let a foe beware,
 Ho, boys, cheerily.

Then here's to ship and crew—ho, boys, cheerily,
 Both are staunch, and brave, and true—ho, boys, cheerily,
 And while they can stretch a sail,
 Be it calm, or breeze, or gale,
 Neither ship nor crew shall fail,
 Ho, boys, cheerily.

PATRICK O'TAFFRAIL.

Our Editor's Locker.

Continued from page 103.

NAVIGATION FROM PLYMOUTH TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Southampton, May 6th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—An absence of several months in the West Indies, having prevented me from seeing many numbers of your valuable Yachting Magazine, I have not had until now an opportunity of offering my opinion as to the cause of the apparent anomaly spoken of by the Veteran Yachtsman "in No. 7," in reference to the course to be steered from Plymouth to Guernsey, and *vice versa*. It is undoubtedly as stated by your correspondent, perfectly true, that in order to return to Plymouth, from Guernsey, it would be necessary to steer with a westerly wind about N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. to avoid falling in to the eastward of the Start. This happened to me on two occasions, and profiting by experience of the past I took care on subsequent cruizes to keep at least a point to the westward of the true course. Now, sir, as to the course; I am not presumptuous enough to assert that my ideas on the subject are correct, and I therefore offer them to you in the absence of other and better solutions.

The first consideration in reference to the matter is what amount of "local attraction" is there existing and affecting a ship's compasses when she is near to the Channel Islands? The next question to suggest itself is, what effect has the well known "indraught" in producing this apparent anomaly. Well then, my opinion is, that both are acting very largely upon ships within eight miles of Guernsey; to this it may be naturally objected, that still the same influences would act upon a vessel going to Guernsey as well as returning therefrom, no man in his senses will deny it, but it seems to me Mr. Editor that in the first case, it is gradually and imperceptibly counteracted by the helmsman who standing in for a point of land within seven or eight miles of him is not aware of the current's diagonal effect, as he is as constantly recovering it by obeying orders to keep this point or that rock on such a bow, or right ahead, as the case may be; but in the latter instance as soon as the ship is clear of the Rursel, Channel, or Northwood of the Stanois rock, the land a-head of him being some seventy miles distant, he no longer has the opportunity to imperceptibly regain local influence; and steering as he often does (very naturally) the opposite course to that which brought him from Plymouth, to within sight of the island, he is

amazed to find himself off the Start, when the belief existed that he was steering for Plymouth, or to render the matter more intelligible, it is my opinion, that if the ship's position be fixed by a good cross bearing at 14 miles distant from the island, and the course from that spot be the one used to reach her port, and no such contingences would happen as we have just endeavoured to account for.

I am, &c.,

JOHN HAY, *Lieut., R.N.*
(A very Old Channel Cruizer.)

THE CLUB YACHT.

Liverpool, May 7th, 1853.

SIR,—I notice in your May number a letter from "A man fond of a day's sail" asking why a club yacht should not be kept in the Thames? and referring to the *Orion*, Royal Northern Yacht Club.

A club yacht certainly appears desirable, and in theory practicable, but I fear very difficult to carry out in practice; the *Orion* is I believe the only instance of such a craft amongst the numerous Royal Yacht Clubs, she is of some 30 tons, yawl rigged and if I mistake not (it being some years since I was in the Clyde) has a crew of only three men, she therefore does not cost the club a very large annual sum, particularly as any member making use of her has to pay so much a day for her; she generally lays in Gourock Bay, and there not being many members in her neighbourhood, there is no "falling out" as to who is to have her, but even in her solitary case, if my memory does not deceive me, I recollect hearing a diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of keeping her.

Allow me to point out a few of the practical difficulties in keeping up a club yacht, your correspondent proposes admitting members at half-a-guinea subscription, we will suppose there are 200 of them, that gives an annual sum of £105, why it would not pay the crew's wages; for the craft would require to be at least 35 tons, which could not be kept up at a less cost than £250 a year; if there were more members a 50 ton craft would be requisite at an annual outlay of some £350 to £400. It would therefore be requisite for the yacht club to bear the expense of at least one half of the keep of the said vessel; then comes the difficulty of "who is to have the use of her?" If it is to be by rotation or priority of application and there are many members, she would have to be engaged so long, before hand, as to make it impossible to judge of the probable state of the weather, or to be certain of being disengaged.

If "a man fond of a day's sail" is not above taking a hint, and I may be allowed to be the person to give it, I should recommend him to endeavour to meet with a couple (more than three very seldom pull well together on the long run) of friends whose tastes and notions of pleasure and experience, chime in with his, and let them join in keeping, say a 12 ton cutter, it would only cost them about £35 to 40 a-piece yearly and they would find her as useful a size as any for the Thames and the neighbouring harbours, which both English and French are tidal and therefore not convenient for large craft.

This long yarn is hardly worth inserting, but a club yacht is a subject often mooted by persons but little acquainted with yachting, or but newly admitted to a Royal Yacht Club, particularly if it be a newly formed one, when every

thing generally for a time looks "*couleur de rose*." I have taken the liberty of pointing out the difficulties of putting it in practice

I remain, your well wisher and constant reader,

A MEMBER, OF THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

ON MODEL YACHTS.

Pimlico, May 5th, 1853.

SIR,—Anything novel in naval architecture, I have no doubt will be interesting to nautical men, and having a model, the lines of which were traced from nature and have been put into practice, in a sixteen feet boat in America, and proved very satisfactory, I will endeavour to describe it, the stem and head is built at an angle, to cause the least resistance in concussion with a wave, a double keel branching off at the foot of the stem, to $\frac{1}{2}$ of beam, at the stern-post forming an hollow between the two keels, which gives a good delivery to the water after it has been displaced, two rudders which act as a powerful lever to bring the boat about. In each keel is a shifting board fitted at an angle to keep the boat to the wind, the rude model shall be investigated in any way yourself or readers may suggest.

Yours, &c.,

J. W. D.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB MATCH,—June 4th.

The *Coralis*, 35 tons, A. E. Byrne, Esq. is the only yacht entered for the First Class consequently there can be no race. The contest for the challenge cup and Her Majesty's plate, two very valuable prizes, coming off on the 18th and 19th July, has, most likely, prevented several yachts of the club sailing on Saturday next. But as there is a very excellent entry of the second-class vessels on that day, and nearly all are of one tonnage, there will be a good match, and much interest is excited. The entry is:—

Second Class.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Constance.....	15	F. D. P. Astley, Esq.
Ranger.....	13	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
Stranger.....	11	N. Jackson, Esq.
Seabird.....	11	H. Melling, Esq.
Surprise.....	16	H. F. Rigge, Esq.
Presto.....	8	— Bower, Esq.
Stanley.....	16	T. Wilson, Esq.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

are aware of much that has transpired at the monthly and
s of the Royal Yacht Clubs, but as we have not received official

reports from the secretaries, we presume publicity is *not* at present required. Should any club wish to be noticed in our pages, it will be better to state as much to its committee; rather than to continue writing to us on the subject. The secretary will doubtless then be instructed to put himself in communication with *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—The Annual Meeting of this club was held May 13th, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, Earl Wilton, (Commodore) in the chair. The following gentlemen were added to the list of members:—Marquis of Conyngham; Lord O. Fitzgerald; Sir R. Buxton, Bart.; Sir T. Whichcote; Sir J. B. Mill; Capt. Shenley; J. C. Naylor, Esq.; H. B. Baring, Esq.; L. Palk, Esq.; C. Brandreth, Esq.; T. M. Peto, Esq.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF ENGLAND.—At a recent meeting of the club, at Plymouth, a resolution was passed unanimously, "that any yacht acknowledged by the government whose ensign she carries, as kept wholly for pleasure, be allowed to compete for the prizes of the Royal Western Yacht Club of England."

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting was held in the Royal Hotel, Glasgow, on Wednesday, the 13th, of April. After the usual business of balloting for members, &c., the office-bearers of last year were unanimously re-elected, and a handsome sum out of the Club funds placed at their disposal for regatta purposes during the summer season. The various cups and other prizes have not yet been decided upon. The annual regattas are appointed to be held at Greenock on Thursday and Friday, the 7th and 8th, of July, when the cups, &c., above referred to, which will be open to yachts of any Royal Club, will be competed for. The members afterwards dined together at the Hotel, and were as usual, highly satisfied with the good cheer of mine host.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, on the 24th May, G. H. Ackers, Esq., Commodore, in the chair. The meeting was numerously attended, and after the minutes were read and confirmed of the last general meeting, and the financial report approved, the chairman read a letter and resolution of the Managing Committee, expressing the high sense they entertained of the secretary's (Capt. J. H. Helby,) services which was unanimously responded to by all present. The schooner match from Ryde to the Eddystone was fixed for August 10th. A vote of thanks was given to the Commodore and Committee, and the meeting separated.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB.—The arrangements for the Club Regatta at Kingstown, on the 26th of July, are going on well. The Royal Irish Yacht Club have presented the St. George's with a piece of plate to be sailed for, and the latter have also ordered a cup, value 150 guineas, to be manufactured after an Irish antique, which will be one of the handsomest as well as one of the most novel prizes ever offered.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

At the moment of going to press we have received the following from Mr. G. R. J. Bowdoin, Honorary Secretary.—“In the race for the prize offered by the New York Yacht Club, to be sailed for by yachts of all nations, on the 13th of October next, yachts will be allowed to carry the same sails as those prescribed by the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, as published in *Hunt's Universal Yacht List* for 1850, and sloops not being provided for in those rules, will be allowed main-sail, gaff-top-sail, jib, flying-jib or jib-topsail, but not both flying-jib and jib-top-sail, and not to change from one to the other during the race.”—[Received May 30th.]

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

June 1st.—Royal Thames Yacht Club match for schooners, from Gravesend to the Mouse Light and back.

“ 4th.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club match.

“ 11th.—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

“ 16th.—Royal London Yacht Club match, for yachts above 10 tons and not exceeding 18 tons, and for yachts above 18 tons and not exceeding 25 tons.

“ 29th.—First Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

“ 30th.—Royal Thames Yacht Club match, for all three classes from Erith to the Nore and back.

July 7th and 8th.—Regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, at Greenock.

“ 9th.—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

“ 12th.—Regatta at Lowestoft, Suffolk.

“ 14th.—Regatta of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club.

“ 18th.—Grand Challenge Cup Sailing match, of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, for a Prize of £103, open to all Royal Yacht Clubs, for vessels of 8 tons and upwards.

“ 19th.—Her Majesty's Plate, (£100), to be sailed for by the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. Open to all Royal Clubs.

“ 20th.—Regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club, at Plymouth.

“ 21st and 22nd.—Subscription Regatta at Brighton.

“ 25th.—Regatta at Teignmouth, Devon.

“ 26th.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta in Dublin Bay.

August 3rd.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

“ 6th.—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

“ 9th.—Regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.

“ 11th and 12th.—Regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club in Southampton Waters.

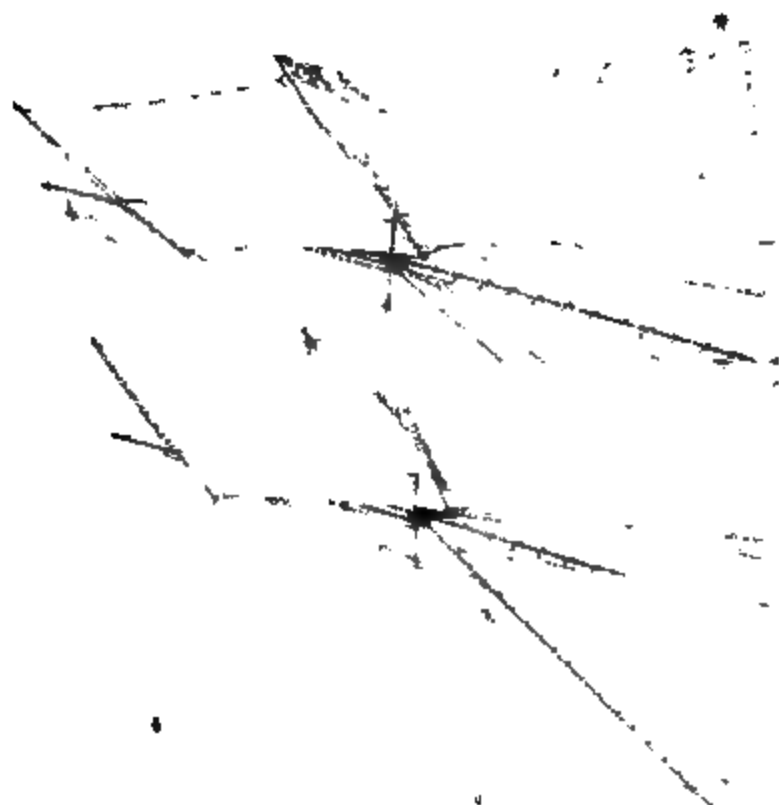
“ 15th.—Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.

“ 16th and 17th.—Regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, at Valentia.

“ 27th.—First Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

September 10th.—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

October 13th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, open to the Yachts of English Clubs also.



HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1853.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTS AND YACHTING.

BY A MEMBER OF A ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

CHAPTER II.

MATERIAL OF YACHT—WOOD OR IRON—IF WOOD WHAT KINDS—CARVEL AND CLINCHER BUILDS.

HAVING now fixed upon the size of our yacht, and made up our minds to build, the very important question arises, of what material shall she be constructed? The two rival materials of wood and iron have each their numerous supporters, and it is really difficult to decide between their claims. In the selection of material, as in deciding upon the size, much depends upon what you wish to do with your vessel when you get her. If you wish her for wager sailing chiefly, then choose iron; if for cruising purposes wood. I believe that *cæteris paribus*, an iron vessel will be faster than a wooden one, and remain longer a clipper than a wooden one will do, and I am led to this conclusion by the fact, that iron is a lighter (though it seems paradoxical to say so,) as well as a more lasting material than wood, and that from the non-absorption of water, the iron will become more buoyant in proportion to the wood, the longer each of them remains afloat. I believe, however, it is found that iron is more apt to get out of shape and thus lose speed than wood. It is alleged that iron is capable of a finer and sharper combination of

lines than wood, but this I doubt. I see nothing to prevent the building of wooden vessels to any degree of sharpness that may be required; but an iron vessel can unite her ballast with her frame, in a way which a wooden vessel cannot do, and in consequence of this, I think an iron yacht may be made to carry a larger amount of propelling power, on the same displacement and resistance, and therefore be driven through the water with greater velocity than a wooden one can be driven. But it is not in point of speed alone, that an iron yacht has advantages over a wooden one: on the great point of internal accommodation, an iron vessel has a great superiority, from her capacity to carry ballast, where a wooden vessel is all dead wood, and from the small size of her framing and thinness of sheathing, the iron craft will have six inches more height of cabin, and eight or nine inches more breadth internally than her rival of the same tonnage. Most important advantages certainly in a five-and-twenty tonner, but for my part I would rather be a little cramped than frozen to death, or else roasted till the same fate overtook me, according as the external temperature might be akin to the Arctic or the Torrid Zones. Far better is it to submit to a little delay in reaching your destination, than owing to an error in your compass never to reach it at all; and it is preferable in my humble opinion, to have a yacht with a bottom a little less graceful in her lines, if that must needs be, than to have one with ever so fine a bottom, which must necessarily be always filthy, unless you can command time and opportunity to haul her up every ten days to clean it. Other objections have been urged against iron, but these are the chief, and of these the uncertainty of the compass is *facile princeps*. Even in large iron vessels it would seem the compass is not to be trusted, especially when they heel. In a small one where it must be placed near the mass of iron of which the ballast consists, as well as near the iron sides of the vessel, and where the angle of inclination is often very acute, it seems to be altogether worthless. This, although a most serious objection in a cruising craft, is not of so much consequence in a racing one, whose pursuits never take her out of sight of land, or far from her port, though even a racer may be caught out at night, or in thick weather, when her safety altogether depends on the truth of her compass.

A combination of wood and iron has been frequently suggested, by which the keel and framing should be made of the metal, while the sheathing should as usual be of wood. This at first sight seems the very perfection of yacht building, here you have lightness, space, and low stowage of ballast all secured, while the uncertainty of the compass, variations of temperature, and foulness of bottom, are all prevented.

The only objection I know to such a mode of building, (but it is a very serious one,) is that you dare not copper your yacht when built. The galvanic action between the two metals is so strong, that in a year's time your keel would be corroded to its core, and the very foundation of your vessel sapt beneath her. I am afraid too that the action would extend through the planking to the framing of the vessel, at least I have seen the verdigris from the copper burning itself on the inside of a yacht's planks, and even if the caulking kept this out, I fear the effect would still be produced by the water which keeps up chemical action without actual contact between the metals; a vessel that does not leak in some degree is a *rara avis* indeed. In a yacht where the planking is but thin it is hopeless to expect it, the variations of temperature, the very heat of the fore-castle stove, will make the planks cling at one time more than another, and open the seams to the admission of the briny element.

Except for the purpose of keeping her bottom clean, and the improvement of her look, I do not know, that there is any object to be gained by coppering a yacht, and if one were disposed to incur the trouble of constant cleaning, and so careless of appearance as to dispense with copper, I see no reason why he might not try this combination of wood and iron. Some substitute for metal sheathing might possibly be found: the best I have ever seen was on the Jersey oyster smacks, fine clipping vessels they are, I was often astonished at the brilliant appearance of the bottoms of some of these vessels when hauled up, French polish was nothing to it. At last, in taking a ride through the island, in a quiet sequestered little harbour at the back of it, I stumbled upon a colony of oystermen busily employed in the process of black-leading their vessels. The plan they adopted was this,—they first paid the bottom with a thin coating of coal tar, and before it had quite hardened, they took some black lead mixed with strong spirits, and daubed it lightly with a cloth over the tar, the spirits soon evaporated and left a very thin coating of black lead mixed with the tar, which soon hardened. When sufficiently consolidated, they went over the whole bottom with hard brushes, very like ordinary shoe brushes, and never ceased rubbing until it had attained the wonderful brightness I have mentioned. The bottoms thus prepared they assured me kept quite clean for several months, and I can easily believe it, for the surface was like glass and no sea-weed could attach itself without much difficulty.

Zinc and galvanized iron have both been used for sheathing yachts, but as these metals do not oxidise in the same manner as copper, they get soon foul, marine plants and barnacles fixing on and adhering to

them nearly as readily as to wood. In this way the chief object of sheathing is lost.

The bottom of the vessel is usually covered with a coating of tar, on which sheets of thick brown paper are laid before the copper is put on; for this a sort of prepared felt, painted with red lead on both sides, is sometimes substituted, this is less affected by the sun than the tar, which being soft when melted, allows the copper to be more easily dimpled than the felt; but I question if the felt without the tar makes an equally tight vessel. Great care ought to be observed in putting copper on a yacht's bottom, that it is done smoothly and neatly, and when it is on to keep it in good condition, and free from indentations and marks of all descriptions, as these both look ill and injure the sailing of the craft. If it is intended that an iron false keel should be used, the copper should not be brought down to the lower edge of the true keel, so that the galvanic action may be as much modified as possible.

We shall suppose that on due consideration of all the advantages and disadvantages of wood and iron, we at length make up our minds to build of wood. The next question for our consideration will be, what kind of wood shall we select. We are so much in the habit of associating our wooden walls with our patriarchal oaks, that we can hardly imagine a vessel to be built, worthy of the name, unless she comprise in her material a very large proportion of our favourite timber. The oak is as much the emblem of England in the vegetable kingdom, as the lion is in the animal, and a yacht is deprived of half the *prestige* she otherwise would possess, if we cannot advertise her as constructed of British oak. But it is quite possible to be too *exigeant* in the materials we select for our yachts. Build her how you will, a yacht is out of date, and out of fashion in ten or a dozen years, and by giving her strength to last thirty or forty you only uselessly expend your money, and spoil your vessel's sailing qualities by too heavy wooding. Innumerable instances occur in which yachts of unimpeachable correctness of model will not sail, in consequence undoubtedly of the heavy materials of which they are built. Teak, greenheart, or oak are very fit for planking a line-of-battle ship but very unsuitable for a 25 ton yacht. A very substantial vessel may be constructed of the following materials, keel and covering boards American elm; stem, stern-post, wales, upper strake and house pieces American oak; floor timbers and first futtocks elm or oak, all the rest of the timbers oak. Lower planking pitch pine, upper yellow pine, as being lighter and less liable to make the vessel go heavy, decks yellow pine. If such a craft be faithfully built of well seasoned material and altogether copper fastened she will last until her day has gone completely past, and

her owner is utterly sick of her. It is also a mistake to make the scantling of a yacht very heavy; you only stop her speed and diminish your internal accommodation, on the other hand she must not be too light; or she will get hogged in the middle from the strain of the rigging; be an uncomfortable boat in a sea-way, and suffer when she takes the ground, even in a harbour.

The following dimensions will be quite heavy enough for the scantling of a twenty-five ton yacht, main keel six inches, stem six inches, tapering to two inches, timbers four inches, wales two and a half inches, planking one inch and seven-eighths, deck two inches.

The framing of a yacht should be put up in the month of July or August of the year previous to that in which it is meant to launch her, so that the timbers may be thoroughly seasoned before she is planked, which should not be till the commencement of the next year.

There has been a method of construction introduced lately, in which timbers and other framing are dispensed with, the requisite strength being gained by repeated planking, the two first series diagonal, and springing from the keel, the third horizontal. I have no doubt space is gained by this plan, but whether any other advantage I cannot pretend to say. I have seen several steam vessels so built, and one government schooner is now on the stocks at Blackwall; but I am not aware that it has ever been adopted in a yacht, although it might be well worth the while of some enterprising yachtsman to try the experiment, the expense is undoubtedly the objection, it is much greater than in the ordinary plan of building.

This is probably the proper place to say something of the comparative advantages of carvel and clincher in yacht building. A clincher boat is much more rapidly built, being rarely moulded, and the joinings of the planks being much less tedious, she can therefore be constructed cheaper and also lighter, as she requires much less framing, she is also supposed to be a more powerful craft for her tonnage than a carvel boat, the landings of the planks giving her additional buoyancy, although they will unquestionably offer additional resistance. A carvel boat again is stronger, more easily coppered, more easily repaired in the event of an accident, looks a great deal better, and is much less noisy; the rushing sound of the water, on the sides of the clincher built boat being very unpleasant. The landings forward are sometimes filled up to prevent this. The carvel built vessels have driven the others nearly out of the field, it is quite a rare thing to see a clincher built yacht now a days. For small open boats, it is still constantly used, but for decked craft almost never. There is a fashion in this as in other things. It is not very many years since nearly every revenue cruiser in the service was clincher.

CHAPTER III.

MODEL BOW—RAKING STERN-POST—LENGTH—COUNTER SHEER—MIDSHIP SECTION—MODES OF MEASUREMENT.

HAVING fixed on the size and material of our craft, our next task must be to select a suitable model. No easy matter when so many are offered for our choice. It is a very singular fact that although men have been building vessels since the days of Noah, or for ought that anybody knows long before it, yet they are just as undecided as to what is the best form to make these vessels, as when Tubal Cain formed the first hatchet to fell the first tree. One man insists for bluff bows and a tapering stern, another for bows like a razor and a broad stern, this man will have his boat built like a codfish all head and shoulders, that like a Boa Constrictor after he has swallowed a kid, big in the belly, and fine at the ends. Of late years, the long bow men like their ancestors at Poitiers and Cressy have been carrying all before them, and most people thought that their opponents although bluff and obstinate enough in their way, had succumbed to the universal decision in favor of the sharp ends. But though down, they are not dead, a stout defence has recently been made for the full bow, by Lord Robert Montague in a work on naval architecture recently published by him. His Lordship at page 35 of his second edition says, (after describing the comparative results of moving variously shaped bodies at different velocities and at different depths through water,) "From all this we learn that for high velocities, the dividing lines of the bow may be made fuller, and those of the stern must be more tapered; that for the same resistance they can be fuller on the bow at a part deep drawn in the water, than at the surface," and again "bodies with full bow-ends obtain a greater velocity, than bodies with sharp bow-ends when by equal powers forced rapidly through the water." I am not prepared to question the results of his Lordships experiments or the deductions his mathematical acquirements have enabled him to arrive at, but I must say his conclusions are very different from those of any practical yachtsman I have conversed with. I cannot help thinking that there must be a great difference between experiments made when the moving force is extrinsic, if we may so call it, if the body moved as is the case in all those narrated by him, and a vessel where the moving power is intrinsic, and where considerable breadth must be given amidships to enable her to carry sail irrespective of the shape of the bow, altogether. In all the full bowed bodies represented by his lordship, the greatest breadth is at the bow, and the after part tapers away to nothing like a fish, probably a very good shape for fast swimming but very unfit for carrying canvas, and therefore totally inapplicable to a sailing vessel. Lord Robert at

page 33 states that "it is ascertained from numerous experiments that, at high velocities, a blunt bow-end does not increase the resistance in nearly the same proportion as at low velocities, and as the speed is increased the bluntness of the bow has less effect in increasing the resistance." While on this subject I cannot help mentioning some facts which last season fell under my own cognizance quite irreconcilable with this proposition. At a regatta which shall be nameless a new twenty ton cutter with a very fine bow beat a thirty ton yacht a year or two old with a bluffer bow, it blowing such a stiff breeze, that either vessel was with difficulty able to carry her whole main-sail. Ten days afterwards at another regatta in the same neighbourhood, with the same crews aboard, the big bluff cutter beat the little sharp one in a light but steady breeze. This result was altogether unexpected, and could only be accounted for, on a principle exactly the converse of his lordship's, namely, that at high velocities the blunt bow causes much greater resistance in proportion to a sharp bow, than at low velocities. So thoroughly was the owner of the thirty ton cutter convinced of this, that the race was hardly over when he had her hauled up to be lengthened in the bows. I could mention many instances of a like nature, but it seems unnecessary to say more on the subject. As the owner of a lengthened yacht I am satisfied that the full advantage of a sharp bow is not developed until a high velocity is obtained. Though unable on this point to coincide with Lord Robert, I cannot help saying that there is much in his work in which I cordially concur, and that I think the yachting world is very much indebted to his Lordship for its publication, I shall have occasion to refer to it again when I come to speak of rigging yachts.

So completely am I satisfied of the great superiority of the sharp bow, that even in a cruising craft I would emphatically say you can hardly give her too fine an entrance; no doubt it may be carried to an extreme; but I have not yet seen it: every vessel lengthened on the bows that I have been aboard of, is both a faster and a drier boat since the alteration. I shall not readily forget the delight manifested by my skipper the first time he had occasion to try my cutter to windward in a head-sea, after she had been lengthened: accustomed to the bluff bows of the old fashioned craft, he had prepared himself for a ducking, but great was his astonishment when he found that wave after wave was passed, the sharp bows gliding through the water without a sea coming aboard of us, even in spray. A builder, who ranks among the first, if he be not the very first of schooner draughtsmen in England, said to me the other day when conversing with him on this subject, "Sir, no man will ever go to sea again in a bluff bow vessel who has once been afloat in a

sharp one if he can possibly help it." Within certain limits it is very desirable to have a long vessel as well as a sharp one, although it is unquestionably much easier to exceed in the one quality than the other. To some extent indeed great sharpness infers great length, though great length does not necessarily infer great sharpness. For a cutter, the length between the external part of the stem head and the after part of the stern-post on deck should never exceed four times the beam. This with the length of the counter added, should give a very fine deck mould. Greater length than this will infer an alteration of rig, and run the risk of being troublesome in stays. If a yacht of large size for her tonnage is wished, a raking stern-post will be desirable, and this in moderation is no injury to the vessel. In a twenty-five ton cutter the rake should not exceed five or six feet, beyond that the rudder begins rapidly to lose power: if you require to carry your rudder nearly right across your craft, as happens when the overhang is too great, you lose more speed by the additional resistance so caused than you gain by additional length of water line. Most yacht builders are becoming so convinced of this, that extremely raking stern-posts are not now much in repute. An eminent builder in the South of England, showed me a vessel in which he had altered the angle of her stern-post to several degrees nearer a right angle after she was in frame, in consequence of the numerous complaints made of bad steering of previous vessels, with great rake.

Much of the elegance of a yacht's look in the water depends upon the length and shape of her counter, this is generally left to the taste of the builder, there being no rule that I know of for determining what the dimensions of a counter should be. About the seventh of a length over all should be good proportion. The London Model Yacht Club give us their rule about an eighth as a *minimum*. The keel for cutters and yawls, not more than two feet six inches, and for two masted vessels two feet ten inches on the level of the rabbet, with not less than four inches counter. The advantages of a long counter are gracefulness of outline and additional deck space, its disadvantages extra weight without increased power and want of strength, for it is obvious, that the further a counter is carried out beyond the stern-post the weaker it must be. This objection is now obviated by the elliptic sterns recently introduced when the planking and stern frame is carried out to the taffrail. Breadth should be carried well aft in a yacht, the broader the stern is, the better she looks, while the room on deck is increased, and she is safer in running off the wind in a sea-way.

The present fashion is to dispense almost entirely with sheer, that is to make the vessel apparently, on a side view of her, without curve from

stem to stern I say apparently, because were she really without curve she would appear to droop at the two ends, and probably would soon really do so, as vessels have a tendency to sink at the extremities after being launched, the two ends not being water borne. Some builders make their yachts like segments of small circles, and though such vessels appear very unseemly to our eyes, now so much accustomed to strait lines, they are believed to be excellent sea boats and to excel in keeping their decks clear of water. On the other hand they are very difficult to alter, as if lengthened you must continue the sheer in the same curve, and there is a considerable loss of height in the midship section and its vicinity, rendering the cabin less roomy than it otherwise would be.

With regard to that important matter, the form of the midship section itself, due reference being always had to necessary height of cabin; for comfort and speed combined, it cannot be too round or too full. Boats with great rise of floor, and depending for their stability chiefly on their depth, are always wet and watery, and although very efficient in turning to windward, yet have little chance with a flatter vessel in a four square course, where the yachts are close hauled only during a fourth of the distance. Upon the form of the midship section, depends in a great measure the draught of water. In this country, as well as in America, yachts are generally built with a great drag, that is nearly twice as much of draught aft as forward; (on this point I must again differ from Lord Robert Montague, who at page 29 of his book to my great amazement directly states the contrary.) As the density of water increases with its depth, the less hold a vessel has of the water, the less resistance she will have to encounter; but a certain depth must be given to enable her to carry sail, to keep her from falling bodily to leeward, and for internal accommodation. In running off the wind a vessel cannot have too light a draught, and the Americans have accordingly with their usual ingenuity introduced centre boards or false keels, which it is possible to haul up into a slit in the centre of the vessel when going free, and which they lower down when close hauled: this is a most awkward apparatus in anything but smooth water, and must utterly destroy the comfort of their yachts for cruising. No twenty-five ton yacht should draw much above eight feet aft, and four or four and a half at the bow. The light draught forward unquestionably prevents a vessel carrying so much head sail, but it makes her very handy, and enables her to fore-reach a long way, in stays. She will also steer much better, with great gripe forward a yacht would carry too much weather helm. All new schooner yachts and some cutters are being built with a great curve in the fore foot in imitation of the *America*, this may be overdone, it aids them in stays but

lessens their weatherly qualities. A very common delusion seems to prevail among yachtsmen that, we owe the long sharp bow to the advent of the *America* to this country. This is quite a mistake, the extraordinary speed under canvas alone obtained by some of our long sharp steamers first opened the eyes of builders to the advantage of length and sharpness, long before the *America* was heard of, many of our smaller yachts had got new entrances. I admit that the success of the *America* induced many owners of large yachts to try the same experiment, though it may be doubted if with equal success.

Before leaving the subject of the model of yachts, it may be well to say a few words on the *vexata questio* of measurement. It is truly surprising how many methods of ascertaining the relative size of yachts have of late years been suggested. Some of these are very simple, others extremely complex. That adopted by a great majority of the clubs, is the mode laid down by the Act 3rd and 4th, William IV, cap. 55, sec. 16, commonly known as Old or Builders' measurement. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of this plan, the length of keel after deducting three-fifths of the breadth for fore rake is multiplied by the breadth, and the product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by 94 the quotient is deemed the true contents of tonnage. The opponents of this system allege that it encourages a mode of building yachts, perfectly erroneous in itself, for the mere purpose of evading its operation. As alluded to above, this is done by raking the stern-post, so as to extend the water line, without increasing the length of keel. This, as I before stated, is in moderation not objectionable, though it may and is often overdone, but then as it interferes with the steering of the vessel I think it works its own cure. I much question whether the yachts now built under the operation of this law are really so much larger, than the act contemplated. It will be observed that we deduct three-fifths of the breadth of beam for fore rake now, as until very lately the stem did not rake at all, we were actually deducting for an extension of capacity of which we did not avail ourselves. By transferring this rake to the stern instead of the bow, we seem to be only transferring the increased size contemplated by the act from one end of the vessel to the other. As more of the after end of a vessel, is in the water than of the fore part, a greater increase of buoyancy is no doubt obtained by the rake aft than by that forward. Still if we consider that in a twenty-five ton yacht the deduction on account of fore-rake will probably amount to seven feet, while the after-rake may not exceed four or five, the increased capacity gained is not much. The present system has introduced an extremely elegant and swift class of vessels, and I should be very sorry to see it altered for some untried plan, the result of which

no man can tell. If the length of deck from stem to stern-post be taken as the criterion, the plan adopted by some of the clubs, it will be quite open to evasion by raking stem and stern-post from the deck outwards to the keel, thus giving greater bearings below than above, such a craft might be hideous to look at, but she could be made to carry plenty of canvas and sail very fast notwithstanding.

The length taken at the water line has been also suggested as a correct mode of measuring yachts, it is certainly better than the length on deck; but the question arises how is the correct load or water line to be found, as the trim of vessels might be altered so as to alter their tonnage. A very experienced yachtsman has suggested that from long observation on the subject he has found that the true load line may always be found, at three-fifths of the tonnage depth below the deck forward, and two-fifths aft.

It is probably impossible to devise any means of measurement which the ingenuity of builders will not evade, and as change for the mere sake of change is always to be avoided, I would strongly recommend that we should

“Rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others which we know not of.”

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB, IRELAND.

THE *first* regatta of this club was held in the River Shannon, in September 1832. The terror caused by that dreadful disease the cholera, which had ravaged Europe, prevented the assemblage of yachts from being as numerous as it otherwise would, however, the following were found at the rendezvous at Kilrush.

Yachts Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Newgrove.....	24	Maurice O'Connell, M.P., Com.
Mermaid.....	19	The Knight of Glin
Jane.....	12	William Piercy, Esq.
Adelaide.....	23	Captain John Hamilton.
Iris.....	36	Poole Hickman, Esq.
Venus.....	10	Joseph Sargeant, Esq.
Charlotte.....	10	Francis Kennedy, Esq.
Pilot.....	18	Rev. Francis Langford

On Tuesday, the 4th of September, the regatta commenced; three turf-boats, a description of hooker-rigged craft peculiar to the Shannon, ranging from fifteen to forty tons, started for a purse of fifteen guineas. The wind being light, indeed scarcely perceptible, caused this to be a longer race than was expected; but, however, the interest of the numerous spectators was kept up by an excellent corragh, or horse-skin boat race, for corraghs pulling six paddles; and by the manœuvres of the yachts, which a light breeze springing up about one o'clock sailed between Kilkedraan Light and the pier of Kilrush, in squadron, and executed various evolutions, in obedience to signals from the Commodore, with a precision which surprised and delighted many an old sailor present. At half-past three in the evening, the *New Peggy* of Kilrush came in first of the racing boats.

On Wednesday, the 5th, the yachts started for the various cups, going up the river, round the Commodore's vessel, which was moored off Foyne's Island, and back to the quay of Kilrush, a distance of near forty miles. Here again much disappointment was caused by the lightness of the wind. The vessels however, did their work well, and the *Iris* was declared the winner of the £50 challenge cup, the *Adelaide* of the £40 cup, and the *Jane* of the £20 cup.

Thursday was occupied in corragh races; one for corraghs pulling twelve paddles, and another for those pulling eight and under, were admirably contested.

On Friday the pilot-boat race came off on the same course as the yacht races, as likewise a private match between Mr. Kennedy's *Charlotte* and Mr. Borough's *Swift*, each ten tons; which, there being a smart breeze, afforded good sport: the *Charlotte* was declared the winner. The cups were presented to the winners on the Monday following, on board the Commodore's yacht, and arrangements were made for future proceedings.

SCHEIDEN.

To-morrow, love, to-morrow
My home will be the sea,
And oh, the weight of sorrow,
When I feel I'm far from thee!

Alone, alone I wander,
But ah 'tis vain to flee,
For fonder still and fonder
My heart will cling to thee.

The whispering breeze of even
Will sing to me of thee,
And the brightest clouds of heaven
Will paint thy form to me.

The countless waves come thronging
In their dreary endless roll,

And a weary hopeless longing
Presses heavy on my soul.

For ever rising, falling,
They speed along the sea;
And gone beyond recalling,
Are a thousand joys for me.

The wind will change at even,
When the tide flows o'er the main;
But all the winds of heaven,
Cannot bring me peace again.

No more—no more for ever
Sing the billows on the shore,
And the rocks re-echo never,
Never more, and never more.

A. V.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION; OR THE LOG OF THE PET.

(Concluded from page 130.)

 BY R. E. H.

“ Vorwärts fort und immer fort,
 Guter wind und naher Port;
 Vorwärts.”

CIRCUMSTANCES rendered us anxious to reach Plymouth without loss of time, and early morning found the *Pet* again under way.

I believe it was blowing hard from the westward, but we had had enough of foul weather, and determining to make fine weather of it *volens volens*, we set the gaff-topsail and balloon-jib, stuck up half-a-dozen wet jibs for studding-sails, and the trysail for a square-sail, and made her smoke through it. I never saw the *Pet* run as she did that day; a steamer which left Falmouth with us could not shake us off at all, and entered the Sound but a very short distance ahead. As we passed inside the breakwater, the yachts were cruising about with two reefs in their main-sails, so we thought it as well to send down the gaff-top-sail before we hauled our wind; and then, we could only just keep her dodging head to wind as we drifted up with the tide and caught hold of a buoy in Barnpool.

But now we have arrived at scenes which are well known to every yachtsman, and my readers must by this time be as anxious as we were to bring the *Pet's* cruise to an end. Not that we were weary of our little craft or the free manly life at sea; but other cares and pursuits demanded our attention; and it was time to exchange the storms and calms of the fickle ocean for more peaceful and less exciting scenes.

I have one hair-breadth escape to chronicle and then I shall hasten to my port.

We had run out of Plymouth Sound on the evening of the 6th of September, and about dusk were approaching the Start, when we went below to tea, giving Jack his course, and desiring him to keep a bright look-out.

Our cabin boy who had run from every ship he had ever sailed in, had deserted at Plymouth, taking with him some clothes and other trifling things which did not belong to him, and leaving a pound or more of wages that were due. He was a confirmed runaway and thief, much addicted to purloining spirits and singing methodist hymns, besides other faults which could neither be cured nor endured, and we were glad enough to get rid of him.

We thus became one hand short of our complement, and so Jack had the deck to himself, but there was plenty of sea-room, and nothing was in sight but the lights of a steamer about two miles ahead. So we thought there was no cause for anxiety, and were drinking coffee comfortably enough when I considered it prudent to look up and see what was going on, and there by all that's frightful, amid the pitchy darkness; for a great cloud had overshadowed us; there I saw the three dazzling horrid eyes of the steamer dead ahead, and almost on board of us. With a yell almost of despair I clutched the helm, jammed it hard-a-lee, and shouted with all my might. The next instant the huge monster rushed by, just clearing us, and throwing the spray from her paddles over us as she passed.

"Jack, why on earth did not you luff in and give her room?"

"You told me to steer E.b.S., sir, and so I did," he replied.

"But I did not tell you to steer through a great steamer." It was useless to remonstrate: Jack, who was bold, faithful, hardy, and strong, was not bothered with ideas; one at a time was as much as he could find stowage for in his skull, and the one idea at this time was to obey orders. And I believe, if old Nick himself had appeared under the *Pet's* bows, Jack would have made no comment but held his reach.

However, this was enough for one night, and now it came on, as Jack expressed it, "as dark as niggers," the wind hauled round to the northward, and came on to blow just as we entered the Start Race, which was further east than I ever saw it before; and we had a rough berth till midnight, thrashing through a broken sea that nearly smothered her, under double-reefed main-sail and fore-sail, and third jib. When we got clear of the land the sea became more regular, and we made a quick run to Portland Bill.

From this point one description will apply to the whole of our voyage:—It thundered, it lightened, it rained, it blew. In a thunder-storm we entered the Solent: in a succession of thunder-storms we lay two days windbound at Portsmouth: by a pitchy black thunder squall we were driven to the anchorage at Newhaven: and a violent north-easter with heavy rain, thunder and lightning, compelled us to seek shelter in Ramsgate harbour. It was all double-reef main-sail work, exciting and interesting enough to the actors, but somewhat wearisome to tell, so I hasten over many a league of rolling sea, and shall again introduce the *Pet* to those who have followed her thus far, as she lies anchored off the coast of Suffolk, between Orfordness and the Shipwash Sand.

After a wild blowing day a calm starlight night has smoothed every

angry billow, and swept every cloud from the sky : the *Pet* now only a few hours sail from home is riding out the lee tide with her main-sail and top-sail hoisted ready to be off.

One of her officers is on deck keeping the weary anchor watch:—

“Through long lone hours,
Yet stars for him are bright,
In midnight skies,
And tranquil worlds of light
Around him rise.”

And now bright over the eastern wave steps forth the merry morn : the tiny waves come tripping over the ocean, their white crests tinged with rosy light, the clack of the windlass and the seaman's cheery song is borne over the waters from many an unseen ship still hidden in the morning mist. All hands up anchor and away! And now the merry little *Pet* has spread her wings to the light land breeze and is hastening to her home. Aldborough is already passed, and Southwold is rising rapidly on the weather bow, and now the ships riding in Lowestoft roads are seen, and soon threading the inner passage by the Barnard Sand, we are swiftly approaching the harbour, and trying to conjure up the image of some well known form waiting to welcome us on the pier.

And now “hard a lee” and the *Pet* luffs boldly round, shoots swiftly up the still water, the voyage is over, the tale is told, and she lets go her anchor in Lowestoft harbour.

CONCLUSION.

“Viens a ma barque fugitive,
Viens donner le balser d' adieu,
Roule autour une voix plaintive
Et de l'ecume de la rive,
Mouille encore mon front et mes glyeux.”

“You return with joy and the journey is afterwards stored up in the memory as a complete pleasure, all the mishaps being put into what the Dutch call the ‘forget book,’ or only remembered as interesting incidents. Clearly one of the main delights is in the recollection. Now we cannot venture to say whether that will be the case with the journey of life. There does not appear much promise of that.”

Our arrival was well timed for, a former shipmate and comrade in many of the *Pet's* voyages had driven over a number of our friends to welcome us on our return, and we had a very merry day ; but still as we rattled over the bridge on our friends coach, covered as it was with bright merry faces, and though all four nags were flying about in a manner that might have cheered the most desponding spirit, we could not help casting a

glance back at our little craft ; and a feeling of sadness stole over us, as if we were parting with a dear friend. She had now been our home for seven weeks: we were perfectly acclimatized to all her ways and peculiarities, and it was long before we could read, write, or dress with comfort ashore; the rooms were so painfully large that things would lose themselves, nor could we manage to shave without inflicting wounds and gashes. The long shore houses had such a villanous stationary feeling that it threw one off one's balance.

I have heard that one little cutter is about to follow the *Pet's* track round our island; and few men, except indolent dandies or affectionate *pères de famille*, having done so, will regret the time and toil expended upon the voyage.

The coasts of Great Britain present scenes of the strongest contrast and most striking variety. A fine breeze and a few hours run will take us from coals and commerce to the realms of romance and chivalry, poetry and fairy-tale, from the crowded Downs and the busy Tyne, to the lonely Loch and unfrequented Firth ; from the stormy crags of Cornwall to the peaceful harvest fields of Suffolk ; from the smooth and graceful Solent to the wild eddies of Corryvreckan.

Many men who have travelled far in foreign lands have no idea of the beauty, variety and interest which belongs to our own coast scenery: the diversity of manners, and habits of life between Constantinople and Pall Mall, can scarcely be more striking than between Brighton or Ramsgate, and Burgh Head or Fort William; and many a man is taken by surprise when he is told that in the course of a few hours you may hear five languages—English, Gaelic, Irish, Manx, and Welsh, to say nothing of Cornish, which is nearly extinct, spoken as the native tongue in the British Isles.

In a very small yacht the owner will probably be his own captain, and if the toil and anxiety of the voyage are thus increased, as of course they are, at all events the interest and pleasure are more than doubled. For myself I would not give a farthing to sail upon other terms: it makes all the difference between driving a tandem and being driven in a cab: the latter possibly the safer, the former undoubtedly the more delightful method of locomotion. It is however indispensable that there should be two persons on board capable of taking charge of the vessel, and one of these should be yourself, the other one of your men. Otherwise you and your friend are necessarily separated at the very time when society is most enjoyable in the long weary night watch. This was the case with us; we found it necessary to divide the watches between us, my brother taking the boatswain for his mate, and I the cabin boy; consequently we were never together.

The only two occasions in which we were in danger, arose entirely from the fact that our boatswain though a capital lad; strong, active, handy, and willing, was quite incompetent to take charge in circumstances of difficulty.

I must record one of Master Jack's peculiarities. During the whole cruise he never expressed a wish to go on shore, nor would he ever quit the vessel without express orders, with one exception; this was at Pembroke dockyard. Coming on board in the evening I found Jack missing, so without loss of time I got the *Pet* underway and dropped down to Milford.

Before long we saw a boat rowing furiously after us, and we suspected our friend was in her. There was a little light breeze and we had run about two miles before the boat came alongside, containing a waterman and Jack. The latter who was half-seas-over lost no time in jumping aboard, emptying his pockets of silver and copper altogether into the bottom of the boat, and exclaiming "D—n the shore, he'd have no more of it."

The chief sources of danger to a small yacht are first from being surprised by a squall, and getting smothered, or losing a spar before she has time to prepare; secondly, from getting out of her reckoning and running ashore: thirdly, from collision at night: and lastly, from her crew becoming so worn and harassed by continued bad weather as to be incapable of working her properly. All these may be avoided by lead, log, and look-out, and by a judicious distribution of the watches so as to give every man his share of labour and his share of rest. The captain should never let the sun set without looking round every part of his vessel; seeing his halliards are not chafed, nor his bobstay rusted through; that his anchors, his wet sails, and his boat are properly stowed; that the lanyards of his rigging are sound, and his runner tackles taut; that his coals are not consumed, nor his tanks and casks exhausted.

The first desideratum, after a tight little ship well found and victualled, is a cheerful companion, and the next a clean and clever lad as cabin boy and cook. If I could find such a one with the faculty of order and neatness, and a strong aversion to dirty fingers, I would grudge him neither wages nor clothes. In rarity, though not in complexion, he would be the "black swan" of sailor boys; for a dirtier and more indiscriminating race of beings does not exist.

But the bright sun and the fresh southerly breeze are summoning us to undertake new voyages instead of gossiping about the past.

"Aboard, aboard for shame

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail

And you are stayed for."

In some men's minds the love of the sea amounts to a passion and when the time is drawing near that will restore us to our winged homes, slowly fly the hours and old time crawls wearily on; and we count the very minutes that must pass before the merry month of June, *amicum tempus agens*, shall find us once more afloat amid the wild turmoil or the dreamy calm; the fierce excitement and the soft repose of the ever changing sea.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THIS celebrated club held their first sailing match on Saturday, June 4th. The morning was overcast, with little or no wind; but as the day advanced it became beautifully fine, with a light wind from N.N.W. The contending yachts were all placed at their respective stations off the Birkenhead Ferry, under the able superintendence of the Rear-Commodore, Mr. Jonathan Grinrod, and their places were in the following order from the westward:

Yachts Names.	Tons	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Stanley.....	17	Thomas Wilson, Esq...	Blue and white stripes
Stranger.....	10	Norman Jackson, Esq.	Red, black cross
Ranger.....	13	R. M. Grinnell, Esq....	White, blue diagonal centre
Constance.....	14	F. D. P. Astley, Esq...	White and blue diagonal
Surprise.....	16	H. F. Rigge, Esq.....	White and blue vertical
Seabird.....	33	H. Melling, Esq....	White, red cross
Coralie.....	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.....	White, blue cross
Presto.....	8	A. Bowyer, Esq.....	White, red horizontal

It had been intended to give two prizes, one of 50 sovereigns, for yachts belonging to members of the club, of and over 35 tons; and one for 25 sovereigns, for yachts belonging to members, under 35 tons club measurement; the entry for the large class, however, not filling sufficiently, the committee determined to make but one race of it, and accordingly gave a beautiful and richly chased silver salver, of the value of forty guineas, to be sailed for by the above mentioned vessels. The course was from abreast of Birkenhead Ferry, down the Victoria Channel, leaving the black buoys upon the starboard and the red buoys upon the port hand, round the Bell Beacon buoy at the entrance to the Victoria Channel, leaving it on the port hand, and so up channel, black buoys on port, and red on starboard hand, to the flag ship off Birkenhead, leaving her upon the port hand. The *Stanley* came to the start, a new and untried vessel, having been launched from Mr. Wilson's slip the very day of last year's match. The *Stranger*, a yankee sloop, somewhat of the *Truant* school, but without the shifting centre-board, and

consequently a slightly deeper bodied, although still a very beamy and flat vessel, carrying a heavy iron keel, was built by Messrs. Fish and Morton of New York, the builders of the celebrated little *Truant*, and brought over to this country by Norman Jackson, Esq., made her appearance. Next came our old friend the hardy little iron *Ranger*, the victor of many a hard sailed race, with a new suit of canvas by Lapthorne; and her old skipper Dunnage at the tiller. The *Constance*, a pretty craft, one of the last season's launches, came out with a regular hermaphrodite rig, half cutter, half sloop, sails also by Lapthorne, and with the reputation of having made good sailing in 1852, as a yawl, it was considered she ought to be near the first, with the addition of the larger main-sail. The *Seabird* the property of the Honorary Secretary Henry Melling, Esq. The *Surprise*, the winner of last year, was a considerable favourite, but the *Coralie* was, *par excellence*, the favourite, and with seven feet additional to her bows since last year looked every inch a racer, and one that will if we are not mistaken, cause many an anxious moment at a flag-ship yet. Last, and certainly least, as far as tonnage is concerned, came the *Presto*, built after the model of the *Truant*, rigged with a sliding centre-board.

THE START.

At 12h. 5m. the many anxious gazers were put out of suspense, and the roar of the Commodore's gun announced that the struggle had commenced. Strong breeze at N.N.W. Quick as the lightning's flash the *Seabird's* headfast was gone, and canting round upon her heel, she was away on the port tack, a slack bight and a foul turn in her jib just checked her for a moment, and the sweet little *Surprise* was through her lee. The *Coralie* appeared to hold the best wind on the beat down, but did not head-reach so much at the start as either the *Stanley* or *Seabird*. *Surprise* tacked first, but to leeward, and had to keep away for *Seabird*, who immediately tacked and weathered, she had, however, to "up tiller" to the little *Stanley*, who now showed to windward; the *Ranger* and *Constance* hard at work, the latter of whom speedily doused her gaff-top-sail, did much better without it. The sloops *Presto* and *Stranger* did not appear to like the look of things seaward at all, and early gave evidence of their intention to view the run home. Of the two the *Presto* had the best of it, and appeared to us to be much more lively under canvas than the *Stranger*; the large crew of the latter, was, we think, anything but a service to her. The *Surprise* now took in her gaff-top-sail, but it was of no avail, the *Coralie* at last got her heels loose, and bowled along merrily up to *Constance*, challenged *Stanley* and *Seabird*, and at 12h. 50m. went into first place. The *Surprise* set jib-headed-top-sail; and "wet sails" was the order with *Constance* and *Ranger*. A very pretty bit of sailing between *Seabird* and *Stanley*, the former of whom we never saw sail

so well, and the little *Stanley* alongside of her formidable hard-weather looking rival, looked a picture fit for the pencil of an artist. The wee barkie would not be refused, she weathered *Seabird* on the starboard tack, head reached upon her, and went into the second place with her big friend in close attendance, the *Constance* well up, the *Surprise* hammering away like an opium clipper in a typhoon, *Presto* seventh, and *Stranger* in the misty distance. It was anybody's race now; as they closed up to the Bell Beacon the wind became lighter, and it was evident that time for tonnage would win the day. On rounding the Bell Buoy on the port hand the time was—

Yachts' Names.	Time.			Yachts' Names.	Time.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Coralie.....	2	16	30	Surprise.....	2	27	15
Stanley	2	21	0	Ranger.....	2	36	50
Seabird	2	22	0	Presto.....	2	42	45
Constance.....	2	26	0	Stranger—not placed			

Working jibs disappeared with marvellous quickness, and yard after yard of duck, in the shape of monstrous balloon gaff-top-sails and jibs, gave the appearance of a little forest of canvas, and rendered the run home from the Bell Beacon, one of the prettiest and most interesting sights imaginable. It was, as we said before, any craft's race as yet, and even the little *Presto* began to look uncommonly vicious. The *Seabird* outran *Stanley* and retook second place, but the persevering little clipper was game to the last, and would not be shaken off at any price; *Surprise* and *Ranger* well up, but the former looked most determined and pressed *Stanley* hard. Few more changes occurred until their arrival at the flag-ship at Birkenhead Ferry, which they rounded in the following order and times:—

Yachts' Names.	Time.			Yachts' Names.	Time.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Coralie.....	5	51	10	Ranger.....	6	0	25
Seabird	5	52	15	Presto.....	6	12	23
<i>Stanley</i>	5	54	5	Constance.....	6	20	45
Surprise.....	5	57	45	Stranger—not placed			

The allowance of time for tonnage being according to the usual Royal Mersey Yacht Club rule, viz, three-quarters of a minute per ton up to 25 tons, half a minute per ton from 25 to 50 tons, and a quarter of a minute for all above, placed the *Stanley* the winner of the salver, the *Coralie* having to allow her eleven minutes, and being ahead of her by only two minutes fifty-five seconds; she thus won her prize by eight minutes five seconds. But the owner of the *Coralie* objected to its being awarded to the *Stanley*, on the ground that the latter had two jibs hoisted at the same time; the working jib being standing whilst the larger was being set, such being contrary to the sailing regulations of the club. It was therefore decided that the sailing committee should

hear the evidence. During the time that the *Windsor*, with her numerous company, was awaiting the arrival of the competing yachts inside the Rock Light, a most creditable and interesting display of seamanship was made by Captain Williams, tending to exhibit the effects of careful training and strict discipline in the hour of danger. His four boats, comprising port and starboard life and quarter boats, were hauled up and secured in-board, as when at sea. At the word of command the four boats were in the water fully manned, and pulling away from the ship in sixty seconds from the moment the word was given, one boat (the starboard life-boat) being in the water and manned in twenty-five seconds. Captain Williams next exercised his crew at quarters, supposing the ship to be on fire, and the celerity with which the fire engine hose and fire buckets were brought to bear upon any or every part of the steamer, served as further proof, if any were wanting, of the skill and vigilance of this gallant officer. A new description of boat-plug, invented by Lieutenant Sarsfield, R.N., of the City of Dublin Company, was next pointed out in working order, affixed to the boats of the *Windsor*. Its simplicity and utility were subjects of much comment, and the numerous yachtsmen on board expressed universal satisfaction at the nautical treat afforded them by Captain Williams. An excellent *dejeuner* was laid out in the spacious saloon of the *Windsor*, and to the delicacies of which ample justice was rendered during the match. Amongst those on board we observed Commodore Littledale, as he always is, at his post, presiding with his usual happy courtesy; Jonathan Grindrod, Esq. Rear-Commodore; —Keys, Esq., Honorary treasurer; Lieut. Lord, R.N.; Lieut. Sarsfield, R.N.; Edward Fletcher, Esq., Cup bearer; Harry Bridson, Esq., Arthur Dobson, Esq., W. H. Moss, Esq., Frederick Peel, Esq., J. Rowan, Esq., S. Darcus, Esq., with very many others. We cannot conclude without noticing the courtesy and attention of the officers and members of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club to their numerous visitors on board. Commodore Littledale's fine schooner the *Ariel*, 118 tons, accompanied the match throughout, having on board Col. Sir Thomas Hesketh, Capt. Fitzgerald, and officers of the 2nd Lancashire Militia, together with a large party of ladies. The *Louisa* schooner, 127 tons, also accompanied the match to the Bell Buoy, whence she took her departure for Kingstown, Ireland. Several other craft, some of them steamers, were underway during the day. We observed the pretty *Mavis*, 146 tons, G. C. Arbuthnot, at anchor in the Sloyne. The honorary secretary's little Yankee sloop the *Victoria* was stationed as flag ship abreast of the Club Rooms at Birkenhead Ferry, and dressed in her gayest bunting, looked remarkably well. We believe the *Coralie* had not received her largest

gaff top-sail or balloon-jib from the Clyde; in fact, in the run home she carried the working top-sail she had beaten to windward with in the race down, and her large jib was not of the balloon order required for such a fair run and light weather, else the termination of the race might have been otherwise. The *Surprise's* largest canvas is at Cowes, and she has been somewhat altered since last year for cruising purposes.

The sailing committee duly met to decide upon the merits of the protest made against the *Stanley* by the owner of the *Coralie*, when it was decided that the former had violated rule 6 of the sailing regulations, and the *Surprise* having also taken her time off the *Coralie*, was awarded the prize with 5m. 10s. to spare. We regret much that any occasion should have arisen for a protest. However rules are rules and must be observed, no matter how utterly unintentional the slightest violation may be. We are informed that the *Stranger* twisted her rudder head early in the race, which may account for her not having occupied a more prominent position during the day. We hope to see a goodly muster of burgees upon the Mersey for the Grand Challenge Cup and for her Majesty's Plate, on Monday and Tuesday the 18th and 19th of July.

The course in this race (including extra distance and allowance for tide) about $35\frac{1}{2}$ nautical miles was performed in 5h. 43m. 40s.

It is only justice to the owner of the *Stanley*, Mr. Wilson, the respected ship-builder, to state that he attended the committee, and stated that he was down below at the time the men took upon themselves to make the infringement on the rules, and that when he saw it, it was too late, as one of the jibs was jammed, and could not be taken down until the yacht had rounded the Bell Buoy, and was before the wind. We feel assured that Mr. Wilson would be the last person, from his straightforward manner, to give his sanction to such a proceeding.

At the suggestion of several members, a subscription was entered into and warmly subscribed to by those present, for a fund to hold a general regatta on the Mersey, on the occasion of her Majesty's plate, for prizes to be given to fishermen, boatmen, &c., plying on the river. A committee was appointed to carry it out, and do all possible honour to the gift of her Majesty to the port of Liverpool. It is to take place on the 19th July, the day following the Challenge Cup Match.

FOUNDATION OF THE THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THIS club, which now has its head-quarters at the Bedford Hotel, Covent garden, was originated thirty years ago, at a Tavern appropri-

ately enough called the *Ship*, and situate in *Water Lane, Fleet Street*. This is a somewhat curious but indisputable fact. Each term savours of Aquatics. Many of the founders are yet alive and can speak to the following circumstances. Well, at this Ship Tavern, Water-lane, on the 8th of August, 1823, there was a meeting of the captains and owners of the "Pleasure boats," which had been engaged in a particular sailing match in the river, on Wednesday, the 30th of July, 1823. Among those present were Messrs. Field, Williams, Bettsworth, Groves, Wilkes, Keen, Tomkins, Lowe, and Clementson. The meeting was held for the purpose of considering the best and most effectual method of preventing the cup, given by the members of the Coronation Sailing Society, being presented to one Captain Brocklebank, owner of the *St George*, sailing-boat, on account of his breaking the sailing articles, subscribed by the owners of all the boats sailing for the said cup. Mr. Thomas Bettsworth was called to the chair, and then it was resolved that the following protest be presented to the chairman of the Coronation Sailing Society, expressive of the sentiments of the meeting.

PROTEST.

"We the undersigned Captains of the vessels entered for the cup, sailed for on the 30th of July, 1823, having now met (according to requisition, signed by the Commodore on Wednesday, the 6th of August,) to learn the determination of the subscribers as to the cup claimed by the owner of the *St. George*, at which meeting, it was determined by the ballot which then took place, that the cup should be sailed for again; and Monday the 11th instant, being moreover appointed by the Commodore for the purpose, *do protest* against any other measures being adopted contrary to the resolutions carried into effect at the meeting of the 6th of August, at which time the merits of the question were fully and fairly discussed. We further beg leave to state, that if such resolutions should be rescinded, we have unanimously determined never to enter any of our boats for any cup to be given on any future occasion by the Coronation Fleet. We beg also to state, that we, the undersigned Captains, have undergone considerable expense and much inconvenience in making preparations for the match appointed by the Commodore to be re-sailed on Monday next, and therefore feel ourselves still more forcibly called upon to express our disapprobation of the proceedings of this evening.

(Signed,)

THOMAS BETTSWORTH.	THOMAS GROVES.*	EDWARD JONES.
ROBERT WILLIAMS.	WILLIAM FIELD, JUNR.	CHARLES CLEMENTSON."
JAMES TOMKINS.	ROBERT WILKES, JUNR.	

To Edward Nettlefold, Esq.,

Commodore of His Majesty's Coronation Sailing Society.

* Now in 1853, "Father" of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

This protest was at once presented by Mr. Thomas Bettsworth, and after it had been so presented, and His Majesty's Coronation Sailing Society had, nevertheless, thought proper to award the cup to Captain Brocklebank, it was resolved,—“ That this meeting, feeling itself disgusted with the partial conduct of the Coronation Sailing Society, in giving the cup away, contrary to all precedent, endeavour to form a society or club;” and Mr. Tomkins having kindly undertaken the office of secretary, it was resolved also,—“ That he should be requested to convene a meeting for that purpose, to which this meeting will introduce as many friends as possible.” The club, therefore, dates from 1823, and owes its formation, as we have just seen, to a body of seceders from the Coronation Fleet or Sailing Society; for both these titles, indicative but of one club, appear in the minutes whence we draw our present information. Yachtsmen are more particular in '53 about words, than they were in '23.

To carry out the above intentions a meeting was held at the White Horse, in Friday Street, on the 14th of August, 1823, at which were present Messrs. Williams, Clementson, Wilkes, Bettsworth, Lowe, Tomkins, Groves, and Keene. Mr. Williams having been called to the chair it was resolved:—

“ That, this meeting considering that the manly and healthy exercise of River Sailing, which affords a great degree of amusement to many persons, and a considerable benefit to the watermen and occupiers of premises on the banks of the Thames, has of late years very much fallen off, which may be attributed in a great measure to a want of unanimity, which ought to prevail among all parties, do therefore form itself into a club to be called the “ Thames Yacht Club, ” to which the owners of the various pleasure boats on the River Thames be invited to belong, and that the following be the rules and regulations.”

These rules (which still appear in the minute book,) we must here omit, simply stating that the annual subscription was limited to half-a-guinea, payable on the first Thursday in May, that a meeting was fixed for the first Thursday in every month, and the annual meeting for August; that Mr. R. Williams, was appointed Treasurer, Mr. J. Gunston, Chairman, and that the following names were put down as members of the club, viz:—Messrs. Williams, Bettsworth, Wilkes, Druitt, Lowe, Clementson, Tomkins, Groves, Keen, Smith, Morrison, Taylor, Davy, W. H. Harrison, (subsequently Commodore of the club,) Wilson, Codd, Cutten, Nixon, Loveland, Long, Keep, Parsey, Johnstone, Godwin, and some thirty others, whose names we must omit. Some of those who attended these meetings of the 8th and 14th of August, in 1823, are yet in 1853 registered in the club books, thus showing an abiding and subscribing faith in the utility of yachting, and proving the unwavering tenacity of their own character in regard to that amusement which, originally merely local, has now become national, and must, while

the world lasts, remain as imperishable and unextinguishable as hunting and horse-racing.

The next meeting of the new club, "The Thames Yacht Club," was held at Camberwell Gardens, Vauxhall, a place subsequently well known to most winners of cups, for on very many occasions the prizes were there presented in due form, the racing being for some years more above than below bridge; the daily club-rooms in Covent Garden neither obtained nor contemplated.

From such a small beginning arose the Royal Thames Yacht Club of 1853. We have now printed the above statement, because when mixing with yachtsmen we have heard very erroneous opinions expressed as to the origin of the Thames Club, which a perusal of the above may tend to remove. We believe, that for seven years after the formation of the club, no list of yachts was ever printed. But in 1830 there certainly was a list containing exactly forty-three sail, a list which, some day we may transfer to these columns, that the past and the present may be properly contrasted. We remember that in that list of 1830 were the yachts *Oberon*, *Betsy*, *Iris*, *Zephyr*, *Anna Maria*, *Osprey*, *Julia*, *Greyhound*, &c.

Here let us insert a copy of a letter which, perhaps, we ought to have given somewhat earlier in our present account:—

„Admiralty, Sept. 5th, 1827.”

“SIR.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, having received your letter of the 28th ult., stating that the members of the Thames Yacht Club are about to give a cup and cover to be sailed for by pleasure boats belonging to members of the club; and expressing a desire that his Royal Highness would be pleased to become the patron of the club, I am commanded to signify to you His Royal Highness's approbation of the request, and to desire you will communicate the same to the members of the Thames Yacht Club.

I am, &c.,

“To John G. Irwin, Esq.”

JOHN BARTON.”

Her Majesty Queen Victoria became patron of The Royal Thames Yacht Club on the 27th of July, 1837, and so continues in 1853. Our readers are of course aware that there are now two other yacht clubs in the river Thames, viz., the “London” and the “Prince of Wales.” And now a fourth “looms in the distance” in the London *Model* Yacht Club, which is increasing its tonnage so as to take in any vessel not exceeding four tons, o.m. To return to our text:—

George the Fourth died June 25th, 1830, and on the 7th of October, 1830, it was moved at a meeting of the Thames Yacht Club, that the uniform button to be worn by the members should be altered from T.Y.C. to R.T.Y.C. On the 3rd of February, 1831, a red burgee was

agreed upon, bearing the letters R.T.Y.C. under a crown. In December, 1834, a white burgee was substituted for the red one. And on the 19th of February, 1835, an Admiralty Warrant was obtained through the persevering exertions of Captain Wheeler, the present respected Treasurer of the club, authorising the Thames Yachts to carry a white flag without a red cross, but with a Union Jack in the upper corner, and bearing in the centre of the flag a crown over the letters R.T.Y.C. in red. Now, in 1853, a blue ensign is worn, and a blue burgee bearing a white cross, a flag which ever irritates a grumbling gouty old yacht owner of our acquaintance, who says the burgee and ensign don't match (as in the London and other clubs); and proposes, as The Thames Yacht Club was first formed at the White Horse in Friday Street, as we have seen above, that both its burgee and ensign in 1853 should take as a bearing the "White Horse," of Hanover. We ourselves offer no opinion on the subject. Perhaps we ought here to say something about the Coronation Fleet (having some idea that there were two distinct clubs of that very name, formed under different reigns); but we have no time to do so with sufficient accuracy at present. Thirty years certainly make a hole in a man's memory, but thirty years ago there certainly was, and we happen to know it, a Coronation Fleet; and from that society certain gentlemen seceded to form, as we have explained above, the Thames Yacht Club.

We have just put my hand upon the programme of a sailing match, wherein it appears that a river race came off on the 30th of June, 1824, under the direction of the Coronation Fleet, established in 1823, (so says the bill) when thirty-two fishing boats started from Cumberland Gardens, sailed round a mark-boat off the Powder House at Putney, and thence back to the Gardens, in which the prize was, (a Peter Boat) according to the then prevailing fashion, exhibited; and of course to admiring crowds. What we have here stated will, we trust, be enough to show, that in 1823 and 1824 there were at least two Yacht Clubs in the river, namely, the "Thames" and the "Coronation," and that these two were not (as we have frequently been told,) "all the same thing." Not a bit of it; the "Coronation," preceded the "Thames." The latter yet lives—may it meet with increasing success!

ADMEASUREMENT OF TONNAGE.

Continued from page 91.

MR. EDITOR.—Although more than an ordinary degree of courtesy has been hitherto observed in our yacht admeasurement controversy, through the medium of your able paper, still we might, unintentionally, retard the progress of justice by replying to all we hear and read upon the subject. This may be deemed by some people a mere excuse to avoid the test of argument. Whether our argumentative powers be great or otherwise is not the question. Unlike the dialections of yore, our motives should be far more laudable than aiming solely at the downfall of our opponents, and, as it were, with drawn swords end our disputation, in a paper war, which is too frequently the case upon matters that merit a far better fate. Nevertheless, to a fair question we should, to the utmost of our ability, candidly reply. To the question put to me by “Neptune,” “Whether I sincerely think that a fast vessel, on the raking stern-post principle, could successfully contend with a vessel built on the same lines and same length on deck, but with an upright stern-post?” My answer is decidedly in the affirmative in reference to *cutters*, with moderate rake of stern-post, say not less than six inches to the foot, but not exceeding an angle of 45 degrees; the extent of which should be in proportion, or rather in accordance, with the extent of beam. But not so with schooners, and square-rigged vessels, because the lateral pressure of the propelling power is greater and extends farther aft (in these vessels) than it does in cutters. Having taken the utmost trouble to be minute in the statement I am about to make in support of my opinion, and my information being gleaned from the best authority, I will now relate the full particulars. The *Mazeppa* cutter, Southampton (*fourteen tons*), perpendicular stern-post, was, by the suggestion of James Weld, Esq., cut off by the heel *five or six feet*, and thereby made under *twelve tons*. Her performances subsequent to this reduction proved that she had not lost any of her weatherly qualities, or speed in forereaching, but on the contrary, was considerably improved in every point of sailing, and considered superior now as twelve tons to what she was when fourteen. Moreover, the *Sea Nymph*, (*ten tons*), Southampton, was formerly built with stern-post nearly vertical, and was afterwards increased in *length aloft* about *five feet*, her dimension on keel left as before, but her load lines being increased about *three feet*. By this alteration she proved faster in forereaching and quicker in stays than before, which the simultaneous working of the jib and fore sheets clearly demonstrated. There was no increase in her spars or sails. This improvement in staying is attributable to the rudder being necessarily

lengthened for a longer stern-post, and the leverage of the main-sheet strop having been consequently brought farther aft from the mast. If the *Sea Nymph* were measured according to the proposed "*trammelling*" plan *upon deck* she would measure about *thirteen tons*, although after this alteration she only required half-a-ton (extra weight) to bring her down to her original load line. This latter example proves the inconsistency and injustice of the proposed "artful dodge proposition" of measuring cutters upon deck, in order to exclude those vessels which have been built or altered at *great expense* on an improved system, from their enviable position (clippers, A 1), just to let the faded "*lights of other days*" make a miserable attempt to shine again. In conclusion, I remind my readers that the *Sea Nymph* and *Mazeppa* are the fastest of their classes, the *Sea Nymph* never having been outsailed by any one vessel of her tonnage, and is the winner of above twenty prizes, as likewise is the *Mazeppa*. Are these facts not sufficient to prove the good of raking posts?*

I respectfully refer "Vanderdecken" to my first letter, where he will find that I said "beam further aft," (not midship section as he infers.) I likewise refer "Neptune" to my second letter, who will find that his comment as to the "*unfairness*" of my question respecting "*the old fashioned craft*," arises from his perversion of another person's sentences are "unfair" indeed. I hope that those who favour me with replies in future will confine themselves to the "question of justice and policy" in this as well as in other matters, and not pervert the words and meaning of my letters to suit their own purposes, a system too frequently adopted by those who find that their cause and arguments are weaker than those of their adversaries, thereby causing philosophical disputation to be endless, ridiculous, and fruitless.

Yours, &c.,

J. L. HEWES, R.L.Y.C. R.T.Y.C.†

Mr. Editor.—My attention has just been drawn to the remarks of Mr. Hewes on my letter to you of the 2nd inst. Mr. Hewes's arguments on the question of the present defective method of measurement have been so fully and ably replied to in the letter of "C.M." in your columns of this week that I think Mr. Hewes will require no further reply to his

* Many other instances of improvement in vessels (cutters) *by raking their stern-posts* can be furnished, if required, by applying to various owners of clipper cutters, &c.

† Be assured that neither the Royal Thames Yacht Club, nor the Royal London Yacht Club, will alter their mode of admeasurement until justice and policy demand an alteration,—J. T. H.

view of the point at issue, which appears to me to be simply this:—He says, that “because we have vessels with raking stern-posts of a certain o.m. tonnage, and we well know that vessels with a precisely similar deck can be built which would beat us hollow, therefore we maintain that our vessels are right, and all others are wrong.” I think it will puzzle any of your correspondents in favour of the present system to put their case higher than this, for if they do not admit that they would be beaten by a vessel with an equal length of deck and upright stern, why do they cry out against changing the rule for admeasurement? And now, Mr. Editor, I trust you will grant me space for one word on the remarks of Mr. Hewes on my interested motives in advocating a change of admeasurement. He would not be pleased if I asserted that his opinions advocating the old system arose from his being the owner of a raking sterned yacht, and I can assure him that a “Ship’s Carpenter” feels a pang as great as an “Ex Com.” when his motives are misconstrued. I presume Mr. Hewes supposes me a Wanhill or Ratsey, or Ditchbourne and Mare in disguise, as he imputes to me the ignoble wish to increase my gains as a yacht builder by a new system. My withers on this point are indeed unwrung. I do not know the name of Mr. Hewe’s builder, but he must be very fortunate to secure one who charges at per ton, without considering the quantity of work put into the vessel; and I can assure Mr. Hewes, that if he ever came to me for a coal barge (the only style of clipper I ever attempted,) I should make a very considerable increase in my charges, if, with a given length of keel, he insisted on his favourite inclination of stern-post, instead of that bold upright tail for which our Limehouse yachts are so celebrated. With regard to the remarks of your pithy correspondent “Cruizer,” I regret that he had not time to annihilate me as proposed; but I would just point out to him, that I never asserted that the midship section could not be brought further aft, with a raking stern-post. I merely said, that the greatest breadth was not necessarily further aft in a vessel of that construction, and adduced the *America* as an instance in support of my assertion. I think I know enough of the subject, to be able to assure “Cruizer,” that if he can show that the midship section is always further aft as regards the deck, in a raking sterned vessel, or that its position is independent on the angle of the stern-post, and not relative to other qualities of the vessel, there are many besides myself who stand in need of his able instructions. Mr. Hewes sneers at my writing under an assumed name. If my position in life or name would add any weight to my arguments, I should have great pleasure in giving them at length; but as I said before, I am but a humble barge builder, and have never filled

any but parochial offices, and as I do not suppose that your readers would pay more attention to my remarks signed with my name, and adorned by the addition of ex-churchwarden of St. Peter's, Limehouse.

I remain, &c.,

A SHIP'S CARPENTER.

SONG.

BY W. MOLYNEUX.

Oh! Maiden, wilt thou come with me
To sing of love on the moon-lit sea;
To peep at the stars that roll below
In phosphorous wreaths of golden snow;
To watch soft ripples playfully kiss
My barque as she glides in gracefulness.
Oh! Maiden, wilt thou come with me
To sing of love on the moon-lit sea.

Oh! Maiden, wilt thou come with me
To sail o'er the waters merrily;
To laugh with the breeze that blooms the cheek,
And brightens the eye that love shall speak;
To glance at the dolphin's sportive bound,
In depths where the pearl and coral's found—
While round the sparkling sunbeams play
In the glad'ning light of cloudless day.

Say Maiden, wilt thou come with me
To roam o'er the blue and fadeless sea;
When the sun's last beam unveils the star
By love revered in its home so far!
And the eve's soft breath by sighs caress'd
Steals sweet round the lips in fondness press'd.
Oh! yes, I'll sail the world with thee,
And die in the love that made me free!

MINIATURE OR MODEL YACHT MAKING AND SAILING.

POSSIBLY the historiette I have to tell on this subject, which in spite of sneers from many who I will be bound can neither cut nor build from draft, the model of a small vessel, name it whatever you please, nor mast, rig, trim, nor cut sails, and when finished ready for sailing, sail the small craft; a subject in spite of such sneerers and of those who ought to know better, but to whom pride is a stumbling block to their natural good sense and better knowledge, I am heartily glad to see *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* advocating it, trivial, if not ridiculous, as it may appear; but fairly canvassed it will soon be found that it is not, the childish foolish thing it is assumed to be; under the auspices of this admirable monthly which has had but a short start, promising well, I venture to ask room for my experiences in the art, for it requires some skill to attain but a moderate acquirement of it, and therefore I term it the art—indeed why not science? of miniature vessel building and sailing. Perhaps a bit of my own personal experience may amuse as well as have its use, for however simple and plain one's life may have been, if fairly related, it scarcely ever fails to interest, its utility is apparent, in showing gradually, and step by step, yet with hope to overcome difficulty, and with perseverance the goal of successful performance may be reached at last. And this true too of all things small as well as great, in laying down and finishing a first rate, the *Duke of Wellington* of 131 guns, as well as the tiny, but neither silly, still less useless, imitation shown in forming a miniature model of an *America*; in fact nothing more than an American pilot-boat something larger than common, may well enable one to survive a sneer at such child's play. But to the point.

In the latter end of the summer of, 1843 or 5, returning from a walk on the Hoe at Plymouth, in the High Street of the old town, that is Plymouth proper, I overtook an old sailor carrying a neat model of a schooner, perhaps two feet, or over, long, having a main-gaff-top-sail, main-sail, fore-sail or spencer, and one large jib. Taking an interest in such things, from being a *little boat* maker and sailer myself, having been subjected to much gibing and laughter for my childish amusements I am case-hardened, remembering how a knowing old lady took her friend to see the crazy old man blowing soap bubbles supposed to be in sport, when she was told the crazy soap bubble blower was Sir Isaac Newton—*licet parvis componere magna*.

Stopping to have a talk with Jack I perceived he was followed by a

nice genteel looking lad some twelve or thirteen, rather shy, but seemingly interested in our converse. The old man "yer honor'd" me with the following information; "The schooner was the 'Corsair' belonging to young master, (nodding backwards), which won the first prize at the Plymouth Miniature Yacht regatta, beating more than half a score; the prize was an accordion, value five pounds, certain regulations had been printed;" but I could not get a copy.

The old man told me the rules as well as he could. First.—That the start was to be made on a suitable day. Second.—All to start at once, the windward stations being settled by lot. Third.—The yacht reaching a certain point first, also being most to windward was to be the winner; and if much fouling happened there was to be a fresh start, till a satisfactory course had been run. Fourth.—Size, none to be more than thirty inches on deck, breadth, length of keel, depth, and ballast to be discretionary. Fifth.—All to be schooner rigged with four sails; main-sail, main-gaff-top-sail, foresail, and a jib; or instead of a top-sail a fore-sail, all fore-and-aft sails. Sixth.—Yachts to start so far apart as not to take the wind out of the sails of the next one to leeward. Seventh.—Rudders to be fixed or workable in any way the owner thought best.

This had been the first year! Subscriptions were first class, ten shillings; second class, five shillings; to let the young sailor and town lads in: difference of subscription gave no privileges. Subscribers by a majority to appoint a Commodore (some well known respectable old tar was chosen Commodore) to superintend and order proceedings, and with the help of a Vice to start the yachts and proclaim the winner.

The youngster seeing the interest I took, gradually approached and by-and-bye we were all friends; I found the old sailor was the boatman I usually employed, so that we had a long yarn, from which I ascertained, that the young gentleman had made and rigged his own craft.

"Ah! I suspect with your help, Tom."

"No, yer honor, as little as might be, indeed less than you would think; anyhow she's a smart craft is young Master Harry's 'Corsair,' and won handsomely any how, being the fastest as well as most windwardly of the fleet."

The dimensions of this famous "Corsair," mentioned as a help to other youths taking to building, were on deck under 30in; keel short; not much beam; excepting sharp bows she narrowed little towards the stern and stem raked prodigiously, giving a very short keel, with scarcely a perceptible convex or concave curve in any of her bearings; in short except there was a keel, it reminded me of a general resemblance to Mr.

Dempster's ingenious model iron yacht *Problem* mentioned in your first number, accompanied with his interesting account of her; the rudder very broad was fixed; her trim seemed too much by the head, and the sails bellied out too much by one half, as they did in almost every real yacht I have seen, the jib especially, which was like an inflated balloon cut in halves; the keel was formed of a heavy broad piece of lead, one third too heavy for racing trim. Whatever suggestions might be made I knew would be met with one unanswerable answer, "the Corsair in point of fast sailing and windwardly qualities had beaten all her competitors;" in brief, to every objection the conclusive reply would have been "the Corsair had beaten twenty craft." The Corsair was nicely finished, proving at once how much her proud young owner had to do in the making.

What the beaten yachts were like I cannot say, as I had not time to go with my young friend to see them. Tom told me they were of all fashions as to form, and their trim as various, some with fixed, and others with rudders worked with a bullet fixed in the after part of the rudder head.* I was sorry time did not admit of seeing the pretty craft, a many of which Tom said young Master had besides the famous "Corsair", and the Accordion so gallantly achieved, on which he played such beautiful music. Tom praised it so heartily, I suspect he thought it as good as his own, to say nothing of his being sailing master in ordinary and starting the Corsair.

For a long time I had had something of this kind in contemplation. With the hints thus acquired on my return to the North-West coast of England, I set about forming a miniature model yacht club. The seaport I hailed from I knew contained plenty of vessels to make a beginning, and with a little trouble and activity I succeeded, with help, in forming (eight or ten years ago I think) a club, consisting of from 80 to 100 honorary and other members. Vessels there were more than sufficient.

The principal difficulty was to get a suitable sheet of water. This was got over through the kindness of no less a person than the present Earl of Lonsdale, who gave leave to form a pond in some of his waste grounds. Indeed his Lordship took an interest in the affair more than common, having signified his wish to have several of the models brought to the castle for his lordship's inspection. The best and most showey obtained the honour, and highly delighted the owners were when told his lordship had expressed his satisfaction and approbation on seeing so

* We should feel obliged to any Model Yacht Club member, who will favor us with the steering contrivances they have found most useful.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*

many pretty, and what most pleased him, accurate models. Not venturing however to solicit his lordship's patronage, his countenance thus far helped us on amazingly, procuring pecuniary assistance which otherwise had been hopeless. And better still, some of the company sojourning at the castle, both gentlemen and ladies fair, graced the first race day by their presence, which of course brought a good many, who except for this would have treated the affair with derision. As it was we were honoured with their patronage.

I see it is stated that all the grand improvements introduced by the celebrated American shipbuilders whether as regards build, rig, or trim, are tested first of all by small models altered and altered again and again, until the improvement is proved, and that the vessel, whatever her tonnage or trade, is then safely and surely begun and finished.

G. B. W.

METROPOLITAN YACHTING.—THE PRESENT SEASON.

UNDER the above head we began at page 141, our reports of racing in the London river, which we completed in the June number, so far as the two following matches were concerned, and which are therein duly recorded, namely:—

May 3rd.—Royal Thames Match, *vide* page 145.

May 18th.—Prince of Wales Match, *vide* page 150.

But a third match was to come off on May 31st, and on that morning we again roused up the old tar whom it delighteth us to employ as our *valet de chambre*, in preference to any gentleman in black, with white neckerchief, paws almost too delicate to handle a tin pot of shaving water, or a pair of splashed inexpressibles.

"This 'ere," said he, as he entered our room, "is the *third* time this month, Sir, you've took a ticket for fresh water sailing matches."

"Never mind that, you Old Salt." I returned, "Southend suits me now better than the South Seas."

"Beg pardon, your honor," rejoined the faithful fellow, "but —"

"O! Avast, avast, Jack," cried I interrupting him, for I knew the worn-out yarn he was about to commence. "What's the weather?"

"You won't want no sou'wester, then, this time, your honor, though you did afore, nor no tarpaulin coat, and as your not going out of sight of land, your honor won't want these 'ere things; what's the use of a 'bring-em-near' and a compass on the river, save and 'cept to adjust it at Greenhithe now and then afore going furrin."

"Now, master Jack," said I, "what I *do* want, and pretty sharp, too, is a lucifer stuck into yon grate, and a pannikin of hot water, and while that's heating fill my shower bath, and pull out my white waist-coat, etc., with the buttons of the Royal London Yacht Club thereon."

"Ah! ah! Sir," cried Jack, "do you remember that chap that kept all his buttons in silver paper, and forgot to take it off afore he went aboard the *Meteor*. Bless my old eyes how them 'ere gals aboard, and all of 'em nobs too, did laugh at him, specially when going back to Blackwall they all danced 'Pop goes the Weazle.'"

And here master Jack toddled off to his duty, and so to cut unnecessary details short, I in due time found myself at Erith, on board that self same *Meteor*, where the following were discovered ready to commence the race.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
<i>Julia</i>	8	Wm. Bain, Esq	Light blue
<i>Mischief</i>	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	Blue & White vertical str.
<i>Britannia</i>	7	G. Legg, Esq.....	White, with red cross
<i>Romp</i>	8	R. & J. Knight, Esqrs	White, with blue border
<i>Alpha</i>	10	J. R. Bayley, Esq	Blue, with white ball
<i>Kitten</i>	10	T. Harvey, Esq.....	Dark blue

THE START.

The gun was fired at 11h. 45m. when the *Britannia* was indisputably the first to cant round; she was very smart, and even got up her top-sail before all her rivals, except the *Kitten*; all six vessels standing across to the Essex shore under a spanking breeze. The *Meteor* got underway, her company took up positions according to their fancy, to watch the race, and by the time Purfleet was reached, which it was right rapidly, the order of sailing had settled into this:—*Kitten* (first,) *Romp*, *Mischief*, *Alpha*, *Britannia*, and *Julia* (last.) *Mischief* carried her top-sail, and yet stood well up to her work (her beam told,) but the *Alpha* did not set hers. On entering Long Reach the *Mischief* passed the *Romp*, and so shortly afterwards did the *Alpha*, though the *Romp* subsequently returned the compliment. Off Greenhithe pier the *Kitten* took in her top-sail, but in about ten minutes re-hoisted it when nearing Stone-ness Point. Here there was a very interesting neck and neck race between the *Romp* and the *Alpha*, the former getting ahead, and now while the *Romp* of eight tons was fairly beating the *Alpha* of ten, the steamer overtook three yachts in line ahead, and not in the race, which drew all eyes towards them, for they were formed, although accidentally, in as pretty and strict an order of sailing as if they had formed part of a "squadron of evolution." The headmost was a cutter, under the colours of the Royal Yacht Squadron; the second a schooner, bearing the "Lion Rampant" of Harwich; and the third a cutter, under the ensign and burgee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Just to windward of them were the racing yachts, and in this order we approached Broad-ness Point (Kentish shore,) where the

Kitten made her first tack, re-tacking almost immediately, and then resumed her course eastward, easily maintaining her lead. The wind was about N. W. Here Mr. Cooper's yacht, *Pearl*, R. L. Y. C., was in company, and several other yachts were reported in sight.

Off Tilbury-ness, the *Kitten* seemed to be getting still further ahead, while the next yachts astern of her were engaged in a trial of skill, which certainly proved the most interesting feature of the whole match. The *Kitten* was, as we have said, well ahead on the Essex shore, the *Romp* and the *Mischief* came next, and were close together and abreast, or nearly so, the *Romp* being the nearer to the land and to windward. *Mischief* suddenly put down her helm, hoping to shoot between *Romp* and the shore, and thus gain the weather-gage, which would have proved of greater advantage, inasmuch as she was carrying a top-sail, while the *Romp* was only under main-sail, fore-sail, and jib. But *Romp* was not to be caught napping. The skilful manoeuvre of the *Mischief* was instantaneously met, a little more luffing and both would have shot ashore, so up went their helms again, *Romp* still to windward, and *Mischief* to leeward, *Alpha* yet fourth, and without a top-sail, seemed to take new life, and certainly gained on the *Romp* and *Mischief*, which last two were still almost touching each other. Their crews might have shaken hands. We may hear repeat, perhaps, that *Kitten* and *Mischief* were both carrying top-sails; but *Romp* and *Alpha* were without. *Alpha* now managed to come up within half pistol shot of *Romp* and *Mischief*, evidently trying to get between them and the shore, and before reaching Tilbury Fort the three vessels drew into line abreast, forming, as seen from the steamer, a neck and neck race, and one that must have much pleased the crowds of Gravesenders congregated all along the Kentish shore, whose glasses we could perceive levelled at *Mischief*, *Romp* and *Alpha*. Here we saw the yacht *Wasp* at anchor, while below the town two schooner-yachts, *Sverige* and *May Fly*, were beautifully dressed in Ackers' signal flags.

At twenty-eight minutes after one P.M., we were off Mucking Light, the *Kitten* still ahead but no top-sail up. Arriving at Shell-haven, the scene was very animating, the breeze fresh with vessels of all sizes and rigs running up under top-gallant sails. When passing on to Hole-haven, the distance boat was discovered, which, owing to the number of vessels running up, had been placed rather nearer the shore than generally advisable. After the steamer had been brought to anchor, and two points ashore been brought "on" with the flag-boat, by the commodore, all eyes were directed westward for the approaching yachts, which we may as well state at once rounded in the following order.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Kitten</i>	1 58 30	<i>Alpha</i>	2 14 10
<i>Mischief</i>	1 59 00	<i>Britannia</i>	2 10 20
<i>Romp</i>	2 12 20		

The *Julia* did not make her appearance before the steamer left to return to Erith. When the *Kitten* had rounded the distance boat, she sent up her top-mast, and then succeeded in setting her top-sail before the *Mischief* had

rounded. The *Mischief* seeing this, sent a man aloft, and got her top-mast up before doubling the distance boat, and on getting round sent up her top-sail very smartly. All came down on the port-tack, and passing between the anchored steamer and the mark boat, hauled round it on the port hand. The *Mischief's* top-mast was fidded before the *Romp* got round. The *Alpha* sent up her top-mast while in the act of rounding the flag-boat; and then the steamer hove short, got her anchor, and pushed on homewards towards Erith, not waiting for *Britannia* and *Julia*. Four cutter yachts attending the match were close to the distance boat when the steamer bore up, two of these were the *Ino* and *Thought*, the latter evidently the faster of the two. Standing up the river we saw the tall *Blenheim* riding at her anchors, and "reposing on her own shadow," and met the *Britannia* (in the match) coming down; her time of rounding, given above, we timed from the paddle-box. We subjoin that of the first four.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Kitten</i>	4	0	40	<i>Alpha</i>	4	14	6
<i>Mischief</i>	4	12	20	<i>Romp</i>	4	15	0

Britannia and *Julia* were not placed. Thus the first prize went to the *Kitten* and the second to the *Mischief*.

The prizes were presented in the main cabin, with appropriate speeches from Commodore Goodson, and the day's amusement wound up by a dance on deck, apparently much to the satisfaction of the ladies.

THE SCHOONER MATCH.

This was got up by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and has unfortunately ended in a protest, and law proceedings, and much heart burning which we cannot but deplore. But, on the glorious first of June, the match came off, and on the *Meteor* steamer arriving at Gravesend the following schooner yachts were found at their moorings ready to contend for the hundred guinea plate given by the R.T.Y.C.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
<i>Vestal</i>	74	B. G. Rowles, Esq	White, with urn of fire
<i>Rosalind</i>	100	Lord A. Paget....	Blue, pierced white, red Maltese Cross
<i>May Fly</i>	100	S. M. Peto, Esq...	Blue before white
<i>Sverige</i>	280	T. Bartlett, Esq....	{ Red, white, blue, and yellow diagonal cross, and yellow border
<i>Violet</i>	60	Capt. Freestun ...	{ Blue, pierced white, with a Violet in centre
<i>Sappho</i>	102	G. P. Naylor, Esq	{ White, blue cross, and lark on red dexter canton

THE START,

Took place at 11h. 54m., the *Rosalind* from her position, and the usual luck of Jack Nichols who sailed her, he being "lent" for the occasion, (to use a man-of-war term,) was certainly the first under-way, and though she

hung on her spring a little too long, walked off with the lead handsomely. *Sappho* came next in point of smartness and position. But *Sverige* (or the *Swede* as she was generally called on board the Club steamer,) was caught by the tide, and could not get her head round till her five rivals had got well on their way rejoicing, *May Fly* gaining the honour of first setting her main-top-sail, while *Vestal* parted her fore-sheet, and then *May Fly* nearly ran foul of a brig at anchor, and would have done so had not a man sprung to the helm and broke her shear, by which the two vessels cleared. A crowd of yachts were in company, but few of them carried their top-sails at the start. The order just after the start was:—*Rosalind*, *Sappho*, *May Fly*, *Violet*, *Vestal*, and *Sverige* slowly bringing up the rear, as if there were no occasion to hurry herself about the day's work. She as yet carried no fore-top-sail, and, indeed, with the suit of sails she wore, seemed under-canvassed. Laphorn has made her a new suit, which will serve her better than did her Swedes on this occasion. Her crew all wore red shirts, and looked as fierce as buccaneers, under the command of our old friend Martin. Vice-Commodore Bartlett sailed in the *Sverige*, accompanied by Messrs. S. Lane and Short, but Lord Alfred Paget went down in the steamer. Mr. Peto was absent, on the Continent.

The *Rosalind* still continued to retain the lead, and when the steamer paddled on in chase of her, we first passed a group of yachts, among which we noticed the *Aquiline*, Rear-Commodore Cardinal, R.H.Y.C., (with his broad pendant at the fore,) then we neared the *Vestal*, which was sailing much better than ever she did at the Isle of Wight; the *Violet* was just ahead but to leeward of *Vestal*, while the *Sverige*, still last, was sending buckets aloft to wet her main-sail instead of using the usual skeet. All were on the port tack, and now *Rosalind* made a short board, and then almost immediately re-tacked, *May Fly* next to her, followed by *Sappho*. And here, while we were looking at a schooner, said to be the Marquis of Ailsa's *Caiman*, the *Sverige* and *Violet*, being then close to a brig, and near the shore, put down their helms together to get on the other tack, and were said by some to have got into collision. This led to *Violet* hoisting her ensign as a signal of protest, which was acknowledged by a gun from the *Meteor*. (See p. 214.)

All the schooners in the race were "fore-and-afters," the *May Fly*, at the time of the above incident, was close to *Sappho*, the former carrying her two top-sails, and the latter without her fore-top-sail. Then came the *Vestal*, fourth, the *Sverige*, fifth, and *Violet* last. *May Fly* was to leeward of *Sappho*, and these two made an interesting match between themselves, both being on the port tack, while *Rosalind* was more than half-a-mile a-head, having exactly her own breeze, which freshening a little, compelled *Vestal* to take in her main-top-sail, when off Mucking Light. Here *Sappho* began to show what she was made of, and sparing *May Fly* a top-sail (the fore,) beat her; but at 12h. 44m. P.M., she set that sail, and was very long about it, owing to a hitch with the tack of it; *Sappho* next set her jib top-sail, when off the Chapman Head, the order of sailing then being, *Rosalind*, *Sappho*, *May Fly*,

Vestal, and *Sverige*; the *Violet* not in sight, and said to have run back. As the breeze freshened, the *Sverige* came up fast, and long before reaching the Nore became second boat, and rapidly decreased the distance between herself and *Rosalind*. At a quarter to two, P.M., off Shoeburyness, the report of guns from the artillery ashore reached the steamer, just a-head of which was *Rosalind*, while *Sverige* was yet about a mile astern. *Rosalind* sailed much better than many (and we ourselves among the number) had given her credit for, and we fear she will never find another day so perfectly suited to her best points of sailing. At 2 o'clock the Mouse Light was in sight from the steamer, the *Rosalind* almost within pistol-shot of us, and looking very well under her two top-sails. Jack Nichols certainly steered her admirably, and her canvas does credit to whoever cut it. At a quarter after two, P.M., the steamer hove to off the Mouse,* which our nautical readers are aware, lies in $5\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, the Maplin Light bearing N.E. b. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and the Nore Light Vessel west. The Mouse must be left on the starboard hand by all vessels going down the Swin, towards Harwich.

There were four steamers hove-to off the Mouse to see the schooners round it; and the *Hinda*, a little yacht, which we have often enough seen hauled up on the beach off the Folly House, was here also in company. A revenue cutter had also been attracted to the spot, to see what was to be seen. After a little suspense on the part of the visitors,, the yachts rounded the Mouse in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Rosalind</i>	2	20	0	<i>Sappho</i>	2	40	45
<i>Sverige</i>	2	26	40	<i>May Fly</i>	2	42	0
<i>Vestal</i>	2	35	30				

The *Violet* did not make her appearance.

The wind was nearly north during the whole of the match, so that with an occasional tack the vessels could almost lay their course both up and down, and when once round, from having the wind more free on their homeward course, they made more sail and eased off their sheets, and gave the steamer no little trouble to come up with them. *Vestal* set an immense balloon-jib, and, unfortunately, carried away her jib-boom. This was the only accident that occurred on the run home till the goal was nearly reached, when the *Sverige* carried away her fore-top-mast, and after the race was over the *Rosalind* lost her jib-boom. Waiting for the vessels at the Mouse, had allowed *Sverige* and *Rosalind* to get so far ahead, that the most exciting point of the match could not be enjoyed to the full by the company assembled. When the *Sverige* and *Rosalind* were within two miles of Gravesend, the steamer began to get a good view of them again. - Glasses were levelled, and yet no one could positively declare who was ahead. The excitement on board was intense, and conversation very animated. The paddle-boxes and their connecting bridge were crowded. 'Twas a neck and neck race for some time, but the *Rosalind* had the weathergage. And now, at last, the *Sverige* drew ahead, and the chance of the *Rosalind* seemed lost, when, just

* See our chart in No. 1, Vol. 2.

after the band had been playing "Pop goes the Weasel," snap went the fore-top-mast of *Sverige*; again was there a chance for *Rosalind*; the flag-buoy was close at hand; it must be passed on the starboard hand; the two rivals stood towards it; the tillers were shifted over; *Sverige* shot between *Rosalind* and the buoy; *Rosalind* kept away, and passed under her stern to avoid a collision; and then, away went *Rosalind's* jib-boom! The gun fired; the race was over; and then Captain Freestun came on board to lodge a protest, and this threw "a damper" upon the proceedings of the day, but for which, we are sure every one would have gone away in a delirium of delight. Never was there finer weather for a match; never a more goodly company; never six smarter schooners thrown together in one contest; never a better chance of an early return to town; and, taken altogether, never such a gathering of yachts on the Thames as we saw on that occasion between Tilbury Fort and the Nore. We shall here wind up our account with the time of reaching the flag-boat at Gravesend:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Sverige.....	4	50	45	Sappho.....	5	19	10
Rosalind.....	4	51	10	May Fly.....	5	21	50
Vestal.....	5	7	15				

Thus, the whole race occupied about five hours. We regret to say that the *Queen* ran down a fishing boat, but saved the man and boy on board, for whom £5 were at once subscribed.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

The second match of the season between cutter yachts of the first and second class came off on Thursday, the 16th of June, on a course somewhat abridged, and not all the way, from Erith round a flag-boat off Southend Pier, and back to a flag-buoy off Erith. The prizes were two purses elegantly embroidered, the first containing forty sovereigns, and the second, thirty; the second yachts in, in each class, also receiving five sovereigns towards expenses, rather than as prizes.

The course and the prizes having been mentioned, let us now give the names of the six yachts that started.

First Class.

Yachts' Names.	Tons:	Owners,	Distinguishing Flags.
Phantom.....	25	S. Lane, Esq.....	White, red border
Maud.....	25	Rear-Com. Andrews...	Blue, before white
Thought.....	25	G. Coope, Esq.....	Red

Second Class.

Vampire.....	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.....	Vampire on white, red bdr
Kitten.....	11	T. Harvey, Esq.....	Blue
Pearl.....	15	J. Cooper, Esq.....	Blue, white cross

At 9h. o'clock at London bridge, and at Blackwall-pier at 10h., about

a hundred and thirty joined the steamer, not so many as we wished to to have seen, in a financial point of view; but, perhaps, quite enough for that comfort which was certainly felt throughout the day by all hands.

Let us commence our notes at Erith. There we duly arrived, in the old *Meteor*. There we espied the commodore's yacht, *Aralon*, "dressed" in all the flaunting bunting of Ackers' signal-flags;—a code no yachtsman can do without—and there we found a waving "line of beauty" in the irregular order in which the racing yachts were moored. They were in our mind anything but in "line abreast." There was, we think, an error here as there had been in the previous Thames match. In that, the *Rosalind* was out of her berth, and thereby gained the start. But let that pass. On arriving at Erith there were crowds on shore; rather more shipping at anchor than is ordinarily seen there; a schooner yacht at anchor was covered with bunting; and the edge of the bay dotted with other yachts ready to accompany the match. The *Phantom's* gig was placed at the disposal of the commodore, and Mr. S. Lane's crew certainly did honour to their owner both in their pulling and their strictly nautical costume. Vice-commodore Bartlett weighed from Erith in the *Sverige* with a large party on board, and accompanied the match, and as the *Sverige* left the bay we looked round us, and we repeat, we were glad to see an unusual number of vessels in it. Erith is at last becoming known and understood. Turning again to the inspection of the racing yachts in their confoundedly crooked line, we saw the outside yacht (on the Essex shore) shift her racing flag, hoisting as her flag for the day the R. T. Y. C. burgee, kindly lent to her by Mr. S. Lane. The outside yacht alluded to was the *Pearl*, and her flag (till this change) would have been wrong in Bonner's cards. But this arose from an accidental circumstance, over which Mr. Bonner had no control, but which with Mr. Lane's assistance he set right. Mr. Cooper, the owner of the *Pearl*, is a capital hand at signals, and therefore very particular in everything relating to flags. Before the start the pretty sloop *Cormorant*, belonging to Sir W. Bayne, was cruising in Erith Bay (and indeed was present throughout the match,) and many other yachts were also standing off and on till the start, when they made the best of their way to the eastward with the ebb tide.

Glancing at the yachts before they started, we were dissatisfied with the berth of the *Thought*. She was on the quarter of the *Phantom* and three lengths astern of her, instead of being in line abreast.

At a quarter to twelve, the gun to prepare was fired from the steamer *Meteor*. Just at this moment, we learnt from some of the supporters of the *Maud*, that Eversfield had not sent up Rear-Commodore Andrews' large canvas, a most important point with regard to the day's race, since his largest top-sail on board was but fifteen feet in the head, while Mr. Lane's, in the *Phantom*, was known to measure forty-eight feet! We may here mention that the *Maud* has more beam than the *Phantom*, and is longer on deck, but she is not so long on the keel. The *Maud* was designed by Stockwell, of London, but built by Rear-Commodore Andrews by his own

people. We expect she will yet shine at Lowestoft. Leaving these matters we must come to the start; premising that the wind was E.S.E., now light, now fresh, and now a calm. The start took place at 11h. 50m., and most decidedly the *Vampire* was off first. She was destined also to come in first at the finish, much to the astonishment of all concerned, The *Kitten* was the first to set her top-sail, the little addition to her tonnage, since the last match, having probably given her a little additional smartness. She *was* 10 tons, she *is* 11. We know Mr. Harvey, and we wish he would state how much he has lengthened the *Kitten*. Some of our new hands can't yet understand how the *Kitten* can be 10 in one match and 11 in another. They don't know how fast builders can alter a favourite craft, if necessary. The *Vampire* was the second in fairly setting her top-sail, *Maud* third, and *Pearl* fourth. This done, *Vampire* walked away with the lead, all keeping on the starboard tack, *Phantom* preserving the weathermost position. At this time, the *Kitten* promised to do a good deal in the match, but we may as well state at once, that eventually she was nowhere. Harvey has turned out many good craft, but he must not expect to win always. He won a few days ago, he lost now. The race is not always to the swift! Soon after the start, the *Vampire* was indisputably first, the *Kitten* second, the *Pearl* third, the *Thought* fourth; and then, when it became necessary to tack, the *Kitten* and *Vampire* went about together, the *Vampire* being at the moment a little ahead, and to windward of her opponent. *Maud*, *Phantom*, and *Thought*, on the starboard tack, were now sailing in the order named, while ahead of them were *Vampire*, *Kitten*, and *Pearl*; and then *Phantom*, catching a breeze off the land, overhauled *Maud*, while *Vampire* still and unexpectedly kept ahead of all. Off Purfleet Pier the *Phantom* passed *Maud*, and overhauled *Kitten*, and then the *Maud* passed to windward of *Pearl*. And here the *Sophia* yacht was fallen in with, which, off Purfleet, shifted her jib very smartly. Vice-Commodore Bartlett, in the *Sverige*, was here also in company, on the port tack, just ahead of *Vampire* on the same tack; the other five racers being on the starboard tack, and standing in to the Essex shore. The *Tiger*, a small revenue cutter, say thirty tons, was here also spoken. Now, the *Phantom* and *Kitten* tacked together, and though perhaps out of place, let us at once say that Captain Luke, (late of the *Emerald*), was during the match very careful not to run the *Meteor* in the way of the racing yachts, in which he was altogether successful, notwithstanding the difficulties which a crowded river brought upon him. Near the *Meteor* were Sir W. Bayne's beautiful sloop-yacht *Cormorant*, (10 tons,) with many others. She never, indeed, in one instance, hampered "the racing six," through which, however, we saw the *Soho* steamer, from Havre, pass, followed by one of Green's ships in tow, the *Anglesea*, which afterwards brought up off Purfleet. Let us now pass on to Greenhithe, where the *Maud* and *Pearl* were the last two, each alternately beating the other, as tack and tack, they worked down the river; but just below Greenhithe the breeze freshened a little, and here the *Pearl* was last, just ahead of her the *Maud*, and then—the steamer pushing ahead—we passed in succession *Kitten*, *Thought*, *Vampire*, and *Phantom*, which last

had taken the lead off the late Alderman Harmer's, (and where the burgees of the yachts at anchor were yet half-mast;) but she and the second and third boats were not a hundred yards apart. The *Thought* next began to overhaul *Vampire*. The *Pearl* was far astern and inshore, but she brought up a breeze; while the *Kitten*, not far from her, was actually becalmed. And so in a short time was the *Vampire*, and then *Thought* caught a puff, and was passing her and overhauling *Phantom*, not a cable's length ahead of her. *Pearl* still carried the breeze on the Kentish shore, coming up fast, followed by *Maud*. And now the *Thought* passed the *Phantom* and led, and her supporters were in high spirits. *Vampire*, by skilful manœuvring, tried to get between *Thought* and *Phantom*—one of the prettiest incidents in the whole match—and all this ended in *Phantom* falling for a time into the position of third boat. Off Fiddler's Point the first five were close together—*Vampire*, *Thought*, *Phantom*, *Pearl*, and *Maud*, while *Kitten* was nowhere—half-a-mile astern. Thus we went on till one o'clock. Arriving off Gray's, all the racing yachts eased off their sheets, and at that moment the *Kitten*, that had been so long becalmed and got so far astern, brought up a breeze, passed the *Pearl* off Northfleet; and *Phantom* also passed *Vampire*, going through her lee; and then, after some little time, close-hauled was again the order of the day, and *Phantom*, *Thought*, and *Vampire* were seen all heading to the Kentish shore. The *Thought* was soon seen to be preparing to shift jibs, when *Phantom* made a very judicious short board, and immediately re-tacked; and now, looking down towards the shipping moored below Gravesend, their colours were seen to be well blowing out, and hopes of a breeze were raised on board the *Meteor*. Off Rosherville, *Thought* was ahead, *Phantom* second, and *Vampire* third; while *Maud*, *Kitten*, and *Pearl* made a second division astern. Arriving at Gravesend, the *Rosalind* and *Vestal* schooners were seen at anchor, as well as a cutter under the colours of the R.V.Y.C. Below Gravesend, the *Thought* was still leading, the *Phantom* but just astern of her, and *Vampire* third. Having cleared Gravesend, there was a general rush to dinner, and nothing particular occurred till the competitors had beat down to Mucking Light, where *Phantom*, *Thought*, and *Vampire* were still close together. Here the *Thought* was in our opinion very badly sailed, so much so that she dropped into the third place, and so afterwards remained till the close of the race. *Phantom* and *Vampire* both out-manœuvred her, and the greatest interest was excited on board the steamer in watching the tacking and retacking of these three yachts, passing as they frequently did so close to each other that biscuits might have been pitched on board from one to the other two. Off Coal House Point, *Phantom* and *Thought* had set larger jibs, and *Vampire* had set a larger top-sail. By 2h. 35m., the *Phantom* had decidedly become the headmost boat, *Vampire* pretty close to her, while *Thought* hugged the Essex shore too closely, and threw away her chance.

The *Vampire* had her main-sail laced to the boom, Yankee fashion, and carried a tremendous top-sail; but the *Phantom* was still leading and not yet to be caught. When below Mucking Light a fleet of fishing boats was

running up in line ahead, while *Phantom* was standing over to the Essex shore on the starboard-tack, and she now had the greatest difficulty, altho' necessary, to break the line; but passing cleverly between the second and third vessels, and even then having to keep away (although close-hauled on the starboard-tack) to avoid a collision, she got into clear water; and then on the fleet passing well away, the order was seen to be—*Phantom*, *Vampire*, and *Thought*. It was now found that the tide was about to make, and the steamer instead of going the usual course was brought up short of Southend: just as H. M. the King of Hanover arrived off that place in the *Black Eagle* steamer. Half way between Holy Haven and the Chapman Head, the King of Hanover directed the *Black Eagle* to be hove to that the suite on board might witness the racing yachts of the Royal London Yacht Club round the *Meteor*, from which vessel His Majesty was loudly cheered, the band playing the National Anthem, on hearing which all on board the *Black Eagle*, as well as in the *Meteor*, uncovered. The yachts rounded the *Meteor* as follows

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	3	45	4	Thought.....	3	53	26
<i>Vampire</i>	3	47	46	Maud.....	4	18	15

The *Pearl* and *Kitten* were not timed, and the *Meteor* now made the best of her way back to Erith, where the *May Fly* schooner was found dressed in signal-flags, surrounded by many other yachts at anchor and under-way. The run home finished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Vampire</i> (second prize).....	6	41	55	Thought.....	6	49	10
<i>Phantom</i> (first prize).....	6	42	0				

The *Phantom* broke the jaws of her gaff, and her main-sail came down by the run, which accounts for the *Vampire* getting in ahead of her; but, nevertheless, the close of the match was one of the prettiest we ever witnessed. The flag-buoy, well in towards Erith town, was to be passed on the starboard hand; the tide was flowing, the wind E.S.E., and it became necessary for the yachts to haul their wind to go round. The *Vampire* continued too far to the westward before she hove in stays, and then standing towards the buoy almost drifted on it, the tide setting up strong, and here before she could re-tack, the *Phantom*, better judging her distance, passed between her and the buoy; so that, although the *Vampire* actually came in first, she did so only by five seconds! Tremendous cheering greeted this finale, and then the prizes were presented in due form.

MEETING OF THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—PROTEST.

A special meeting of the members of this distinguished club was held on Wednesday, June the 15th, at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden.

Lord Alfred Paget took the chair, and stated the circumstances which had given rise to their being there that evening. He had called the meeting he said, with a view of suggesting whether certain alterations might not be

advantageously made respecting the matches of the club appointed for the 30th June. In consequence of the extreme speed of the *Mosquito* and *Volante*, to say nothing of the *Phantom*, it was much to be apprehended that there would be a dearth of entries for the match to which he had adverted, and he therefore solicited the exercise of their judgment to devise some mode to obviate it. It had been intimated to him that it might possibly lead to increased support if they made a change in the prizes themselves, and the mode of giving them. He wished very much to have the opinion of the club on this subject, and invited them to go into details; it might be that the club would concur in the suggestion of giving four or five prizes in money this time, making it as it were a sort of handicap, and thus leaving it open to all sizes of craft, with a fair prospect of some chance of success. He left the matter entirely to their discretion, but considered it as well to communicate to them that £60, £40, £30, £20, and £10, had been suggested with the usual time allowance for the first and second class. With respect to the third class, it was a general opinion that it would be better to leave them to themselves in order that their distance might be shortened, to let them come in at nearly the same time as the larger craft. The only thing he was desirous of achieving in the matter was such a mode of proceeding as would gratify the public by the production of good sport.

After some conversation, it was determined, upon the motion of Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, in which all the club joined, that the following resolutions be passed.

That £200 be given to be sailed for on the 30th June in Prizes as follows. The course from Erith round the Nore.—

For Yachts above 15 tons	1st Prize.....	£60
“ “	2nd “	40
“ “	3rd “	30
“ “	4th “	20
“ “	5th “	10
For Yachts under 15 tons	1st “	30
“ “	2nd “	10

Should only eight yachts start in the 1st class, the 5th prize will not be given.

Should only six yachts start in the 1st class, the 4th and 5th prizes will not be given.

Should only four yachts start in the 1st class, the 3rd, 4th, and 5th, prizes will not be given.

Should only two yachts start in the 1st class, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th, prizes will not be given.

Should only two yachts start in the 2nd class, the 2nd prize will not be given.

Time will be allowed for tonnage, and vessels above 50 tons, be rated as 50.

The object of the meeting having been thus accomplished, Lord Alfred Paget left the chair, when some of the gentlemen present wished to know whether the sailing committee had determined upon the disputed schooner race, and if so, whether there was any objection to declaring as much.

Mr. R. S. Wilkinson, as one of the sailing committee, repudiated the notion

of keeping the matter secret for a moment, and thought it a duty to the public to put them in possession of the result as early as possible.

Mr. Aldridge, the secretary, then read the report as follows:—

“The sailing committee having met to consider the protest of Captain Freestun against Mr. Bartlett for foul sailing in the match sailed 1st June, resolved—

“That Messrs. Smart and Short, as witnesses in the matter, are incompetent to be present; and that it is desirable that Messrs. Lee and Stokes, who were on board the *Rosalind*, should abstain from taking any part in the proceedings.

“Upon which all those gentlemen retired.

“The protest of Capt. Freestun having been read, and that gentleman and Mr. Smart having given their testimony in support thereof, Mr. Bartlett was called, and, having given his evidence, he handed in a written statement, containing a variety of allegations, the most important of which was that the *Violet* had been let for hire, and consequently, had ceased to belong to the club. The following witnesses were called by Mr. Bartlett:—

Mr. Richard Short	} Of the Club.
Mr. Josiah Crockford	
George Martin, the master in charge of the <i>Sverige</i>	
Mr. Lewis, a Trinity pilot	} Both friends of Mr. Bartlett
Mr. Fradgely	

All parties on board the *Sverige* during the race.

“The committee also availed themselves of the independent testimony of Mr. W. Hogarth, a member of this club, James Oakley, master of his yacht, *Snawflek*, which vessel was in the immediate vicinity at the time the collision occurred. Captain I. L. Ives, also a member of this club; and Mr. W. Ansell, the master of the *Phœnix* yacht, the latter especially directed to look out by the Vice-commodore who was judge of the day, for any casualties that might occur.

“As regards the protest of Mr. Bartlett, that the *Violet* had ceased to belong to the club, the committee have the positive assurance of Captain Freestun, that that vessel has never been let since she was his property; and the subsequent admission of Mr. Bartlett that he had no knowledge of her being let since that period, the committee decide that the protest of Captain Freestun is well founded, and that the *Sverige* by violating the sailing regulations of the club, has forfeited her claim to the prize, which consequently, will have to be awarded to the *Rosalind*, the next vessel arriving first at the goal.”

The following letters have passed between T. Bartlett, Esq., and Lord Alfred Paget.

Holly Hill, Erith, 14th June, 1853.

MY LORD:—I regret, and I am sure your lordship will equally so, to find that there is so much contradictory evidence before the Sailing Committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, with reference to my claim to the cup, sailed

for on the first of the present month. Whichever way their determination may be, it will be attended with unpleasant feelings, not only in the minds of a great many in this club, but also in those of other clubs, who may hear of the circumstances.

It is my wish, on all occasions, not only to prevent the existence of such feelings, but, as far as in my power lies, to promote the best feelings; and with this view I propose that your lordship and I should not call on the committee to decide between us, but sail the match over again any time after the first of July next, on any day appointed by your lordship, so that the day do not interfere with the Brighton Regatta.

I beg to say I have sent a copy of this letter to the chairman of the committee, and requested him to lay it before the committee, to delay their decision until I hear from your lordship, whether you accept or reject my offer.

I am, &c.,

THOMAS BARTLETT.

To Lord Alfred Paget, Commodore, R.T.Y.C.

18, *Berkeley Square*, 15th June, 1853.

DEAR SIR.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, which I duly received at three o'clock this morning on my return from the House of Commons, or you would have received an answer sooner.

I confess that I am much surprised at your proposal, as I am not aware there is any matter of dispute between us, nor can I conceive for a moment that it would be either in the power of the Sailing Committee or ourselves to enter into a compromise such as you proposed; for the public at large, who take an interest in these matters, and make their bets from £100 down to the *pot of beer*, have a just right to expect that the matter should be settled on its merits properly and legally. I have had nothing whatever to do with the protest, and have studiously avoided attending the Sailing Committee.

Our yachts sailed in the match, and your vessel came in first by her length. It was alleged that you fouled another yacht in the race, and broke the laws of the club. A committee of honourable gentlemen, annually appointed for such purposes, have had the matter referred to them, and what their decision may be I know not, but if it is proved against you, you will deservedly lose the race; if not, it will be given in your favour; but I am decidedly of opinion that it would not appear to the public either very creditable to the club or ourselves, that any compromise should take place, and pending the decision on the question, with which I really have nothing to do, I think it will hardly be correct to be challenging one another.

I am, &c.,

A. PAGET.

To Thomas Bartlett, Esq., Holly Hill, Erith.

The last night of entry for the matches on the 30th Junc, was Tuesday the 21st of that month, when the following nine yachts were entered.

First and Second Classes.—Exceeding 15 tons.

No.	Yachts Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Disguishing Flag.
1	Phantom	25	S. Lane, Esq.....	White, red border
2	Mosquito..	50	Lord Londesborough..	} Blue, pierced White, Red Maltese Cross
3	Margaret.....	265	J. Mann, Esq.....	
4	Tartar.....	39	W. H. Dawes, Esq.....	Blue, silver pheasant
5	Fleur de Lis.....	35	H. W. Birch, Esq.....	Blue, three Fleur de Lis
6	Volante.....	48	J. L. Craigie, Esq	White

Third Class:—15 tons and under.

1	Kitten.....	10	T. Harvey, Esq.....	White, blue cross
2	Vesper.....	15	P. Roberts, Esq.....	Red
3	Vampire.....	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.....	White, red border, bat centre

LITERATURE AND ART.

UNIVERSAL YACHT SIGNALS.—By George Holland Ackers, Esq., Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.—Hunt, 6, New Church Street, West, Edgware Road, London.—Second Edition.

In again noticing the Signal Code, it must be borne in mind that we are continually applied to for information thereon, by the new members of yacht clubs, who, while they express their anxiety to master its details, modestly admit in very many instances that they “don't know anything about telegraphing,” that they “don't know exactly where to look for particular signals,” and that “they can't even learn the flags by heart.” Such are some of the sentences contained in letters we have received; and we now wish it to be fully understood that in calling attention to the code, again and again, we are not vain enough to imagine old hands can require our advice, but we believe that new ones may and do; and therefore remembering the hundreds who are now pouring into our clubs, let us add if an occasional notice in our Magazine, but tends to draw their immediate attention to a code they might otherwise have delayed to study, we are sure they will themselves have no cause for regret, and their respective clubs will hail them as acquisitions afloat and not as mere additions to the mess-tables ashore.

There are several points connected with the present season of 1853, that almost necessitate the immediate study of signals. We are to have a Squadron of Evolution, started by a commodore of great popularity; we are likely to fall in with more men-of-war than ever, all of whom are provided by the government with Ackers' Code; we are to have a schooner match from the Isle of Wight round the Eddystone, which will occasion a great muster of yachts and consequently a good deal of “talking with ten numerals;” and then at Brighton how are we to get on without recourse to bunting?

But passing over these points, each of which is a good text, let us confine ourselves to the Squadron of Evolution. And let us suppose it will rendezvous at Erith. The use of signals will at once be apparent. The commodore will be at the rendezvous. All commodores are, or should be. Seeing what signals might be used on such an occasion is perhaps the best way for a tyro to turn proper attention to telegraphing.

Having taken up his berth the commodore will keep a look-out for his expected squadron, which will drop in one by one. On sighting his flag each will hoist his number by the club list, not by Acker's Code, or *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*. This will be a special occasion. When the first yacht joins, it will, after its number is acknowledged, be telegraphed where to anchor. Some of the following signals may then be used,

- 14. Anchor as most convenient.
- 862. Anchor, and keep sail up ready to way.
- 8970. Steady with a kedge.
- 32. Veer away cable.
- 4106. Commodore wishes to see you.
- 2168. Come immediately on board.

When a fleet is assimilated as some are to a fleet of men-of-war at anchor, one becomes a guard yacht and keeps 7546 flying, if no flag and pendant have been adopted (as they ought) by the club. The guard yacht communicates all that transpires to the commodore, for twenty-four hours, when she is relieved, and another vessel takes her place for the next twenty-four hours. All this is good training for the crews as well as the members. The guard yacht rows guard every hour at night, speaks every yacht that arrives, and reports her to the commodore by signal as soon as daylight enables signals to be seen, and also makes a further and full report at 8 A.M. on being relieved.

When a sufficient quantity of yachts is assembled the commodore exercises them, still at anchor, and by signal, in loosing sails, furling sails, sending up and striking topmasts, hoisting in and out boats, etc. and in telegraphing. With regard to telegraphing the following is a sentence which our new members may unravel by turning to the code.

5986—6195—6108—9756

A. 6798—5419—8092—5692

Now all these signals are made merely by the ten numeral flags except one, which one requires the affirmative flag hoisted over numerals, and which flag in "notation" or "the writing down of signals" we simply set down on the board or slate by an A. for brevity's sake. Thus; A. 6798.

When all the yachts have assembled the following is a very usual signal the night before getting under way. A. 827. Get everything on board over night and be ready to start in the morning.

When such a signal is hoisted by the commodore, without the number of any particular yacht, the signal is then intended for each and every yacht in company. And then again for the general purposes of the cruise the commodore generally calls "all owners" on board his flag yacht by the signal 15.

When a commodore can assemble even six yachts besides his own he will find exercise enough for his talents in evolutions. The whole five orders of sailing, *sec. Macdonald*, can with six be easily performed and practised till perfection be attained.

Three of these yachts form the *Van* division. The three others form the *Rear* division.

The *Van* always becomes the weather, and the rear becomes the lee, when the squadron is formed in two parallel columns, instead of one column.

To avoid the necessity for a repeating yacht, the commodore keeps away from his fleet, so that all may read his own signals, and not wait for their being repeated.

Before getting under way for a day's manœuvre, the commodore has of course "told off," as a soldier would say, his fleet into even numbers and odd numbers, the even forming according to a plan we have seen practised, the port column, and the odd the starboard column, thus, the commodore leading in the centre—

COMMODORE.		
Dewdrop	2	0
Janissary	4	1 Dace
Myrrha	6	3 Buccaneer
		5 Dogfish

But when formed in one line, the numbers would *not* run 1, 3, 5, 2, 4, 6; but 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Circumstances alter cases.

When two flag-officers are present the commodore leads one column, and the junior officer the other, and then sometimes a vessel is placed in the post occupied in the plan above by the commodore, chiefly to repeat his signals. All these points are for the senior officer alone to consider.

When vessels are thus set down in the commodore's order book, in a "prescribed order of sailing," (which may be either in one or two columns) their owners know exactly what post to take up the instant such a signal is made as—

162. Form Squadron.

But generally speaking it is better to make the exact signal of the order of sailing required (see signals 90 to 109 in Acker's Code) as follows:—

90. Form one line astern the commodore.

49. Follow commodore's motions in succession.

A simple manœuvre or two, or a mere signal, is easily selected, anything does for practice at first. For instance:—

87. Sternmost yacht to tack or wear, and the squadron to follow his motions.

47. Disregard commodore's motions.

150. Keep under easy sail.

62. Preserve your distance.

A. 4298. You are out of your station.

120. Keep your line.

53. Alter course to starboard in succession.

29. Bring to in succession on starboard tack, sternmost first.

- 8106. Hoist in boats.
- 209. Fill and make sail.
- 58. Return to former course.
- 190. Tack in succession after leading yacht.
- 195. Rear Division to tack.
- 42. Hoist your colours.

And sometimes a yacht is sent ahead of the fleet to report strange sail heaving in sight; a change of weather; or to telegraph anything which will serve to "teach the art and mystery" of signals.

- A. 3745. Several vessels in sight.
- 7034. English frigate.
- A. 4360. Steam-tug.
- A. 3097. Foreign schooner.
- 6713. Cannot make out her flag.
- 5893. An emigrant ship.
- 4056. Cannot distinguish her colours.
- A. 379. Not near enough.

When the fleet is in two columns it can be re-formed in one, by merely one signal.

- 103. Form one line on starboard column.
- 104. Form one line on port column.
- 148. Shorten sail.
- 14. Anchor as most convenient.
- 5238. Let ship's company have their dinner.
- 1280. I am going ashore and will give you a passage.
- 2306. Will you come in my boat.

In this rambling sketch we have not attempted more than the mere jotting down of a few miscellaneous signals from the code, which being thus thrown together possibly may furnish a few hints to the tyro he might altogether miss in simply turning over a printed *alphabetical* arrangement. A system of signals, even as the mere moves of chess, may be understood in ten minutes,—no great task on a man's time; but, believe us, in either case ten years practice will not be too much to make a rapid and yet sure player. A signal-man, whether officer or yeoman, should recognize a flag as rapidly and as instantaneously as a letter of the alphabet, till that first step be accomplished he's not worth his salt. He must also know whether the same sentences appear more than once, so as to use when that be the case, the better or the best signal. The best signal may be so, either because it contains four flags instead of five, or three instead of four, or flags in the one case more distinct than in the other. For instance, we have five flags in

- A. 2936. Keep under easy sail.

But the same may be conveyed by hoisting three, or

- 150. Keep under easy sail.

Here the good signal-man saves hoisting two flags.—Countless similar instances could be shown in most codes. These "doubles" ought to be avoided by the editors of codes, they might be so easily, and not bring so a

signal number is thrown away and lost, and hence arises *pro tanto*, the necessity for more sections and sectional distinguishing flags.

Reverting to manœuvres, we should advise that all clubs which contemplate "squadrons of evolution," should get up some "evolution cards," and exercise from them as from a text, instead of (at first,) leaving all the labour on the Commodore of the day. But this is a subject to which we may yet pay more careful attention in the *Yachting Magazine*. How few yachtsmen have read Macdonald or Biddlecomb! How few have heard of the five orders of sailing, the order of convoy, and the order of retreat! How few have studied the first naval signals and instructions of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of York and of James; but they *will* do so before 1858 has passed away, although the Plymouth Yacht Club is as yet perhaps the only club that possesses a copy of Macdonald. At all events we have never seen Macdonald at any other division. And as for signals, Harwich is the best provided club-house without a doubt; it even possesses "The Acadian Telegraph."

Space here warns us to come to an anchor. We shall do so, and with one observation.—An extra pendant is certainly required in each club: "lengthen the club-burgee to a pendant," ('tis but one new flag,) and that difficulty vanishes.

WEST HARTLEPOOL REGATTA.

THIS regatta, in commemoration of the opening of the west harbour and docks, (June the 1st, 1847,) was held on Tuesday, June the 21st, and attracted a large concourse of spectators. Cheap trains were run from Leeds, Scarbro', Hull, Stockton, Darlington, Durham, Sunderland, and other towns. The weather being very fine the sports were much enjoyed by the assembled thousands. The following is an account of the racing:—

A Sailing Match for Yachts, not exceeding fifteen tons, first yacht, £15; second yacht, £5; to be handicapped at the rate of one minute per ton. Half-minutes allowed for half-tons.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
<i>Wave</i>	cutter	8	R. H. Phillipson, Esq.
<i>Velox</i>	schnr.	11	Holmes & Brown, Esqrs.
<i>Forest Queen</i>	schnr.	4	R. Curry, Esq.
<i>Alarm</i>	lugger	10	J. Meldrum, Esq.
<i>Comet</i>	latteen	4½	T. D. Richardson, Esq.
<i>Glance</i>	cutter	7	W. Wilkinson, Esq.

The *Wave* won the first, and the *Velox* second prizes.

The large boats were the favourites for this race. The *Meluncthon*, a very fine new boat, built after the model of the *America*, was unfortunately prevented from starting, owing to some of her rigging giving way at the eleventh hour.

A Sailing Match for Yachts, not exceeding ten tons, first yacht, £12; second £3. Handicapped same as first race.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
<i>Forest Queen</i>	schnr.	4	R. Curry, Esq.
<i>Alarm</i>	lugger	10	J. Meldrum, Esq.
<i>Nugget</i>	cutter	3	R. H. Gill, Esq.
<i>Speedwell</i>	cutter	3	W. Craggs, Esq.
<i>Comet</i>	latteen	4½	T. D. Richardson, Esq.
<i>Glance</i>	cutter	8	W. Wilkinson, Esq.

The *Forest Queen* won the first, and the *Alarm* the second prize.

The *Forest Queen* took the lead and kept it, dancing merrily over the waves, astonishing every one by keeping the lead in spite of the lugger boats. The second money for this race is disputed; the *Alarm* having started at the sixth instead of the seventh gun, it is therefore claimed by the *Nugget*.

A Sailing Match for Yachts, not exceeding five tons, first yacht, £8, second, £2. Handicapped same as first race.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
<i>Secret</i>	cutter	4½	M. Coverdale, Esq.
<i>Pioneer</i>	latteen	8½	T. Barrett, Esq.
<i>Nugget</i>	cutter	3	R. H. Gill, Esq.
<i>Speedwell</i>	cutter	3	W. Craggs, Esq.
<i>Violet</i>	cutter	3	J. Smith, Esq.
<i>Forest Queen</i>	schnr.	4	R. Curry, Esq.
<i>Comet</i>	latteen	4½	T. D. Richardson, Esq.

The *Secret* won the first, and the *Pioneer* the second prize.

'This race altho' for small yachts, was very interesting. They kept beautifully together, the *Secret* showing her old prowess in going to windward, she finally weathered them all, coming in a winner by two minutes. The four-and-a-half ton lugger yacht, the *Aspirant*, of Stockton, which was entered for this race, in being towed over the 'Tees bar was lost.

After the sports a large number of gentlemen dined together at Mr. Baxter's; Ship Hotel; Mr. J. C. Wishart, Commodore, occupied the chair, and Mr. W. Ramsey, the vice-chair. During the evening the prizes were awarded, and after the usual loyal and other toasts had been given, including "Success to the West Hartlepool Regatta," the company separated.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA, 1853.

At Greenock, Thursday, 7th July.—First prize, cup, value Fifty Sovereigns, presented by the inhabitants of Greenock. Open to yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs of thirty tons and upwards. A time race; to start at eleven o'clock; entrance 10s. 6d.

Second prize, a purse of thirty sovereigns. Open to yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs. Time race; to start at half-past eleven o'clock, entrance 10s. 6d.

Friday, 8th July.—First prize, a purse of twenty-five sovereigns. Open to yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs of twenty tons and upwards. Time race; to start at 11 o'clock, entrance 10s. 6d.

Second prize, a piece of plate, value twenty sovereigns. Open to yachts of

Royal Yacht Clubs not exceeding twenty tons. Time race, to start at half-past eleven o'clock, entrance 10s. 6d.

SAILING REGULATIONS.

1st.—That cutters shall carry four sails only, viz. main-sail, fore-sail, jib, and gaff-top-sail; yawls, same sails, with the addition of the mizen; luggers, three lugs, jib, and main-top-sail; schooners, main-sail, fore-sail, fore-stay-sail, jib, main gaff-top-sail, fore-top-sail, and fore-top-gallant-sail; all other rigs in proportion. No booming out allowed—that is, no boom to be rigged to a sail not usually carrying a boom; guys, however, may be used.

2nd.—That no yacht shall be allowed to put out or take in ballast, or anchors, cables, or other articles usually on board, for twenty-four hours previous to starting, or during a race; and all spars, sails, boats, &c., shall be *bona fide* those belonging to the Vessel.

3rd.—That no yacht be permitted to anchor during a race; but on running ashore may use any means by hands, anchors, and boats actually on board, to get her off, afterwards weighing anchor and hoisting up or taking the boat in tow; but upon receiving assistance from any other men, vessels, boats, or anchors shall forfeit all claim to the prize.

4th.—That no yacht be allowed to wet her sails after starting, nor to carry any tarred, barked, or painted sails; or to use any oars or sculls, or any instrument for sounding but the hand-lead.

5th.—That each yacht must go fairly round the course; and in the event of not going fairly round, or touching any boat, buoy, or flag, used to mark out the course, or running foul of another yacht wrongfully, will forfeit all claim to the prize.

6th.—That yachts on the larboard tack must invariably give way for those on the starboard; and in all cases where a doubt shall exist of the possibility of the yacht on the larboard tack weathering the one on the starboard, the yacht on the larboard tack shall give way, or, if the other keeps her course and runs into her, the owner of the yacht on the larboard tack shall be compelled to pay all damages that may occur, and forfeit all claim to the prize.

7th.—That yachts going free, must invariably give way for those by the wind on either tack.

8th.—That any yacht coming up with another, must, in passing, go clear of the vessel a-head, which, however, must keep a steady course.

9th.—That when two yachts (by the wind) are approaching the shore, or a vessel, together, and so close to each other that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the weathermost, and by standing farther on would be in danger of running on shore, or foul of the vessel, such weathermost yacht, on being requested to put about, is immediately to comply, and will forfeit all claim by not doing so. The leewardmost vessel must, however, in this case, tack at same time with the one she hails.

10th.—That yachts not exceeding fifteen tons, shall carry a boat not less than eight feet long and three feet six inches broad; yachts exceeding fifteen and not exceeding twenty tons, one not less than ten feet long and four feet broad, all of proportionable depth, and which must not be stowed below deck.

11th.—That each yacht must carry her distinguishing flag at the main-top-mast head, which is to be hauled down when she gives up the race.

12th.—That there shall either be a member or honorary member of a Royal Yacht Club on board each yacht sailing for a prize; but no gentleman whose own yacht is competing shall sail another person's vessel in the same race; and no person shall be allowed to leave or join a yacht during a race.

13th.—That the number of men on board yachts sailing for a prize shall not exceed *three* in yachts under fourteen tons; *four* in yachts from fourteen to twenty tons; *five* from twenty to thirty tons; *six* from thirty to forty tons; and *one* man for every six tons O.M. in yachts above forty tons, exclusive of the member sailing the vessel and one friend; and in all cases, except under peculiar circumstances, to be judged of by the committee, the ordinary crew of the vessel shall form part, or the whole of said number.

14th.—Should any flag-boat be removed from its original position, either by

accident or design, the race to be sailed over again unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of the committee, that the winning vessel went the whole course.

THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of this club, consisting of two races, the first being over the usual yacht course, and the second around the light ship, came off on Thursday and Friday, June the 2nd and 3rd, 1853. The steamer *Hero*, provided for the exclusive use of the members and their ladies, started from the foot of Canal Street, at 10h. 30m., with a large and brilliant company on board, and proceeded to the Elysian Fields, where the boats were assembled, in readiness for the start.

- The yachts were, according to the rules of the club, arranged as follows:—
- First class, over 50 tons.—*Una*, sloop, and *Cornelia*, schooner.
 - Second class, over 25 tons.—*Sport*, sloop, *Undine*, sloop, *Sibyl*, schooner, and *Spray*, schooner.
 - Third class, under 25 tons.—*Alpha*, sloop, and *Ariel*, schooner.

The weather, which at first threatened to be rainy, with an easterly wind, cleared up about 10h. 30m., and a slight breeze came out from the southward. At 11 o'clock the first boat (*Alpha*) got the wind, followed by the others in regular succession, according to their tonnage, and at 11h. 20m. they were all under way, and after rounding the mark boat at the South-West Spit arrived at the goal in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Undine.....	5	11	30	Cornelia.....	5	41	30
Alpha.....	5	12	0	Sibyl.....	5	55	10
Una.....	5	13	30	Spray.....	5	57	15
Sport.....	5	41	30				

Thus the prize of the first class was won by the *Una*, beating the *Cornelia* 28 minutes; the prize of the second class was won by the *Undine*, beating her nearest competitor 16m. 15s.; and the third class by the *Alpha*, her competitor the *Ariel*, being nowhere.

The second day's race was from the Robin's Reef Light House, round the South-West Spit, thence around the Light Ship, returning home over the same course. The following boats started at about half-past eleven o'clock *Alpha*, *Sport*, *Una*, and *Cornelia*; but the breeze having died away, it was agreed to sail the match on the following day when the *Una* again became victorious.

THE TRUANT.—A good little yacht, a good likeness, a good picture—buy it! Drawn by S. Walters, of 97, Bold Street, Liverpool; lithographed by T. G. Dutton; and worked off by Day and Son, lithographers to the Queen. The *Truant* comes out altogether in first-rate company and style, and does honour not only to the above gentlemen, but to Mr. Fish, her New York builder, Mr. Grinnell and Mr. N. Jackson, her owners, (she has just changed hands,) and also to the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club. Buy the print say we to all yachtsmen; it will bear being framed and glazed, and being hung up in a conspicuous position.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

July 5th and 6th.—Great Yarmouth Roads Regatta.

- “ 7th and 8th.—Regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, at Greenock.
- “ 9th.—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- “ 12th.—Regatta at Lowestoft, Suffolk.
- “ 15th.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club from Blackwall to Gravesend and back for three prizes of £15, £10, £5.
- “ 16th.—Regatta of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club.
- “ 18th.—Grand Challenge Cup Sailing match, of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, for a Prize of £100, open to all Royal Yacht Clubs, for vessels of 8 tons and upwards.
- “ 19th.—Her Majesty's Plate, (£100), to be sailed for by the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. Open to all Royal Clubs.
- “ 20th.—Regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club, at Plymouth.
- “ 21st.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta at Whitby.
- “ 21st, 22nd and 23rd.—Subscription Regatta at Brighton.
- “ 22nd.—Regatta at Millbrook, Cornwall!
- “ 25th.—Regatta at Teignmouth, Devon.
- “ 25th.—Prince of Wales Model Yacht Club match on the Serpentine.
- “ 26th and 27th.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta on the Humber.
- “ 26th.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta in Dublin Bay.
- “ 28th.—Torbay Royal Regatta

August 2nd.—Bridport Regatta for a cup value £25, for yachts.

- “ 3rd.—Lyme Regis Regatta.
- “ 3rd.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.
- “ 6th.—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- “ 8th and 9th.—Regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.
- “ 10th.—Proposed Schooner match from Ryde, for yachts of all nations.
- “ 11th and 12th.—Regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club in Southampton Water.
- “ 15th.—Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.
- “ 16th and 17th.—Regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, at Valentia. [Postponed through death of Commodore.]
- “ 18th.—Royal Yacht Squadron match, for Prince Albert's Cup.
- “ 19th.—Royal Yacht Squadron Cup match, open to Squadron yachts and foreign yachts.
- “ 27th.—First Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- “ 29th.—Prince of Wales Club, Treasurer's prize of a Silver Cup.
- “ 31st.—Chester Regatta on the Dee.

September 10th.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match.

October 13th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, open to the Yachts of English Clubs also.

. Secretaries are requested to communicate any omitted fixtures, for the August number of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

Several communications unavoidably stand over until our next.

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$\{W = \{w_1, w_2, \dots, w_n\} \mid w_i \in V^*, i=1,2,\dots,n\}$

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1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1853.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTS AND YACHTING.

BY A MEMBER OF A ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

CHAPTER IV.

**BALLAST—LOW STOWAGE OF IRON, LEAD, WATER, &c,—SHIFTING BALLAST—
SHOT BAGS.**

HAVING now completed our vessel, we shall suppose her launched and fairly afloat. Our next task must be to ballast her, and in doing so, we must endeavour to get a material for this purpose, of sufficient weight to stow in little compass, as room is of the utmost importance in yachts generally, and in twenty-five tonners in particular. On this principle the best ballast that could be found would be platina or gold, and if the Australian diggings continue as prolific as they have been, for some years to come, I do not despair of having a cutter with a golden keel, only I much fear when that time comes we poor fundholders will not have much, of whatever may pass current as cash in those days, to build clippers withal. Though sadly at a discount, gold being not yet quite plenty enough to answer for ballast, we must therefore content ourselves with the next best thing we can get, which would be lead, now most unfortunately rapidly rising while gold is falling, so that while I write, it is daily becoming more and more beyond the reach of yachtsmen. However, a little lead goes a long way; so, without the smallest

desire to dispute the truth of what has often seemed to us in our juvenile days, a very paradoxical statement, "that a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead," we may safely affirm that a pound of lead goes much further in ballasting a yacht, than an equal weight of feathers will do. If all the feathers ever brought out of a hat by those eminent conjurers Messieurs Robin and Houdin, were placed in a yacht and as tightly compressed as they must have been in the said hat, I doubt if they would ever enable her to carry her main-sail, when more than a zephyr stirred the sea. A very small quantity of lead will have comparatively a great effect; from its ductility it can be run into every chink and cranny of a yacht's floor, and from the length of lever it thus acquires, its weight tells with double power. It is not only that owing to its great specific gravity, lead takes up but little space, but pound for pound it is actually heavier than a more bulky material. In this way it is a most valuable ballast, and as it always retains its value, that is, does not corrode like iron or copper, it may be converted into cash again at any time, and although unlike good wine, it does not actually improve by keeping, it is quite possible, indeed extremely probable, that any one buying lead at the present market price, might get double what he paid for it some ten years hence. He would however be losing the interest on its cost all the time, which I dare say will prevent many trying the experiment. Though few yachtsmen are so flush of cash as to ballast their vessels entirely with lead, notwithstanding the chance of gain, yet many put false keels of lead on their cutters' bottoms, especially racing craft. This unquestionably has its advantages, but like most other things in yachting as well as the world in general, it has its corresponding disadvantages. It undoubtedly makes your boat stiffer and enables her to hold a better wind, but on a rolling sea with little wind the long lever power tells most prejudicially on the vessel, and stops her way sadly, as indeed it would have a tendency to do were she entirely ballasted with lead internally. In running off the wind too, the additional resistance created by the keel in water of increased density to say nothing of the friction of the lateral passage of the fluid along a surface often coated with barnacle is worth consideration. I believe the general impression of yachtsmen is in favour of a metal keel, but it is an open question and much may be said on both sides. Some of the ablest and most experienced cutter sailors I know have scrupulously avoided using one. The increased draught of water is to many a most serious objection.

Being thus obliged to dispense with platina, gold, and lead, as being if not too heavy for our yachts, at least too expensive for our pocket ;

we are obliged to look about us for the next heaviest material we can find which can be bought at a moderate rate. This material is iron, which though of much less specific gravity than lead is yet heavy enough to make excellent ballast. In order to get iron to stow low enough in a yacht, it must be cast into various shapes corresponding to the spaces between the vessel's timbers in which it is meant to lie. Those which are placed between the floor timbers are called the timber pieces, above these are pieces filling in betwixt the other timbers, then wedge like pieces lying above them, and top of all as many oblong pieces as will fill up the space to the cabin floor. This, in a small vessel, is frequently made of plates of iron cast to the shape, so as to save the loss of height caused by a wooden floor. If the moulds be well made and the ballast faithfully cast from them, it becomes when stowed nearly a solid mass of iron filling up the yacht's bottom. Ballast for a small yacht should never be cut in pieces above fifty-six pound weight, except some of the timber pieces, which must be heavier from their position along the keel, and the iron slip or keelson for the mast, which is bolted to the keel, and must necessarily be several hundred weight. Circumstances will happen even with the best management in which it is absolutely necessary to get the ballast out of a yacht in a hurry, in order to save your vessel from destruction, then the advantage of light pieces easily handled will be found. And even without looking forward to such untoward events, every careful yachtsman starts the ballast out of his yacht, when she is laid up for the winter. If she be laid up in dock or in any place fit for such an operation, for it is of incalculable advantage to the craft, by letting the air freely circulate among her timbers, and also in drying a considerable part of her planks, by raising them above the ordinary line of immersion, it will make her last longer and preserve her sailing qualities for a greater length of time than would otherwise happen. This can be done with half the labour if her ballast is easily managed. Even then it is attended with some trouble, but it well repays, for it is amazing how sweet and clean your vessel is kept by this annual expurgation to the very bottom, instead of lying for years festering and generating putridity and noxious gases.

Ballast should be kept as much amidships as possible; none stowed much before the mast or much abaft the main-cabin door; the less you have in the ends the less she will pitch in a sea-way. Even a metal keel must be run from stem to stern; it ought to be left eight or ten feet from either extremity, and the blanks filled up with wood. I can see no great objection to carrying a portion of the ballast winged up on the lockers on each side of the cabin, it saves room, and if something is

lost in perpendicular leverage, something is also gained by diminished rolling in rough water.

In addition to the advantage arising from easy stowage, by having your ballast in small pieces, I believe much is gained also by the increased flexibility it gives your vessel, every new piece forms as it were a joint, where a certain yielding takes place while your vessel is straining in a sea. It has been proposed to increase this liveliness by putting the ballast on springs so as to prevent its being a dead weight in the craft's bottom. Many objections occur to this, but the want of room must in a small cutter be quite fatal to the proposition even if there were no others; I have however sometimes thought that a thin layer of cork, where the ballast rests upon the timbers might give it a little additional elasticity without much loss of space. If a coating of vulcanized Indian rubber, could be combined on one side with the cork, it would doubtless increase the effect. This experiment might be very easily tried at a very slight expense of time or money. Some yachtsmen line the inside of the bottom planks with sheet lead before laying their ballast, as none of the iron should rest upon the planks, but be all borne by the timbers. I do not know beyond the additional weight, that any good object is gained by this, unless it be that the oxidation of the iron has a bad effect upon the wood. When a yacht is newly fitted out the cast pieces of ballast are generally painted, but this really seems a work of supererogation, for the first cruise or two works it all off, at least it generally comes out at the end of the first season as guiltless of any colour except that of rust, as if it had never been in contact with hogs' bristles, or within miles of a paint pot.

In regatta sailing a permission (either expressed or understood) to employ shifting ballast is generally acted upon. In turning to windward, lumps of lead and bags of shot are liberally piled up to the weather-side, to enable the vessels to carry the frightful spars and sails, it is now the fashion to overpower them with. This practice which is extremely detrimental to the vessel in many ways, would be much more honored in the breach than the observance.

Besides iron many other materials have been used for ballast, such as water, stones, sulphate of barytes, copper dross, &c., &c.; of these the first is chiefly used in small open boats with a flat floor, where the casks and breakers containing the water can be easily stowed. If an accident happens and the boat fills the ballast being of the same specific gravity with the surrounding medium has of course no tendency to sink her, iron or stones would do and she accordingly keeps afloat although full of water. But such a bulky article would never do in a decked vessel.

and indeed would be very inefficient as incapable of low stowage. Stones are generally employed in fishing craft, but rarely in yachts, being open to all the objections already adduced against water without its safety. Sulphate of barytes (from Baginheary) is a mineral of great weight, found in considerable quantities in various parts of the British Islands. When used for ballast it is generally reduced to a powder and sewed into canvas bags, when it stows well and is almost equal to iron. The chief objection to it is that it is apt to burst its cerements, find its way into the channels of the vessel when it fills up the limber holes, and choke the pumps. Copper dross is of considerable weight, but it generally consists of large round lumps which do not stow well. On the whole we may safely say that iron is the only material within our reach, fit for the ballasting of yachts.

The price of iron castings for ballast varies most considerably both in regard to place and time; and also as to quality. Sometimes they are turned out full of sand and pores like the refuse of a glass house; sometimes sharp and clean as a marble from the bronze of the Parthenon. Their value in these different conditions of course varies prodigiously, the one being solid and heavy, the other honeycombed and tight. Of late years the best casting might have been had from £3. 10s. to £4. 10s. a ton, now in many parts they are worth £6; but the price of pig iron on which that of the casting depends, varies so much from day to day that it is impossible to speak with certainty as to its cost. Lead which recently might have been bought at £18 per ton, is now £25. 10s. with the prospect of a rise.

The only point with reference to ballast on which it seems necessary to remark further is the quantity requisite. This depends so much on the build of the vessel that it is most difficult to say. A vessel such as we have described with a full midship section, should not require above half her tonnage, that is twelve or thirteen tons for a twenty-five tonner. A craft with great rise on her floor will require more, but we should remember that the more metal we cram into a yacht's intestines, the more we destroy her buoyancy and elasticity in a sea way.

I cannot leave this subject without adverting to a very ingenious little vessel, I lately was aboard of in the Thames, built of iron, with long sharp bow and powerful lines, from the designs of an amateur, she is a model of beauty and apparent speed, both afloat and ashore, and you are not aware of every thing peculiar about her, until you go on board and find a cabin six feet high in an eight tonner, how this is managed you are at first puzzled to discover, but a little investigation will enable the practised eye to see, that her keel amidship is of great width, not less

than two feet and hollow, this being filled with lead and iron run into one solid mass is of course very heavy, and enables her to dispense with ballast elsewhere, except a few bags of shot in the lockers. The keel being fined away at the extremities to nothing, this device is hardly visible outside, except from the marvellous fact, that the craft sits steady on her own bottom without shore or support of any sort, and yet at the same time has a great rise in her floor. For the river Thames where she is meant to sail the idea is admirable, and the design has proved eminently successful, for a sea way her owner I dare say will readily admit she is unfit.

ADMEASUREMENT OF TONNAGE.

(Continued from page 91.)

MR. EDITOR.—I did not intend to trouble you with another letter but I cannot allow the last, by "A Ship's Carpenter," to pass unnoticed. I beg that gentleman to understand that I had no wish, nor did I propose, to "annihilate him." I will confess that in my hurry I made a mistake when replying to his former letter. I will now endeavour to rectify it, and explain myself fully. In the letters upon the subject of the proposed injustice, the words "mid-ship section" have been used where greatest breadth should have been inserted. In building a vessel upon the north country keel plan (*viz.*: upright stem and stern-post,) so strenuously upheld by "Vanderdecken," "Progress," "Ship's Carpenter," &c., you may (having placed your "dead flat" according to your liking) make your greatest or main breadth aloft over No. 1, or between Nos. 1 and 2, with a vessel of an equal length of keel, but with a raking post you may bring your main breadth further and further aft, according to the extent of rake. For a case in point look to the celebrated Mosquito. I have at this moment before me a model which gives another proof of this fact. This model was made to be submitted for the approval of a relative of mine, and the main breadth aloft has been brought further aft than was at first intended, because of the stern-post having a rake of about six inches to the foot. The reason of that rake was as follows:—Having less boom over the stern, the leverage of the main sheet strop would admit of working the vessel with a lighter spar, and having more power to turn the vessel in stays; the bringing the breadth aloft further aft gives more power; and, thirdly, the appearance of the quarter is improved by it. The vessel propos-

to be built from this model is not intended for a racer; so "Vanderdecken" and his coadjutors will not have the satisfaction of excluding her from their north country keel class. Her measurement will be 7 61-94 tons, O.M., but, by the proposed trammelling plan, she would be called 8 75-94 tons. The extra weight of ballast required on account of the rake of post may possibly be about two cwt; and for that increase the "agitators" would add 1 14-94 ton.

"A Daniel come to judgment!"

There surely must be something very much to be feared from these rakers, to set the "agitators" to work so much; why don't they write to the Jersey and Guernsey pilots, who have adopted the raking posts (because they answer best) for nearly a century, and tell them to begin building *de novo*? Surely the road is wide enough for both, and if the agitators do not like raking posts they are not compelled to have them; but at present they seem to join in the sentiment, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." There is yet one thing more which has not been mentioned. By a raking stern-post, while we get a long load-line, we dispense *with friction where fluids become more dense, below the surface*. I will conclude by referring to "Vanderdecken's" letter and assure him that in all the vessels with raking posts in which I have sailed I never saw the fore-sail kept "a weather" an unusual time in a sea-way. I must observe that I have been astonished at their handiness, the only disadvantage I have yet met with being the action of the sea upon the rudder in lying to. With respect to a "positive vacuum" being formed under a vessel's quarter, such a thing is impossible. There might, in some instances, be an *attempt at vacuum*, but to form a positive one would require an air pump.

Yours, &c,

CRUIZER.

P.S.—I was rather lenient to "Progress" on a former occasion, but his last letter induces me to express my opinion more fully. In opposing the unjust and fallacious propositions of "Progress" and his colleagues relative to yacht admeasurement, I brought forward *facts* to support my argument, but he failed to do so; facts are stubborn things, and not easily set aside. Has "Progress" been studying Hogarth lately? he seems greatly disconcerted at the *Rake's Progress*, and his last production reminds me of what Dr. Johnson is said to have remarked, "a man had better be damned than not mentioned;" I think "Progress" likely to be in the latter predicament in future. I would recommend

the philosopher's dictum to his notice, "know thyself." He says "there is a tolerably fair amount of common sense allotted to the British public," &c.; judging from his literary ebullitions the allotment does not appear to have been general.

Yours, &c,
CRUIZER.

MR. EDITOR.—Much more may still be said upon yacht admeasurement, although too much has been said already on both sides of the question, and much good may be gleaned from persons at whom almost every one would cast a stone, and many will be cast at those who are sufficiently bold to advocate new plans (be they ever so good,) whilst others are supported in the most absurd measures, merely because they have been introduced by some wealthy individual, or patronized by an influential member of the aristocracy. Whatever may actuate the writers and agitators for alterations in the system of measuring yachts, we must all admit that any plan is bad that affords opportunities and inducement to take advantage; but where shall we find one that does not? As far as I am able to judge, the most fair and reasonable mode of alteration under existing interests would be the proposition of "An Amateur" to take the measurement for length from half way up the stern-post, and I would say to the same part of the stem; but this will allow us to put our posts as far forward as possible, and "cheat in tonnage."

I regret to find that some writers are not aware that in some vessels you may shorten their keels without shortening their floors, by raking their post, and am sorry that one gentleman does not see that the beam has something to do with proportion of rake of post. A long vessel with little beam requires more rake of post to shorten her keel and assist her coming round than short vessels. A short vessel does not require so much as the longer one because she is approaching nearer to rotundity. In conclusion I must say that I am tired of reading letters upon subjects which the writers do not understand. I shall not trouble you with quotations from some of the able writers upon this subject, nor shall I condescend to dilate upon the invectives of many ignorant persons, who for ages past have endeavoured to ridicule and condemn every thing that does not exactly suit their own purposes, and appears to them the least above the limited sphere of their queerly constituted minds and dispositions. We can but regret to find so many of this class in the present day, and for whose vile execrations towards the less prejudiced portion of community, we can but express pity for

their ignorance, and utter contempt for their fast failing and abusive opposition.

Yours, &c,

J. T. HEWES.

P. S.—Measuring over all will be the most effectual in stopping trickery in yacht measurement, but it would introduce tubby sterns again, and be, as I have always contended, an act of injustice to the owners of our finest yachts.

THE LATE SCHOONER MATCH ON THE THAMES.

PROTEST:—This word conveys much, it is fraught with bickerings, severance of friendship, and a long catalogue of evils. We did hope that it was obliterated from our nautical vocabulary, and would only be remembered as a word which *was* the bane of all sporting matters. However to our horror we find it again grating on the ear, and again giving rise to angry feelings and sowing the seeds of discord, mingled with the sounds of lawsuits, etc., and however reluctant we may be, we are bound by our sense of impartial duty to record the following, which has appeared in the sporting journals. We first give, in reference to the protest of the *Violet*, (p. 214,) the following correspondence:—

“*Holly Hill, Erith, 1st July, 1853.*

“**SIR.**—I cannot allow your remarks on the decision of the Sailing Committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on the late schooner match, nor on my letter to my Lord Alfred Paget, to pass unnoticed.

“As a member of the club, of course I ought to be bound by a committee of honorable gentlemen, whose practical ability ought not to be doubted; for, as you observe, ‘rules are rules,’ but when I find that that committee deal otherwise than honorably with me, I have no alternative but to compel a decision, as my Lord Alfred says, on its merits, properly and legally.

“I don’t profess to be champion of the £100 bet, nor the bet of a pot of beer, but as a gentleman and member of the club, and at the same time unfairly treated by the Sailing Committee, I must protect the one as well as the other, and, if necessary, carry the matter into a court of law, or channel where the merits only will be considered, and there fairly and legally decided.

“It is extremely painful for me to dissent from, and protest against, any decision of the sailing committee; but from the following facts, I trust both the public and yourself will admit that the course which I have

taken has not been sought for by, but by the committee has been thrust upon, me.

"The honorable gentlemen of the sailing committee received, as I believe, a protest from Lieutenant Freestun, one of the members of the club; but without furnishing me with any copy of that protest, they call upon me to give my evidence, which I accordingly gave; and when I was desirous of conducting my case before them, they refused to allow me to do so because I had been examined as a witness.

"I objected to Lieutenant Freestun's protest on the ground that the *Violet* was not a yacht in the match, within the laws and regulations of the club.

"By the 22nd law and regulation in force in the years 1851 and 1852, and the 21st law and regulation in the year 1853, it is provided 'That no vessel used for any other purpose than pleasure, or at any time let for hire, shall be allowed to belong to this club.'

"The committee allowed me to hand in—and which was received and retained by them as part of my evidence—a letter from Captain Durand, the late Secretary of the club, addressed to Josiah Crockford, Esq., of which the following is a copy:—

20, Stockbridge Terrace, Vauxhall Bridge,
June 13th, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of to-day, I herewith on the other side send you a copy of Captain Freestun's letter to me, applying for the Admiralty warrant for the *Violet* schooner, which was forwarded to him in July, 1852, with my certificates for the entrance of the said vessel into foreign ports exempt from the payment of Government dues, which certificates were dated in the above month and year.

"On the 4th of March last, Captain Freestun applied to me again for his papers (*vide* copy of his letter on the other side) for the present year, but as I have been informed she had been let out to hire last summer, I have declined forwarding my certificates for the *Violet* for this year, inasmuch as, by the rule 22 of the Club Laws and Regulations, she has virtually ceased to belong to the club from the period she was so let on hire.

I remain, &c.

F. H. DURAND."

To Josiah Crockford, Esq., Southampton Place.

The copy of Lieutenant Freestun's letter referred to is as follows:—

*Medina Hotel, Cowes,
July 1st, 185*

"MY DEAR DURAND:—I have purchased the *Violet* schooner, 65 tons, £ at Plymouth. I will thank you to procure as early as possible the Admiralty warrant, &c., and enter her on the list of yachts. I hope to have the pleas of giving you a sail. I will be in the Thames about the 14th of the month.

Yours, &c.,

Captain Durand, R.T.Y. Club.

H. M. FREESTUN

The letter of the 4th of March from Lieutenant Freestun to Captain Durand is also as follows:—

*Medina Hotel, Cowes,
March 4th, 1853.*

“MY DEAR DURAND.—I will thank you to put the distinguishing flag of my schooner *Violet* blue, pierced with white, with Violet in the centre, and let me have my certificates for this year.

Yours, &c.,
H. M. FREESTUN.”

Captain Durand.

“I fearlessly and unhesitatingly assert that Lieutenant Freestun has, in conjunction with Mr. James Bennett Moore, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, derived a pecuniary benefit or profit by the letting of the *Violet* for hire to Sir Henry Blackwood, Bart., and that during such part ownership and letting for hire, Lieutenant Freestun was an enrolled member of the club. Lieutenant Freestun having obtained, in the month of July, 1852, an Admiralty warrant in his favour, on the representation of his being the sole owner of the *Violet*, has grossly abused the privileges of the club, and in my opinion this not only disqualifies that yacht as his, from being entered for any match, but also disqualifies him personally from any benefit or advantage as a member of the club from that day; and why the present secretary should have allowed the *Violet* to be entered for the match without the production of the papers, is best known to himself.

“The honourable gentlemen of the sailing committee were further pleased to refuse to hear the whole of my witnesses, alleging that they had heard quite sufficient evidence, and as Lieutenant Freestun had only called two witnesses, they were at a loss to understand why I should want so many, and after this they decide adversely to me.

“Without touching on the merits of the fouling, which I consider would be entirely out of place in this letter, as the sailing committee have the whole of the evidence, which doubtless they will lay before the public, together with the letters which they have received from me as part of my evidence, and now refuse to return to me, I, therefore, leave the above facts in the hands of the public, and for them to decide for the time-being between the honourable members of the committee and myself.

“In conclusion, it was with the best feeling that my letter of the 14th June was written and sent to my Lord A. Paget, and I had well hoped that the sailing committee would have themselves investigated my objection to Lieutenant Freestun's protest, or have brought the matter before a general meeting of the club before they decided, but, as the

matter stands, I must, however painful to myself, or prejudicial to the club, bring officially before the members the conduct of Lieutenant Freestun, as owner and part owner of the *Violet*, of which I have already given that gentleman notice

"I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"THOMAS BARTLETT.

"*To the Editor of Bell's Life.*

"P.S. I enclose you, for insertion or otherwise, a copy of the protest, which, under the advice of my solicitor, has been served on the members of the sailing committee and cupbearer of the club."

At a meeting of the club on Wednesday the 6th of June, the following counter protest was read.

"In drawing the attention of the sailing committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club to the match of the first of June, I shall briefly allude to the facts:—

"1st.—That Captain Freestun had no intention of contending for the cup.

"2nd.—That he had no pilot, or Gravesend waterman on board; and that the only addition he had to his crew was a carpenter, who was at work on board at the time.

"3rd.—That his boat was slung in the davits, outside the ship, which is contrary to the rules of match sailing. That Captain Freestun was steering, and the only other member of the club on board (Mr. Smart) was below at the time of the alleged collision. Not the slightest damage was sustained by the *Violet*, which must have been serious, had a collision taken place, from the large size of the *Sverige*.

"4th.—That the *Sverige* was not hailed by any member of the Club on board the *Violet* in accordance with the 15th rule of the Club, as was admitted by Captain Freestun when he came on board the steamer with his protest.

"5th.—That at the time the *Violet* put down her helm to go about, the *Sverige* did the same, but from her superior size was rather longer in stays. She did everything possible to avoid coming in contact with either the *Violet* or the collier bound down the river; and had the *Sverige* attempted to go astern of the *Violet*, she must have gone ashore. In consequence of the *Violet* not having a pilot on board, her boat slightly touched the *Sverige*, so slightly in fact, that the paint of the latter was not even scratched. The attention of the committee must also be drawn to the regulation, that, to disqualify a winning yacht, it must be proved to have wilfully fouled an opponent. Now it must

quite clear that no intention of wilful fouling could have entered the thoughts of any one connected with the *Sverige*, as such a course could not be attended with any good result, it being quite evident that, even supposing the *Violet* to be trying for the prize, she never had the slightest chance of winning it.

“The attention of the committee is also drawn to the conduct of the *Sverige* during the whole of the match. It will be recollected that in going down, she passed all the racing yachts to leeward, and on the return she passed the *Rosalind* to leeward, previous to reaching the flag-boat. The *Sverige* had on board not only the usual Gravesend waterman, but also Mr. Lewis, a Trinity pilot, a person of very considerable experience in the navigation of the Thames, and on whom great reliance may be placed as to the rules of sailing in the river, according to the Trinity and Admiralty laws. It has been held in the Admiralty, and other courts, that greater reliance should be placed in the skilful management and navigation of a vessel with a pilot on board, than on one piloted by an amateur.

“The necessary witnesses will be called to substantiate the above statements; and I shall rely on that equitable justice which has always hitherto governed the decisions of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and which has placed them in the high position they now occupy.

“I further object to the protest entered by Captain Freestun, on the grounds that the *Violet* was, during the last season, let on hire; and a reference to *Bell's Life* will show that she is again advertised to be sold or let. This is a clear infringement of the 22nd rule of the club.

(Signed) THOMAS BARTLETT.

After this protest had been read Mr. Crockford moved that the minutes of the evidence taken before the sailing committee be read, which was opposed by Mr. R. Wilkinson, on the ground of the threatened proceedings in a court of law, and after some few observations had passed, Mr. Crockford withdrew his original motion, substituting for it, however, this:—“That so much of the evidence as relates to Captain Freestun's ownership of the *Violet* be read,” which was seconded by Mr. Mead:

The meeting was addressed by several members, and those forming a portion of the sailing committee who spoke, unhesitatingly affirmed that, they would be most happy to publish the evidence received by them, which had been carefully and minutely taken, occupying their attention three nights, and the conviction they had arrived at was, that the evidence of Captain Bartlett alone would satisfy any unprejudiced mind that he was wrong. They complained that gentlemen should have *open* notices served upon them, left at the Club houses, or with servants in

their employ. They also expressed their indignation at the charge which was contained in Capt. Bartlett's letter, that they had acted partially in the matter.

Lieutenant Watson remarked that societies formed for sailing or other purposes, were established for mutual gratification or the advancement of sport or science, conducted by a code of honour, establishing their own rules for the guidance and government of the body ; that in the present case a committee of members was annually appointed, to whom certain duties were delegated, and that it was carrying the *infra dig.* to its fullest extent to impugn their decision, and that acquiescence in this proposition of Mr. Crockford for a moment was virtually questioning their conduct.

Mr. Josiah Wilkinson, in addressing the meeting, stated that:—He could not see the object of any part of the evidence being read, unless it was to impugn the decision of the sailing committee, whom the club were bound to support. He felt that that decision could not be impeached, and although he was there only as a private gentleman, he thought that the less institutions of this sort took their proceedings into law courts the better. He hoped he should be pardoned if he imported so much of the lawyer on that occasion into his position as a member, by informing Captain Bartlett that his notice or protest to the sailing committee was not worth the paper it was written upon.

In the course of the remarks which fell from various speakers, it was hinted that Mr. Crockford was standing forth as the champion of Mr. Bartlett, who had seconded his original motion. This however Mr. Crockford repudiated, and requested that he might not be mixed up with Mr. Bartlett at all in the matter. He alleged that his object in pressing the present motion had been misconceived, and that he was not there to cavil at the decision of the sailing committee, that his motion was not at all to affect that, but to show that a member of that club had done wrong.

The motion was then put, and rejected by a large majority.

Mr. Crockford here alleged that with respect to the ownership of the Violet, Mr. Freestun had given that committee his assurance that she was not let for hire by him since he became owner, whereas he could prove that as her *part owner* he participated in the amount received from a gentleman to whom she was let for hire.

Mr. Josiah Wilkinson applied himself praiseworthily to soothe the unkind feelings which might exist, and concluded by moving, "That the event of legal proceedings being taken by Mr. Bartlett against a member of this club, the committee are hereby empowered to make

necessary defence at the expense of the club." It was seconded, and carried unanimously.

Mr. R. Wilkinson said he intended to move at the next meeting, "That the legal notice which had been served upon the Sailing Committee and cup-bearer being a defiance of the laws of the club, which provide that the decision of the Sailing Committee should be final, that Mr. Bartlett be ordered to withdraw them, and to apologise to the members upon whom they had been served individually, and to the club generally."

Lieutenant Watson exonerated Mr. Crockford from the imputation of any improper feeling in the matter, and said that if Captain Freestun had done wrong, his conduct should be brought before the club. He begged also to acquit Mr. Bartlett of this charge of wilful fouling—no such conviction as wilful fouling ever entered the minds of the Sailing Committee.

Mr. Green observed that the business of the evening was now at an end, and he thought the sailing committee were much indebted to the club for the handsome manner in which they had been supported. They did not make the laws, but merely carried them into execution. It was an impartial decision, founded upon the evidence, and it was gratifying to find the club had publicly appreciated their conduct.

The club then adjourned.

[Whilst on the subject of the protest we may be permitted to state in answer to a letter now before us accusing us of partiality, that the duty we have to perform shall be done fearlessly and without prejudice. The Royal Thames Yacht Club has been noticed repeatedly in our pages, with good feeling; and we unhesitatingly state that we condemn the idea of carrying the affair into a Court of Law. Lord Alfred Paget is placed in a very unpleasant and painful situation, being the owner of the *Rosalind*. The award therefore to some may appear partial, but the character of the gentlemen forming the committee places such motives beyond suspicion;—and however the affair may terminate we shall place the facts before our readers with such remarks as may be deemed requisite, without bias or intimidation.—R.H.H.]

METROPOLITAN YACHTING.—THE PRESENT SEASON.

Under the same head as that commenced at page 141, and continued at page 202, we here resume our account of the recent sailing matches in the River Thames; and if our readers will turn also to page 224 they

will there find a list of the contests appointed for the month of July. On the coast they embrace regattas at Whitby, Hull, Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Harwich, Brighton, Torbay, Teignmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, and the Clyde, in addition to some few other places, together with Dublin Bay, where on the 26th of July came off the regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club. July has therefore been a full month for yachting, and August bids fair to prove equally so, as a glance at page 280 will prove. But here without holding out too much promise for the future, let us content ourselves with reporting the past.

It will be remembered that we gave at page 216, the entries for the Royal Thames Yacht Club match of the 30th of June, but only the following started.

First and Second Classes.—Exceeding 15 tons.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners,	Distinguishing Flags.
Phantom	25	S. Lane, Esq.....	White, red border
Mosquito	50	Lord Londesborough..	{ Blue, pierced White, Red
Volante	25	J. L. Craigie, Esq.....	{ Maltese Cross
			White

Third Class:—15 tons and under.

Vesper	15	P. Roberts, Esq.....	Red
Vampire.....	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.....	White, red bdr., bat centre

This the third and last sailing match of the season of the Royal Thames Yacht Club came off on Thursday, the 30th of June, on the usual course from Erith round the Nore Light and back, so far as the first-class vessels were concerned; but with regard to the second-class, the distance-boat was moored near Hole Haven, short of the Nore. Both classes, however, had to return to Erith. The nine vessels set down in the prior table were entered, but on the club-steamer, the Meteor, reaching the starting buoys, five only were found to have put in an appearance, viz., Phantom. Mosquito, and Volante in the first-class, and Vesper and Vampire in the second. The disappointment experienced at no less than four yachts being withdrawn from the match was evident on all sides, especially as two of the four were known to be still in the neighbourhood of Erith. But a strong breeze from S.W., the fine weather, and the celebrity of the five vessels actually to race, promised excellent sport, which we may say at once turned out the case, and in short, the whole contest passed off not only without a protest, but at the conclusion thereof, each of the five competitors received a prize, quite a novel certainly in sailing-matches, and one which, in our opinion, will not for some time take place again in the river, if at all. Five prizes we

promised because nine vessels had entered; in future we expect the number of prizes will be regulated by the number actually starting.

In the Bay of Erith, before the start, we observed the Marquis of Anglesey's Pearl underway; the Sverige, Vice-Commodore Bartlett, hoisting sail to accompany the match; the Violet, Lieut Freestun, R.N., carrying three ensigns; the Avalon Commodore Goodson; the Phoenix, Vice-Commodore Green; the Lucifer, Ino, and several other well known craft. The Phantom was in the berth nearest the Kentish shore, the Mosquito next to her, and the Volante outside, while the Vesper and Vampire lay a little astern of the three larger boats, two forming the second class, and three the first. The Phantom and Vampire housed their top-masts before the start; Mosquito, Volante and Vesper kept theirs up. The Mosquito's main-sail was scarcely kept close enough down before the gun to start was fired; and the Phantom therefore ran her gaff a little more up than is her usual custom. This, however, was rendered necessary by Mosquito's showing the example, one which is ever better avoided. Keep sails quite down, and stick to rules to the letter, say we.

Let us now proceed to describe that race.

At 11h. 32m. the gun was fired for the start, when Vampire under her jib and main-sail, walked off smartly with the lead. She appeared to us by the head; just to windward of her was the Vesper. Phantom also made an excellent start, and took the lead of Mosquito and Volante, each double her size. The Mosquito at once set her top-sail, being the first to do so of the whole five. The next top-sail up was the Vesper's, and then Volante set hers; Volante also seemed too much by the head; this was observable enough on board the steamer. The scene just at the start was very interesting, and among the crowd of yachts standing down, the Sverige was the most attractive on the Kentish shore, while the Pearl adorned the Essex side, and was for a time, with the Ino and a yawl, close to the large contending yachts, and seemed to the uninitiated to form part of the race. Volante was, for a short time, a little ahead of Mosquito, both now under top-sails, but Mosquito passed her, and never again lost her leading position. Twenty yachts were counted accompanying the match, which the Vampire was yet leading just ahead of Mosquito and Phantom, Volante and Vesper being but a little astern. But soon Mosquito took her position in the van, and Phantom following the example of the other four, sent up her mast and set a top-sail, and pushed into the second place, Vampire hanging on her starboard quarter, as if obeying a signal to form bow and quarter line, while to leeward of Phantom was Volante, and the Vesper was still more in shore and last. Now Phantom and Volante were in line abreast, the struggle was well maintained, but at last Volante passed through the lee of Phantom, and took second place, while Vampire continued fourth, and Vesper began to improve her position. Volante next set the skeets to work, and for a time seemed to

gain on Mosquito; the breeze freshened, Phantom also wetted sails, and the two steamers attending the match (Meteor and Gannet,) passed on, going to leeward of all the racers but still close to them, which appeared to give much satisfaction to the visitors. Phantom was sailing admirably, close on the weather quarter of Volante. The two kept well together, while Mosquito was but a hundred yards ahead of them. Phantom carried a jib-headed top-sail, Volante's was square, and so was Mosquito's. Off Greenhithe, the wind lulled suddenly, and the sun shone forth, hot enough to scorch a gipsy; here the racing yachts were enabled to ease off their sheets. At 12 o'clock we were off Northfleet, all hugging the Kentish shore, the order still being—Mosquito, Volante, and Phantom. The breeze freshened again, and nearing Gravesend the racing yachts passed close to the Essex shore, and here, while the trend of the land shut out the view of the fleet of yachts astern, it enabled us to sight the Margaret, and under canvas too—not at anchor at Gravesend repairing damages—but standing down the river to accompany the match in which she ought to have contended. Her rig is main-sail, fore-sail, jib, and gaff-top-sail; her hull as sharp forward as an Arab "grab," and much in that oriental style; her beam great, bulwarks none at all, but a rail like the *gardefou* of a country bridge all round her, through which the economy of her broad deck is open to all beholders. Her lower mast is an immense stick, her bow-sprit short, her jib and fore-sail much too small in our opinion, and her boom was now topped terribly too much; a coach and six might have been driven under it without hurting the coachman's head. She has no boom to her head sails, and certainly cannot be called an imitation of anything afloat. But she sails well, is indisputably fast, and, under proper canvas, will win more often than lose, if she remain a yacht and go not, as we hear, into the Smyrna fruit trade. Her crew was large enough,—we counted twenty-four hands on deck at one time—and never floated the Thames burgee over a more motley set of rough and ready tars; they looked quite fit to capture a Russian in ten minutes, and the contrast between them and their craft, and a large revenue cutter and its crew in company, was most marked.

The great size of the Margaret was not apparent till some passing collier enabled the eye to judge of her proportions. She threw the water from her port bow like a whale blowing, or as if she had a paddle-wheel close to her cut-water, owing, as far as we could make out, to an anchor hanging over her bow, which might as well have been inboard. When off Mucking Light (1 o'clock,) she kept well ahead of the racing yachts and held good way with the Meteor steamer, while of the many yachts that had started with the match most had now dropped far astern. The Fleur de Lis, another of the yachts that was intended for the race, was seen cruising during the day. (At the Chapman Light the Meteor anchored a flag-boat, for the second-class yachts to round, and then steered for the Nore to await the rounding of the first class yachts. Before reaching Southend the Mosquito parted her fore-sheet, but took in her fore-sail smartly and soon reset it. She had started at first with a broken gaff, but this had been well fished before the start.

The breeze now freshened off the Medway, and Mosquito took in her top-sail, and housed her top-mast, the back-stay having gone, but Volante still carried on, and appeared to close upon Mosquito. At last Volante took in her top-sail as Mosquito had done. They rounded the Nore thus:—

	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	1	50	18
Volante.....	1	53	4
Phantom.....	2	0	35

Volante here carried away her bob-stay, a most annoying loss. The yachts had now to beat most of the way back to Erith, though occasionally they could manage a good reach; none of them carried their top-sails. The steamer did not reach Gravesend till ten minutes past four, and the match did not close till five. The following was the order of rounding at Erith—

	h.	m.	s.	PRIZE.
Mosquito.....	5	6	40	£60
Volante.....	5	12	53	£40
Phantom.....	5	33	31	£30

Just as the Phantom was nearing the buoy some fears were entertained that the Violet would hamper her, as that vessel was unfortunately standing across her course, just at the very moment she required as much room as possible, but a collision was happily avoided. Phantom had during the match sprung a leak and carried away the jaws of her gaff, or she would have done much better at the close. She has since won at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and other regattas.

With regard to the Vampire and the Vesper—the former won the first prize, though the latter was first round the mark boat off the Chapman. It was reported that Vampire met with an accident in her main-rigging. The Vesper has also carried away her bow-sprit-shrouds, jib-sheet, &c., which threw her six minutes astern of her antagonist at the close. They arrived at Erith before the steamer. The Vampire won £30, the Vesper, £10. The other prizes were £60, £50, and £40, for Mosquito, Volante, and Phantom. This match closed for the present season the racing of the Royal Thames Yacht Club in the metropolitan river.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

A private match of a very exciting and interesting character, between two members of this club, took place on Wednesday, 15th of June. It was a single-handed match over the Prince of Wales course, viz., Blackwall to Gravesend and back between the Commodore's yacht, the Albatross, manned only by his brother, Mr. A. Berncastle, and the Vice-Commodore's yacht the Idas, manned by Mr. E. Gunner. The match was for £10. a side, under the sailing regulations of the club. To start from buoys laid off Blackwall, and no assistance of any kind to be rendered to either; but to set sails, start, perform the distance, and return to the flag buoy, by their own individual skill. The Albatross measured seven tons, the Idas six.

The Valentine had been placed by Mr. Wallis at the command of the Vice-Commodore, who acted as umpire on the occasion, and she bore his flag. The novelty of the match brought many other yachts in company to witness it. The Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Mr. Secretary Chubb, Mr. Wallis, and Mr. Moss occupied the umpire's yacht; whilst the Julia, Undine, Alice, Traveller, Calliope, Demon, and the two Waterwiches, with their respective owners and friends, followed the contending yachts. We also noticed the Cormorant, (Sir W. Baynes' yacht) in company.

At 10h. 45m. a gun from the Valentine gave the signal to get underway and both started with a light wind from the south-west. The jibs were both simultaneously set; but the same alacrity was not observed by the Albatross in getting up her main-sail. An accident prevented her getting clear of her spring, and she lost at least five minutes in the start. The Idas took the lead all the way down, and they rounded at Gravesend at the following times:—

	h.	m.	s.
Idas.....	1	37	0
Albatross.....	1	47	30

During the lead down some very smart seamanship was displayed by both. Off Woolwich, Mr. Gunner went aloft to set his top-sail, and we were amused at the peculiar *sang froid* and confidence exhibited by this gentleman. He did not even abandon his "dudeen," whilst performing the difficult duties often rendered necessary by the crowded state of the river. The Albatross also gave Mr. Berncastle opportunities of displaying his nautical skill. On returning, she carried away some of her top-mast gear, which obliged him to go aloft to douse it entirely, and it was not carried afterwards. Off Woolwich the wind freshened in returning, and the Albatross gained wonderfully on her opponent, and at one time was only a few boards astern. They rounded the flag-buoy at the close as follows:

	h.	m.	s.
Idas.....	5	24	0
Albatross	5	29	45

—thus ending a very exciting Match, in which great skill was displayed on both sides. The Sverige lay at anchor off Erith, and displayed the colours of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club. Her gallant owner, Vice-Commodore Bartlett, in his gig, came out of the bay to witness the contending vessels as they passed Erith. We observed Commodore Goodson, also, in the Avalon, on his way down to Gravesend. A good sprinkling of members afterwards met at "The Marine Station," Blackwall, when the stakes were handed over, and divers speeches made, suitable to the occasion.

On such an occasion it may be permitted us to hope that as we have thus proved our own steady and unflinching adherence to the interests of the clubs, their number will in return continue to favour us with intelligence of every description they desire to see recorded in our pages. And while we are ready to offer our acknowledgments to the many kind

friends who have for twelve long months regularly done so, we cannot but confess that too many who wear the amateur uniform neglect to send us information at all. To these gentlemen we say that had we the eyes of *Argus* we could not watch *every* nook and corner of the kingdom; and it thus happens that while, on omitting to report every regatta, we instantly receive a score of complaints from residents of the particular locality, we do not *previous* to that regatta get the slightest hint that a regatta is coming off at all. This is scarcely fair.

A commodore was talking to us the other day on this very subject, and said he ever made it a rule to send *his* regatta news to us as the Proprietors of the *only Yachting Magazine*, and also to the four yachting newspapers, "Bell's Life," "The Field" "Era" and "Sunday Times". Hoping that all in office will henceforth follow this impartial commodore's useful example; we must now proceed to notice the

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA, PLYMOUTH.

THE great aquatic meeting for the west of England commenced on Thursday, July 21st, at this port, and being at a period somewhat earlier than usual, for the purpose of avoiding any clashing with the engagements of yachts at other stations, but in this respect, with all their care and foresight, the Committee have not been successful in the object they sought to accomplish, for contemporaneous with the Royal Western, are the St. George's and the Brighton regattas. That such a state of things should happen is to be deplored, as it tends to divide the yachts from each other, instead of concentrating those of excellence in a single point.

The annual return of the regatta in Plymouth is looked upon by all classes as the greatest holiday of the year, and if fine weather should fortunately happen to exist at the time—as in too many instances it forms the exception—it generally proves to be so. If this be the feeling manifested as to the event, the manifold attractions of the town and locality cannot well be over estimated. The harbour is one of the most spacious and picturesque in the world, enriched as it is by the possession of that magnificent ornament of human genius the breakwater, the execution and accomplishment of which has gained for a Rennie a lasting and imperishable renown. The scenery surrounding this favoured spot, one of the strongholds of British power and defence has so often been the topic of admiration, and even the theme for the poet's pen, that it is

superfluous to dwell upon them. Sufficient to say that with the harbour stretching out from the citadel on one side, and Drake's Island on the other to seaward, with the Hamoaze and Cutwater intersecting the lovely landscape of Devon and Cornwall, with the noble castellated mansion of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe just rising above the rich and luxuriant foliage by which it is surrounded, taken together they present a scene of beauty that may be looked for in vain elsewhere.

But to proceed with the business of the day.—The morning in the early part was delightfully fine, and with a good breeze blowing from the southward it gave promise that there would be no lack of that great essential for yachting amusements. A general bustle prevailed on the Hoe, tents and marquees rose almost as if by magic, and a large number of well-dressed persons (not a few of whom were ladies) soon gave animation to the scene. The yachts in the harbour dressed in their colours, and the whole scene presented a gay and holiday appearance. The anticipated pleasures, however, soon received a fearful check, for about twelve o'clock a suspicious vapoury mist was observed "looming in the distance" which as it nearer approached completely extended along the whole western horizon, and finally fully expanded itself into a thick drizzling rain, followed by heavy showers, which continued with scarcely any intermission throughout the greater part of the day. In a short time the Hoe was deserted, or if not so, the only persons who remained were those driven into the tents for shelter, or those ardent admirers of the sports neither "a cap full of wind" nor "a few drops of rain" can drive from their post.

The muster of yachts this year was by no means so numerous as we have witnessed on former occasions, which was attributed to the fact of two other regattas: viz. Liverpool and Brighton, being fixed for the same day. This is a state of things that ought, if possible to be avoided for the future. We heard that several of the yachts left the Ryde and Cowes stations to attend this regatta, but in consequence of the very heavy and stormy state of the weather, they were either compelled to return to their quarters or to put into other places for safety, thereby were unable to arrive in time to contend here for the prizes.

Amongst the yachts present were the *Beatrice*, Sir W. C. Carew, Bart.; *Fancy*, the Rev. R. P. Hartopp; *Lancashire Witch*, L. Palk, Esq.; *Contest*, W. J. Peard, Esq.; *Mona*, J. F. Buller, Esq.; *Dream*, G. E. tinck, Esq.; *Sparrowhawk*, Captain Barker; *Paul Pry*, W. Moore, F. Vestal, Lieutenant Rowles.

In consequence of the very thick state of the weather it was past 1 o'clock before the preliminaries could be arranged, and even then

start was considered to be very doubtful. The following vessels appeared to contend for the first prize.

A prize of £50 for yachts upwards of 25 tons, the property of a member of a Royal Yacht Club. A time race on Ackers' scale.

Yachts Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Memie	48	Lord Vivian	Blue Peter
Rapid	50	J. Hare, Esq.....	Blue and White diagonal
Mona	82	F. Buller, Esq.....	Red and Yellow horizontal

They started at 3h. 5m. 20sec. the course being, according to the official programme, as follows :—" On the signal being made to start, the vessel will proceed through the west channel of the Breakwater round to a mark vessel moored off Penlee Point, thence to another mark vessel moored off the Mew Stone, leaving both on the port hand, returning through the eastern channel of the Breakwater, rounding the buoy of the Cobbler, which is to be left on the port hand, then round the committee vessel, having a blue ensign flying, which is also to be left on the port hand, passing round the course as before, and which vessel will be the winning post in the last round, passing between it and the shore. This course was passed twice round.

The start was a good one, the *Memie* being the first to get under weigh, closely followed by the *Mona* and *Rapid*, but in consequence of a thick fog coming on we were unable to watch their movements. No change, however, took place in their relative positions outside the Breakwater, and they passed the committee vessel on the completion of the first round as under :—

	h.	m.	s.
Memie	4	55	50
Mona	4	55	30
Rapid	4	58	40

The *Memie* in tacking round the committee vessel lost way, and being under a very heavy press of sail she was compelled to haul down her gaff top-sail, which gave the *Mona* considerable advantage. She at length re-set her gaff top-sail, and holding a very good wind, soon made her way in the wake of her rival who had gained but a temporary lead. The second round was thus terminated :—

	h.	m.	s.
Memie	6	41	50
Mona	6	39	55
Rapid	6	53	0

The gun had not long fired for the *Memie*, when Mr. Kitson, on the part of Mr. Buller, the owner of the *Mona*, handed in a protest, claiming the prize for that vessel, on the ground that neither the *Memie* or the *Rapid* had properly rounded the eastern mark boat. This protest, with a counter one talked of as about to be presented by Lord Vivian, will be taken into consideration by a committee.

The next prize on the list was,

A Piece of Plate, value 30 guineas, for yachts of 25 tons and under, the property of a member of a Royal Yacht Club. Time race. The following were entered :—

Yachts Names,	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flags.
Fawn	25	H. Filles, Esq.....	Red flag with a Fawn
Elfin	21	J. Tomlinson, Esq.....	Red and White
Annie	17	S. Triscott, Esq.....	Blue with white border

The course was the same as in the last race, but only once round.

The *Elfin* on starting, at 4h. 6m. 30sec., was the first to get underway, followed by the *Annie* and *Fawn*, but in consequence of the superior length of the *Fawn* it soon began to tell in her favour against her rivals, and she gradually forereached them, although holding the most leeward station. As the wind was blowing hard all the time from the S.S.W. accompanied by thick misty rain, it was with great difficulty that the mark boat could be made out, and it was eventually rounded as under :—

	h.	m.	s.
Fawn	5	5	0
Annie	5	8	30

An accident occurred to the *Elfin* in Cawsand Bay, where she sprung her main-mast, which of course put her *hors de combat*, and out of all chance in her favour. At this point she gave up and returned to the Catwater with a view of getting her main-mast replaced, and contending again for the prizes next day. The round which determined the prize was thus concluded :—

	h.	m.	s.
Fawn	5	32	30
Annie	5	42	38

The *Elfin* was of course not timed. Although the *Fawn* had to give 50 seconds per ton to the *Annie* for difference of tonnage, yet this penalty did not alter the result, and she was declared the winner amidst the most enthusiastic cheering. This result was well deserved, for amongst the members no one has more ardently struggled to promote the welfare and interests of the club than Mr. Filles.

A vast number of prizes were to be contended for next day, amongst which was a Cup value £50, the gift of C. J. Mare, Esq; a Cup of £20, the gift of W. J. Newcombe, Esq., the lessee of the Theatre Royal, besides nine or ten other prizes, but the weather proving unpropitious, the affair was postponed for an indefinite period.

Madame Vestris's company are now here, performing the stock pieces of the Lyccum Theatre, and with very good success. The performance of the evening was under the patronage of the Royal Western Yacht Club.

At the annual meeting of the Club, on Tuesday, at the Club House, Millbay, about forty members were present. The Commodore, W. Peel, Esq., was in the chair. We heard that it was decided that in future no yachts should be permitted to join the club without having a British register.

which, although not obligatory to the rules of the club, was nevertheless considered to be a wholesome and dignified addition to a yachtman's papers, proving on the one hand her nationality, and on the other her tonnage for racing. Little other material business was transacted beyond a flourishing report on the financial state of the club, and substituting another committee with Captain Basden, a very old member, at its head. After the meeting about thirty members terminated the proceedings by dining together, C. Cardew, Esq. (the retiring chairman of the committee) acting as the representative of the commodore. The harmony of the meeting was kept up to a late hour.

BOSTON REGATTA.

July 8th.—The annual regatta at Boston took place on Friday. The morning was rather cloudy, with a strong wind from the north-east, in which quarter it continued the whole day, and thus gave every opportunity of testing the sailing qualities of each boat. The start took place about 8 a.m., near Maud-foster sluice. Owing to the narrowness of the river, and the large entries in each class, it was deemed advisable by the committee to allow the difference of time at the starting. By this judicious arrangement, all fouling and crowding was avoided.

Yacht Race.—For yachts of 5 tons and under, open to the ports of Boston, Spalding, Lynn, and Wisbeach. First prize £8., second prize £4., third prize £2., fourth prize £1.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
1	Waterwitch	4½	J. Pilley, Esq.	Green and Pink.
2	Arrow.....	3	— Hildred, Esq.....	Pink and White.
3	Phantom.....	2½	C. Anderson, Esq ...	Blue and White with Red Cross.
4	Nautilus	3½	— Plummer, Esq....	Red and White Cross.
5	Vixen.....	2½	J. Wright, Esq.....	Orange with Pink Cross.
6	Eugenie.....	3½	W. B. Green, Esq...	Red.
7	Wave.....	2	Jno. Garfit, Esq....	Blue and White.

The *Wave*, being the smallest boat, took the lead at starting, but was soon passed by the *Phantom*, which kept it until near the Tofts, where, owing to the heaviness of the wind, she was obliged to reduce sail, and thus gave the lead to the *Arrow*. On rounding Elbow buoy, the wind was dead against the yachts, and they all had to beat down, and run up. The *Wave* here gave up the race, the sea being too heavy for her. The *Arrow* kept the lead to the Bar buoy, which she passed one minute before the *Waterwitch*. In booming out to run up her boom broke, and the *Waterwitch* passed her, and rounded the Upper Sea-head buoy first by one minute and a half. The *Arrow* second, the *Phantom* third. The other yachts some distance behind.

This order they maintained during the remainder of the race, the above being the order of their arrival at the winning buoy.

First Class Fishing Smack Race.—For smacks belonging to the port of Boston; burthen 7 tons and over. First prize £4., second prize £2., third prize £1., fourth prize 10s. Entrance 2s. 6d.

No.	Smacks' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
1	Petrel.....	10	Mr. Gunby.
2	Lady of the Lake	9	— Whitworth.
3	Surprise.....	8	— Trusswell.
4	Kelpie.....	10	— Kyme.
5	Henry.....	8	— Cussons.
6	Fairy Queen.....	11	— Kyme.
7	Jemima.	8	— Waples.
8	John and Francis.....	8	— Cussons.

The *Petrel* took the lead soon after starting, and kept it the whole distance. The *John and Francis*, the only boat which kept up to her, having the misfortune to carry away her mast near the Bar buoy. The *Jemima* got aground in running up; and had to wait for the return of tide. The above was the time of arrival at the winning buoy.

Second Class.—For smacks under 7 tons burthen. First prize £3., second prize £2., third prize £1., fourth prize 10s. Entrance 2s. 6d.

No.	Smacks' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
1	Secret	4	Mr. A. Simpson.
2	Betsy	6	— Ablard.
3	Ariel.....	5	— Cussons.
4	Edward and Ann.....	7	— Wrigglesworth.
5	Wasp.....	5	— Hayes.

The *Secret* took the lead at starting, and kept it the whole distance winning easily.

We are sorry to record, says the *Lincolnshire Chronicle*, that, in the course of the day, a melancholy accident occurred, in consequence of the incautious use of gunpowder, which very materially marred the enjoyment of the pleasure-seekers. On board the Dart steamer were two small cannons, under the management of Mr. Wm. Keightley, and which were discharged as the boats respectively passed the winning buoy. At about one o'clock, shortly after one of these cannons had been discharged, a small quantity of the powder, which had been carelessly scattered about the deck, was observed to ignite, it is believed from the burning wadding; and the fire communicated as by a train with the basket, containing about three canisters of powder, and other materials employed in these senseless demonstrations. The danger was perceived by Mr. Cooper, shoemaker, Bargate, who rashly advanced to extinguish the fire. Before he could reach the basket, however, a fearful

explosion took place, the full force of which expended itself on Mr. Cooper and Mr. Keightley, who were both extensively burnt about the face, hands, and arms. A third sufferer, Samuel Swinn, second son of Mr. Swinn, brewer, High-street, was sitting some yards distant; his face and hands were, however, much scorched by the flames, and a piece of the exploded canister striking his foot, cut through his boot and stocking, and inflicted a deep wound on the instep, causing much hemorrhage. Several other parties felt more or less the effect of the shock, we are glad to say not seriously, although, considering the nature of the explosion, and the very crowded decks, it is a mercy that life was not immediate sacrificed. This happened off Freiston, and a communication with the shore having been with great difficulty effected, the sufferers were conveyed to Mr. Plummer's, Victoria Hotel, where they were attended to by the kind-hearted landlords, Messrs. R. and W. Mears, and other persons who happened to be on the spot, and with as little delay as possible brought to Boston in Fracknall's omnibus. It affords us pleasure to add, that all are progressing satisfactorily towards convalescence. With this exception, nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. —The supper was held at the White Hart Inn, when about sixty persons sat down to a sumptuous repast, served in Mr. Challans' usual style. A very pleasant evening was spent. The various prizes were awarded, and it was agreed that another regatta should take place next year, when it is expected that they may be able to raise two classes of yachts, several gentlemen having expressed their determination to build yachts of a much greater tonnage than the present ones.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The first sailing match of the season of this club, took place on Saturday June the 11th, in the Great Float, Birkenhead, the prize being an handsome silver cup. Great interest was excited as to the result of the contest, it being generally known that the two new American yachts had been expressly constructed by Mr. Grinnell, for competition with the yachts of the Birkenhead club. The result of the contest, which will be found below, has given the greatest satisfaction, as showing that England can compete, and that successfully, with her transatlantic brethren in the construction and sailing of model yachts. The race was in three heats, the first in each heat having to contend for the prize. The following is a return of the day's sport, which, notwithstanding the drizzling rain, attracted a large attendance of spectators and pleasure-seekers.

First Heat.

Black Joke, lugger—Mr. J. Watkins.....	1
Scotia, lugger—Mr. G. H. Robertson.....	0
Little Wonder, 3 masted schooner—Mr. J. A. Crook.....	0
Angla, 3 masted schooner—Mr. W. B. Aspinall.....	0

Owing to the lightness of the breeze, the vessels made one or two attempts before they could get away from the station. Shortly after starting the wind freshened, and a very pretty race ensued, terminating however in favour of the Black Joke.

Second Heat.

Una, sloop (American)—Mr. R. M. Grinnell.....	1
Susan, 2 masted schooner—Mr. H. Robertson.....	0
America, 2 masted schooner(American)—Mr R. M. Grinnell	0
Will Watch, lugger—Mr. J. Watkins.....	0

Great interest was excited as to the result of this heat, which was won in a most beautiful style by the new sloop, the Una. She is an American craft, as also is the schooner America, both having been sent over from New York, expressly for contesting with the yachts belonging to the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club. A strong breeze prevailed throughout the whole of the contest, and the result was hailed with loud cheers from the spectators.

Third Heat.

Maghull, 3 masted schooner—Mr. P. Cato.....	1
Kate, cutter—Mr. T. Bland.....	0
Ganymede, 3 masted schooner—Mr. W. B. Aspinall.....	0
Falcon, lugger—Mr. W. H. Higgin.....	0

This heat was, like the last, favoured with rather a strong breeze. It was however, a very poor affair, for the winner being in much superior trim to either the Kate or the Ganymede, she kept a better course, and won easily. The Falcon, although entered for this heat, did not put in an appearance.

Grand Heat.

Black Joke.....	1
Maghull	0
Una.....	0

This was the most exciting feature of the day, and many thought from the way in which the New American sloop, the Una, had won her heat, that she would carry off the prize. At the start the Una and Maghull fouled, and the Black Joke went ashore. The vessels having shortly after righted themselves, a fresh start was speedily made, and they all got well away together. A very beautiful and exciting race ensued, which was ultimately won by the Black Joke in gallant style. The winner is a new craft, by Mr. Bishop superior model yacht builder at Birkenhead, and was greatly admired.

At the conclusion of the race, the cup was presented to Mr. Watkins, the owner of the winning boat, by Mr. Hamilton Laird, the Commodore of the club.

EASTERN COAST REGATTAS, A.D. 1853.

YACHTING is an increasing hobby on the eastern board of England, where Harwich, Great Yarmouth, and Lowestoft have each during the month of July done much for the advance of this national and manly amusement. On the western coast the Clyde and Liverpool and Birkenhead have done their duty in support of "The Cause" but in the south less has been achieved, since August is ever a better aquatic month than July.

In the month of August last year we first began *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, and now again in the month of August 1853 we present our readers with *The Fifth number of our Second Volume*.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB.

THIS regatta (under the patronage of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club and under the direction of its sailing committee) took place in the spacious waters of Harwich harbour on Saturday, July 16th. The weather we are sorry to state, was most unfavourable: the early part of the morning was fine, although blowing strong from S.W., but as the morning wore on heavy clouds made their appearance, and by the time the Ipswich Railway Steam-boats had arrived, with some hundreds of visitors anxious to witness the anticipated proceedings of the day, the rain was falling steadily, and as if with a determination to continue throughout the day. The success of the regatta was also further marred by the scarcity of yachts capable of contending for the first and second prizes (the competition for which was unavoidably postponed,) the fleet which would otherwise have been present being at the time windbound in Lowestoft, and were therefore only represented by their owners, several of whom had come by land, and who were much disappointed at the non-arrival of their vessels. Had it not been for this circumstance there would, in all probability have been a splendid muster. Amongst the number windbound were the *Phantom*, *Thought*, *Sverige*, *Vampire*, *Sheldrake*, *Waverly*, &c. Notwithstanding the unfortunate state of the weather, the yachtsmen determined not to be cowed, and the visitors also seemed bent upon enjoying themselves as much as possible; umbrellas, oilskins, and overcoats being in great request.

The prizes to be contended for, which were beautifully designed and much admired, were as follows:—1st prize 50 guineas, consisted of two elegant silver centre ornaments, with stands for fruit of flowers (either of which to be chosen by the winner), 30-guinea prize, silver cup with

cover, design Neptune and car, with dolphins for handles ; 10-guinea prize, silver cup embellished with nautical designs ; the 4th prize was a purse of ten sovereigns given by the Vice Commodore—£5 to the first vessel, £3 to the second, and £2 to the third.

At twelve o'clock the committee proceeded to the Royal Naval Yard and boarded the beautiful yacht Novice, which was kindly placed at their disposal by the worthy owner, the Vice-Commodore of the Club (Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq.), in whose praise too much cannot be said for the liberality he displays on every occasion in contributing to the benefit and enjoyment of others. At 12h. 15m. the first gun was fired on board the Vice-Commodore for the yachts of the 3rd class to prepare. Their course was as follows :—Start from a buoy moored off the Novice, round a vessel anchored in the Rolling Grounds, back again, passing under the stern of the Novice, up the Stour, round a vessel anchored off Arwarton and Back to the Novice, twice round. The course for the 4th class was—Start from the Committee, round the Cork-ledge Light Ship, rounding a vessel at Stone Bench, through the Harbour to Arwarton, and back to Committee. The distances of each were about 20 miles. At a quarter before one the yachts took their stations as follows :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Alpha	10	J. Bayley, Esq.
Wee-Pet.....	10	S. R. Grimshawe, Esq.
Mischief	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.

At 1h. 20s. the starting gun was fired, and up went the canvas, the little craft tearing away with a will. The Alpha, in character with her name, took the lead, and maintained her position ; she was for a short time followed by the Wee-Pet, but the latter was soon overhauled by the Mischief. The rain coming on the competitors could not be seen distinctly in the Rolling Grounds, and they passed the Committee yacht as follows :—

Yachts' Names.	1st Round.			2nd Round.			Final.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Alpha	2	15	0	3	47	0	4	30	0
Mischief	2	18	0	3	52	0	4	35	0
Wee-Pet.....	2	25	0	4	20	0	Gave up		

At 1h. 25s. the gun was fired for the 4th class (consisting of stone-dredging smacks) to prepare, and the following vessels took up their positions :—

Mary Ann...	J. Garrod	Ellen.....	W. Mummery
Turtle	W. B. Halls	Unity	W. Steward...
Queen.....	E. Lyons	Koh-i-noor	J. Watts, jun.
Providence...	H. Baker	Magnet ...	J. Webb

The starting gun was fired at two o'clock, when every stitch that it was safe to carry was bent to the breeze, the Queen taking the lead. T

Turtle and Providence withdrew from the contest on going out to sea. The others passed the Committee yacht for Arwarton as under :—

Smacks.	1st Round.			Final.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Koh-i-nor	4	33	0	5	20	0
Queen	4	37	0	5	27	0
Ellen	4	80	0	5	31	0
Unity	4	42	0	not timed.		
Mary Ann	4	44	0	ditto.		
Magnet	4	45	0	ditto.		

This Match created a great interest among the fishermen and boatmen of the town.

The Vice-Commodore received a great number of visitors on board in the course of the day, amongst whom were Lieut. Gutzmer, R.N., L. Cottingham, Esq., R. Nalborough, Esq. (members of the committee), Major Gage, Capt. Adams (18th Royal Irish), Capt. Alexander, Major Rushbrooke, Capt. Jenner, R.N., C. Schreiber, Esq., A. Cobbold, Esq., Mr. Ward and Mr. Massey (4th Light Dragoons), — Nassau, Esq., Rev. P. Bingham, &c. A bountiful supply of refreshments was provided by the worthy Vice-Commodore, who exerted himself to the utmost in entertaining his guests.

Whilst these proceedings were going on afloat, the land sports (consisting of donkey and foot races, climbing for legs of mutton, &c.) were carried on near the esplanade, under the superintendence of R. Stephens, Esq., who was indefatigable in his endeavours to amuse the large concourse of persons assembled.

Amongst the yachts in the harbour were the Aquiline schooner (J. Cardinall, Esq., Rear Commodore), Gondola cutter (84 tons), Royal yacht Squadron, Fanny yawl (97 tons), Royal Victoria Club, Gossamer (35 tons), cutter R.Y.S. H.M. steam-ship Cuckoo, Captain Jenner, was lying in the harbour, gaily decked with flags.

The two cups not contended for (for reasons above stated) will be sailed for on some day in August (the 29th has been named), which we hope will take place under more favourable circumstances.

The annual regatta dinner took place at the Three Cups Hotel, at seven o'clock. A goodly number sat down to a sumptuous repast, served in Mrs. Bull's usual good style. A. Arcedeckne, Esq., Vice-Commodore, presided; John Cardinall, Esq., Rear-Commodore, occupying the vice chair. Amongst the guests we noticed the Rev. Halifax, F. de Styrup, Esq., Major Gage, Major Rushbrooke, Captain Adams, Capt. Alexander, S. Lane, Esq., L. Stephens, Esq., W. C. Randfield, Esq., Lieut. Gutzmer, R.N., C. M. Nalborough, Esq., &c.

The usual loyal toasts having been duly honoured,

Captain Alexander gave "the health of the Vice-Commodore" which was seconded by R. Stevens, Esq., who alluded to the favourable condition of the Club, and to the kind exertions of Mr. Arcedeckne in its behalf.

Mr. Arcedeckne, in returning thanks, expressed the pleasure he felt in promoting the interests of the club, as also those of the town of Harwich at large, which he confidently expected would eventually become a most flourishing port.

The Chairman proposed "Success to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, with the Health of the Rear-Commodore, J. Cardinall, Esq.," who acknowledged the toast.

"The Army and Navy," proposed by the Chairman, was responded to by Capt. Alexander and Lieut. Gutzmer.

The following toasts were also given:—"Yacht owners present," responded to by Mr. Lane; "Health of R. Stephens, Esq.," "the Sailing Committee," with thanks for their able and efficient services, Mr. R. Nalborough and Mr. Randfield returned thanks; "the Non-Members present," acknowledged by Capt. Adams and Mr. R. S. Barnes; "the Members for the Borough, D. Waddington, Esq., and J. Bagshaw, Esq.;" "the Commodore, Sir C. Ibbetson and Lady Ibbetson;" "the Honorary Secretary," for which Mr. Randfield returned thanks; "the Assistant Secretary," acknowledged by Mr. C. M. Nalborough; "the Mayor and Corporation of Harwich;" "the Ladies," &c.

The greatest conviviality prevailed amongst the party, and the pleasures were added to by the vocal efforts of the Vice-Commodore, Major Gage, and Mr. Stephens. The company separated at an early hour.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

THIS annual meeting took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of July, and we regret to state, that this year the attendance was worse than the last. And unless the inhabitants (especially those who derive a benefit from the congregating of members on all festive occasions,) bestir themselves, and draw their purse strings, they may have cause for regret, and when they behold the annual gathering at the adjoining port, where the liberality of a few gentlemen causes the town to overflow with company. We should very much deplore to see the good old town so sink into insignificance, and that it will assuredly do, and none be blamed for it but the inhabitants themselves. The present chief magistrate of the town is a liberal-minded man, and the committee did all that they possibly could, but still there was not the stimulus given to the affair sufficient to excite emulation in the owners of the larger class yachts. That the inhabitants of Norwich and the surrounding villages would attend these annual *reunions*, is sufficiently demonstrated by the attendance of thousands from that city.

We remember the time when a goodly fleet of yachts, of which we had

the title of Admiral, used to lie at their moorings opposite the Vauxhall Gardens. Its true Braydon used to be our evolution ground, but since our boyhood a larger class of yachts has sprung into existence, and Yarmouth, from its maritime character, ought to foster and encourage the laudable pursuit of yachting.

The First Day.—A prize of fifty sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 35 tons, for which the following entered :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Club.
Phantom	26	S. Lane, Esq.....	Royal Thames.
Thought.....	25	G. Coope, Esq.....	Royal London
Maud.....	25	Capt. Andrews	Royal London.

At twelve the signal gun aroused the attention of the idlers and gave animation to the crews of the competing yachts; and at 12h. 37m. they hoisted sail to the breeze, and proceeded on their course, each emulous to show the Yarmouthians that, although they hailed from the land of the cockney, they yet knew how to handle their *pets* with the best chance of success. It is all very well for a man to say, "I can sail a craft in a match," but to do so to win is another matter. That it was a sharp contest the following time will prove :—

Yachts' Names.	1st Round.			2nd Round.			Final.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	1	39	45	2	41	40	3	50	1
Maud.....	1	47	10	2	56	0	4	8	42
Thought	1	54	7	3	10	0	4	2	20

The start was pretty well effected by the *Maud*, which seemed the smartest, and she took the lead, followed by *Phantom*, who before the first round had passed her rival, and was never again headed. The *Thought* met with a trifling mishap at starting, getting her top-sail foul, so that upwards of ten minutes were lost before she got underway, and from the time she came to the finish, allowing ten minutes for the accident, she was only beaten by the *celebrated crack* by 2m. 19s.; and without wishing ill to Mr. S. Lane, we congratulate Mr. Coope on possessing so splendid a clipper. She took the shine out of the *Maud* by beating her at the finish and coming in second.

The next was a prize of £10 for yachts not exceeding 15 tons, which brought the following little beauties to the start.

Yachts Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Port
Kitten	10	T. Harvey, Esq.....	Ipswich.
Mischief.....	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.	Harwich.
Waveney.....	15	T. Lucas, Esq.....	Lowestoft.

During the match it excited much interest, and was, as will be seen by the following table, admirably contested .—

Yachts' Names	1st Round			2nd Round			Final.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Waveney	4	15	10	5	25	0	6	37	20
Kitten.....	4	15	49	5	28	1	6	38	40
Mischief	4	16	36	5	27	10	Gave up		

The *Kitten*, on account of the allowance for difference of tonnage, was declared the winner.

Second Day.—The first prize of £20 for yachts not exceeding 35 tons. Only two yachts, the *Phantom* and *Thought* entered, which was much to be regretted, as even the spirit of the first day was in a very great degree evaporated. When people go some score miles for a sight of novelty it detracts from the pleasure when a paucity of numbers appear, and will assuredly act as a “damper” on the next regatta.

The *Thought* having carried away her top-mast the first day, the owner of the *Phantom*, with that manly feeling which might be expected from a generous rival, sailed her without the top-sail, in order that no undue advantage should by any possibility be taken. The gun fired at 12h. 35m. and the *Thought* took the lead, but the first round ended as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom	1	45	20
Thought.....	1	47	50

In the second round when the *Phantom* reached where the flag boat should have been, Mr. Lane found it had gone adrift, so he went round as near to the spot as he could possibly guess, not so the *Thought*, for having espied the boat, she followed until she could round it.

The *Phantom* arrived off the jetty at 2h. 44m., and awaited the arrival of her competitor at 3h. 31m., when it was decided by the committee that they should start again for one more round, and that the first boat in should be declared the winner. The match ultimately ended thus :—

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	5	12	0
Thought.....	5	16	0

The first prize of £10 was won by *Kitten* in the second round, in consequence of the mark boat drifting as just stated. They started at 1h. 54m. 30s.

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	1st Round.			Final.		
		h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Waveney.....	S. Lucas, Esq.....	4	1	55	4	59	30
Kitten.....	T. Harvey, Esq.....	4	3	20	4	57	32
Mischief	J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	5	4	10	4	58	0

The *Kitten* again became victorious, beating the *Mischief* by 28 second only.

The next prize was a purse of sovereigns, for which the following pleasure started.

No.	Boats' Names.	Owners.	No.	Boats' Names	Owners.
1	Secret ..	Mr. Green.	4	Belvidere.....	Mr. Brown.
2	Mazeppa.....	— Brown.	5	Shannon.....	— Chapman.
3	Cynthla	— Green.			

A fine start was effected, and a good display of seamanship was exhibited, the frequent varying of positions, calling forth the warm expressions of feeling of the owners' friends and fellow-townsmen.

A duck hunt concluded the sports, which afforded much amusement, ten minutes being fruitlessly consumed in the chase.

The regatta dinner, presided over by the mayor, S. C. Marsh, Esq., was held at Bird's Royal Hotel. The mayor and committee did everything in their power to make the visit pleasant to the yachting visitors.

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.

On Tuesday, the 12th of July, this regatta took place, and although old Boreas did not deign to aid the cause by his presence, yet yachtsmen were not to be thwarted in their sports. We have known Lowestoft from our infancy, having passed the happiest years of our childhood there, therefore to us the regatta with the prosperity which seems to surround the town, would naturally convey a greater source of pleasure than it could possibly to those who merely know the town on account of its regatta. Our respected friend "*Nunquam Dormio*," has entered into a lengthened account of the town, and as our space is limited, we shall be brief in our remarks.

Some fifty years ago an antiquarian, by the name of Gillingwater, (if we rightly remember,) residing in High Street, above the market-place, nearly opposite the chapel, used to delight in giving us juveniles the history of the town; and according to his version, when the land was first seen,—the discoverer pointing to the high cliffs exclaimed, "Lo-east-off," meaning thereby to imply that it was the easternmost point of England. The word certainly will convey to the minds of those who have visited the port, that the first syllable of the name (Low) could not have been the original method of spelling it, for it is very high and elevated, beyond Corton or any place in its vicinity.

After an absence of many years, one look sufficed to tell that a master-mind had been at work to carry out the last gigantic improvements met at every turn. The inhabitants of Lowestoft ought to venerate

the name of "Peto," for it is to his all-powerful aid that the prosperity which seems to surround the town can be ascribed.

To us it seemed magic, and when we left the station we were puzzled which way to turn,—look which way we would improvements upreared their head. A magnificent hotel, with grand esplanade, has been built by S. Peto, Esq., and we feel much pleasure in saying, that its present occupant, Mr. Howitt, deserves the support of all yachtsmen. The house on this occasion was literally crammed: beds could not be had, and he might think himself a lucky fellow who might stretch his limbs on a sofa. Such was the concourse of people visiting the town, that not a bed was to be had at any inn or respectable public-house. We, by instinct, found our way to the Queen's Head, but there disappointment awaited us; and we must have been lost in the land of our birth had not the good-natured host (Mayhew,) come to the rescue, and we feel it our duty to recommend his hostelry to those who desire comfort and convenience, accompanied by civility and reasonable charges.

We may be pardoned for saying a few words about the harbour, which is formed by two piers extending 1,300 feet into the sea, and encloses an area of about twenty acres. Its width is 800 feet, and the depth of water in it is twenty feet. The spacious basin thus formed is sufficiently capacious to accommodate 600 or 700 vessels.

The regatta was established under the patronage of several noblemen and gentlemen. The programme was of a very attractive nature, upwards of £215 having been announced as prizes. Among the schooners were the Sverige, Mayfly, and Novice; and the cutters, Avalon, Mosquito, Gossamer, Maud, Phantom, Ariel, Thought, Sheldrake, Vampire, Quiz, Waveney, Mischief, Kitten, Triton, Alpha, Young Kathleen, Shannon, Pearl, Red Rover, Little Eastern, and many others.

The Novice was, by the urbanity and good feeling of her owner, Vice-Commodore Arcedeckne, placed at the disposal of the committee: she was anchored off the harbour, dressed out with flags and signals. The ships and craft in and out of the harbour, exhibited a goodly show of bunting.—Now we proceed to chronicle the events of the day.

The Lowestoft Regatta Prize of 100 Guineas, for yachts belonging to any royal club, of all rigs between 30 and 300 tons; no restriction to sails or number of men, and no time allowed for tonnage. The following were the entries:—

Yachts.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.	Port.
May Fly	schooner	96	S. M. Peto, Esq.....	Lowestof
Sverige.....	schooner	280	T. Bartlett, Esq.....	London
Mosquito.....	cutter	50	Lord Londesborough.....	London
Gossamer.....	cutter	45	Richard Hoare, Esq.....	Lowestoft

Lord Alfred Paget, the Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, would have entered the *Rosalind* of 100 tons, but the lamented death of the *Marchioness of Anglesey* prevented his lordship sailing his beautiful clipper-schooner in the match. The *Margaret* was expected at Lowestoft, but she did not "put in an appearance." The committee had issued a lithographic map on a large scale, of the Lowestoft Roads, with the Gorton, Holm, and Newcombe Sands, in which the depths of water throughout had been ascertained by Commander William Hewitt, H. M. S. *Fairy*, and therein stated, with the rules and regulations to be observed; there were also the courses the yachts had to sail, and they were as follows:—

For the first prize they had to start from their own moorings (abreast of the South Pier), sail to the southward, rounding the Cage Buoy on the south end of the Newcombe, passing through the Pakefield Gat; thence to a station vessel about eighteen miles at sea (to be placed by the committee on the morning of the race), leaving her on the port side, and returning to the starting place by the same channel, passing between the station vessel and the pier. The course for all other yachts, yawls, and boats, was from the moorings laid down abreast of the New North Pier Head, round the Newcombe, leaving all the buoys and light ship of that sand on the port side; thence to the starting place, passing between the pier and the schooner anchored abreast of the North Pier; twice round the course, a distance of about fifteen miles.

The weather was delightfully fine, but just before the start the wind was very light and variable, without a prospect of much more, and therefore Mr. Bartlett decided, at the last moment, not to start the *Sverige*. This was a sad disappointment, as great interest was manifested as to the result of a race between two such well known vessels as the *Sverige* and *Mosquito*. The three yachts remaining in the list were started at 12h. 16m. There appeared to be some trifling difficulty with the *Gossamer* and *Mosquito* in getting clear at first, owing, as we understood, to the gun being fired before the latter yacht was well secured after dropping into a fair line. The *May Fly* got away first, but she was headed by the *Mosquito* at the Cage Buoy, and she continued to lead throughout, rounding the steam-boat moored out at sea and the winning mark as follows:—

YACHT.	BOAT AT SEA.			WINNING MARK.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<i>Mosquito</i>	2	17	0	4	31	45
<i>Gossamer</i>	2	48	25	5	17	0
<i>May Fly</i>	2	51	22	5	26	38

The *May Fly* passed the *Gossamer* in the way back, and came in ahead.

The *Second Race* was for thirty sovereigns by yawls, for which eight tarted; nearly all of which were painted white, (a favorite colour with boat-men for their yawls and gigs,) and carried lugs on their three masts. The following came to the start:—

Yawl's Names	Length	Captains	Port
Royal Victoria	61	Thomas Hood.....	Yarmouth
Beeswing	64	W. Keswick	Lowestoft
Happy Return	45	William Bobbet.....	Lowestoft
The Bobbet	48	Samuel Capps	Lowestoft
Cambridge Lass.....	59	John George	Yarmouth
John Bull	55	Woodward	Southwold
Eclipse.....	54	J. Capps	Lowestoft
Reindeer	69	Samuel Woolsey	Yarmouth
Queen Victoria	64	Thomas Gallant	Yarmouth

The start in this race was the prettiest incident of the day. The sails were set as if by magic ; all deserve praise ; but the Eclipse of Lowestoft got the lead, and the Queen Victoria and Reindeer of Yarmouth showed to much advantage. They stood south to go round the Newcombe Sand, and did not round the second time till about 6 o'clock, the following being the time at the close of the race :—Beeswing, at 5h. 57m. ; Queen Victoria, at 6h. 10m. ; Royal Victoria, 6h. 22m. In this race 250 men formed the crews of the yawls.

The *Third Race* was for a prize of £30 for which five entered :—

Yacht's Names	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Ports
Phantom.....	Cutter..	25	S. Lane, Esq.	London
Ariel	Cutter...	20	J. Rounce, Esq... ..	Lowestoft
Thought	Cutter...	25	G. Coope, Esq.	London
Maud	Cutter...	25	Captain Andrews ...	Lowestoft
Fanny went only to the Stanford Light.				

In this race the yachts stood to the northward instead of to the southward. They started at 1h. 30m., and Maud was the first to set her top-sail, Phantom the second, and Maud had the lead, both being on the starboard tack and the wind freshening. Maud was obliged to bear away a little in rounding the Stanford light-vessel, on the starboard hand ; Phantom was close after her ; and now when the third boat, the Thought, was also kept away to go astern of Phantom, Ariel cleverly passed between the Thought and the light-ship, and thus cut her off and took third position. They went round very closely to each other, Maud at 1h. 47s. Phantom not a half-minute astern, and the third boat, Ariel, also not a minute astern of Maud. They had started with wind free on their starboard quarter, and then before making for the Stanford light-vessel they necessarily became close-hauled on the starboard tack. A man was now seen on Ariel's gaff, and it was feared something was wrong ; and soon the Maud and Phantom tacked ; and here, as seen from the shore—for no steamer accompanied the match—it was a neck-and-neck race between Maud and Phantom, Phantom succeeded in passing through Maud's lee at 1h. 53s., when near Newcombe red buoy. The weather here brightened up and began to improve, but still the Ariel carried no top-sail. The others did. Near Holme Hook, Thought made a longer board than her rivals, and once appeared improving her position. She had about three tons less ballast than

usual, Off the Holme tail we set the racing yachts as they passed, and timed Phantom at 4 minutes past 2; Maud at 4 minutes 25 seconds past 2; and Thought at 6 minutes past 2. At this part of the match the best points for viewing it were the upper rooms at the Royal Hotel. Time passed on, the Newcombe was at last rounded, and the match-vessels became more clearly visible as they approached from the southward. But the Phantom now had it all her own way, and ultimately won as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom	4	58	28
Thought	5	9	40
Maud.....	5	24	0

A Prize of twenty sovereigns for Yachts not exceeding 15 tons. Three to start, or no race. Half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Entrance fee, 10s.

Yacht's Names	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Ports
Vampire.....	Cutter...	15	Chas Wheeler, Esq.....	Southton
Duranjee	Schooner	10	J. F. Cresswell, Esq.....	Lynn
Quiz	Cutter...	12	J. Jones, Esq., jun.	Hull
Waveney	Cutter...	15	Thos. Lucas, Esq.....	Lowestoft
Mischief.....	Cutter...	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.	Harwich
Kitten.....	Cutter...	10	T. Harvey, Esq.....	Ipswich

This race was started at 2h. 18m. These yachts stood to the southward. The Kitten was the first to get away, Waveney first to set top-sail, which smartness gave her the second place, Mischief third, Vampire and Quiz standing off on starboard tack, while the other three had started on the port tack. And here, while these six were standing to the southward and close in shore, the yawls sailing for the 30 sovereigns (the second race of the day) were seen in the distance heading to the northward, in the offing at the back of the Newcombe Sand. The rain still kept off, and indeed did not fall till half-past 2 o'clock; and at no period till about the conclusion of the Regatta did it fall in much quantity.

We must here mention that the Vampire returned to the Committee vessel (the schooner yacht Novice) at 4h. 1m. 25s., followed by Waveney and Kitten at 4h. 17m., only the length of the hull of the Novice dividing the second and third boat as seen from Sverige which had now finished her cruise for the day, and brought up outside the Novice, and "dressed" in signal-tags. Mischief passed the Novice at 4h. 25m. At 6h. 4m. Vampire completed the course, and won. She was very well handled throughout the day.

A Prize of ten sovereigns, for River Lateen Boats, with lateen fore-sail and lug mizen. Three to start, or no race. Half-a-minute per foot allowed for difference of length. Start south, sails down.

The River Lateen Boats started at 2h. 57m., and took the course to the south. Four were entered:—

Shannon, 16 feet, Mr. T. Brightwen	1
Zephyr, 19 feet, H. Dowson, Esq.	0
Phoenix, 19 feet, Jeremiah Woolsey, Esq.....	0
Kathleen (dismasted), 24 feet, T. Lound, Esq.....	0

The accident to Kathleen occurred while moving, before the start, from a wrong berth into a right one. A steam-tug then took her into harbour.

A Prize of ten sovereigns, to be rowed for by Six-oared Beach-gigs. Open to all. First, £6.; second, £3.; third, £1. Start north.

Jenny Lind, Lowestoft, W. Keswick	1
Teazer, Southwold, James Woodward.....	2
Quebec, Pakefield, John Warford.....	3
Beeswing, Kessingland, Robert Manthorpe.....	0
Princess Louisa, Pakefield, Wm. Hook.....	0
I'll Try, Lowestoft, Wm. Bobbet	0

A Prize of ten sovereigns, for Sailing Punts, from all parts, first, £5., second, £3., third, £2., wound up the sports.

(To be continued in our next.)

GREAT REGATTA AT BRIGHTON.

The three days grand aquatic meeting at Brighton, which for some time past has given promise of possessing features of importance, interest, and attraction not to be found elsewhere round the coast, commenced July 21st, under the patronage of the Marquis of Bristol, and several other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen; and although circumstances, over which the committee could have no control, rendered it necessary to defer a portion of the sport to the second and third days, the great schooner race for 120 guineas amply compensated the visitors for the postponement, and for every other deviation from the proposed plan which necessarily forced itself upon the managers.

It is unnecessary to detail, nor have we space, at the present season of the year, the numerous arrangements that had been made to provide sport, and gratify the residents and visitors of this very fashionable watering-place—suffice it to say that the prizes were most handsome and varied, open to craft of every tonnage in the habit of competing on English waters, and the attendance of company was great. The very beautiful weather afforded every inducement to lovers of the sport to avail themselves of the means of transit provided per rail—and excursion steam-boats, and there was one almost unbroken line of spectators from Rottingdean to Shoreham, the course being so judiciously selected as to afford a beautiful view from the mansions of nobility and gentry in the Old Steine, Marine Parade, and the line of buildings and chain of beautiful squares on the western cliff.

It had been purposed to make Saturday the light day of the regatta, but the foul state of the weather for the two or three previous days prevented the expected yachts arriving in time for racing on the 21st. The owners of several were in attendance ready to enter, but their craft were weather-bound at different places, and a change was necessarily made in the order of things. The feature of the first day was :—

A Schooner Race for 120 guineas, of and above 50 tons o.m., belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, each yacht to carry a boat not less than 14 feet in length. Only the main-sail allowed to be set previous to starting.

Schooners.	Tons.	Owners.
Sverige	280	Vice-Commodore Bartlett
Alarm	248	J. Weld, Esq.

The course was to start from a flag-boat off the Chain Pier towards the west, to a boat moored off Shoreham Harbour, out about five miles, to another boat facing the pier ; thence to a boat off Rottingdean, and back to the Chain Pier, three times round, making a distance of at least 52 miles.

The well-known celebrity of the Alarm, and the high character given of to the peculiar powers of the Sverige, which, it will be remembered, was the schooner disqualified in the 1st of June race of the R.T.Y.C., rendered this a most interesting race ; and the start and subsequent beautiful race between them was closely watched by several officers of her Majesty's navy, and other gentlemen of position, with telescopes.

Captain Thelluson was the umpire, and at 11h. 25m. started them, There was a nice breeze from the south-west, but not enough of it for such large class craft. The Alarm had the choice of station, and took the weathermost berth. They were both away about the same time. They stayed and commenced running towards Shoreham Point, the Swede with a slight lead, but to leeward ; but before rounding the boat there, within 25 minutes of the start, the Alarm drew sufficiently in front to make the turn a minute and a quarter in advance of the Swede. They were now being close hauled to the middle buoy, and here the distance was a trifle increased, but in the very free sailing to the eastward triflingly diminished, and they passed the starting place, having completed the first round in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Alarm	12	49	30
Sverige	12	51	35

In coming from the eastward, the Sverige had gained 25 seconds ; but both, now right round to the middle or southern station, appeared to be in pretty well the same positions, with a very slight advance by the Alarm. The second round was completed in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Alarm	2	15	0
Sverige	2	17	10

In the next round, a fore-gaff top-sail and balloon jib set by the Swede certainly began to tell in her favour. Her sails were beautifully cut, and fitted her handsomely; but she had neither canvaa enough upon her for light weather, or weather enough, in her present trim, to make her sufficiently lively. What she would have done with sharp turning against a dead noser, it is impossible to say. She, however, shortened her distance, as will be seen by the result, which was as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.
Alarm	3	45	0
Sverige	3	47	0

She thus lost by two minutes in a distance of full 52 miles performed by the winner in 4 hours 20 minutes.

THE GALLEY MATCH was well contested. The first prize was won by the John Bull, of Brighton, beating the Lelia by about 30 yards, and the latter was about 100 yards ahead of the Surprise, the others being some distance astern.

The committees, and several officers of the royal navy and other gentlemen dined together at the Old Ship Hotel. In the course of the evening they repaired to the New Ship, where a party of yachting gentlemen of the London clubs, and others, had assembled, Mr. Lucas being in the chair, and Mr. Goodson, Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, vice. The gentlemen blended their parties and harmony together, and did not separate till a late hour. While this was going on in one part of the town, Commodore Berncastle, of the Prince of Wales Club, was addressing his constituents in another, descanting on the general advantages of yachting, and the popularity of the Brighton Regatta, &c.

FRIDAY.—There being great thickness on the sea and heavy rains on Friday morning, the several gentlemen whose yachts were entered, and in readiness off the town, together with the committee, determined that there could be no sailing that day, and that it should be deferred till the following one.

First Class for £50 given by the hotel keepers, and 50 added from the fund.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Arrow.....	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
Wildfire	58	F. L. Thynne, Esq.
Aurora	60	Le M. Thomas, Esq.
Mosquito	50	Lord Londesborough
Julia	110	W. Peareth, Esq.

Second Class for £50, given by shipowners.

Merlin.....	30	W. Bartram, Esq.
Emetic.....	20	Major Martyn
Thought	25	G. Coope, Esq.
Phantom.....	25	S. Lane, Esq.

The regatta was resumed on Saturday under the most favourable auspice the weather being delightfully fine, with an abundance of sport. The attendance of spectators was not so numerous as on the first day, but sti

great and extremely respectable; the chain-pier and cliffs affording very excellent opportunities of witnessing the greater part of the race, which, owing to the brightness of the day, could be seen almost throughout with the naked eye.

Hotel Keepers' Prize.—The prize above named was the first on the list, and of those before enumerated the following only went:—

Arrow.		Wildfire.		Aurora.
--------	--	-----------	--	---------

The *Mosquito* was unable to get out of Shoreham Harbour for want of water until long after the time named for the start, and was just in view as the three others went away, with about two boards to make to weather the boat at the Shoreham station. They were off on different boards, the *Arrow* preferring going out to sea with a short board to get in the weathermost place. The others kept on their more leeward position, and all arrived, with very little trouble, in the beating line at the Shoreham Point, the *Wildfire* first, arriving there by half a minute—the *Arrow* next. In the course of the next five minutes the *Arrow* went to windward of the *Wildfire*, which set an enormous balloon jib, with a desire to overhaul her opponent, but failed, the *Arrow* increasing her lead slightly, and coming to the end of the first round at 1h. 26m. 15s.; before arriving at which the *Aurora* had lost the jaws of her gaff, and sprang her bowsprit, which forced her to retire from the race; and the *Wildfire*, losing her top-sail-yard, a man had to go out to the further end of the gaff to clear away, and she rigged a gaff-headed top-sail. The *Wildfire* was only two minutes behind the *Arrow* in rounding this time, but fell off afterwards, and the race was ultimately finished by the *Arrow* winning by 17 minutes.

For the second race, the *Phantom*, *Emetic*, and *Merlin* started, and it is perfectly unnecessary to go into any details. The *Phantom* did as she liked with them, there being about the same difference between her and the *Emetic* as there was between the *Arrow* and *Wildfire*.

There was a very large dinner in the evening at the Old Ship Hotel, presided over by the High Constable, at which the toasts, the Queen, Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family, the Army and Navy, Royal Squadron, and other yacht clubs and several other toasts, were duly responded to, a report of which will be given in our next, as well as the remaining particulars of the regatta.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht Club having been for some time announced to come off here on Thursday, and Friday, 7th and 8th of July, the sports were looked forward to with considerable interest by our town's people. The weather being favourable on Thursday, with a fine breeze, a vast number of light craft was collected on the river,

and a goodly number of spectators lined the shore. The club's handsome yacht the *Orion*, was moored off the Albert Quay, and she, of course, being the starting point for the competing yachts and boats, was the centre to which all eyes were directed. There cannot be a doubt of the regatta as a whole not being quite so successful as was expected. No blame can be ascribed to the gentlemen who had the management of the races ; they did all they could ; but notwithstanding the many beautiful yachts which covered the water, there seems to have been an unaccountable timidity or distaste displayed by the owners. Though the matches were announced to commence at eleven o'clock, it was fully two hours after 'ere the first match in order of time, but the second on the list, was started. There were considerable intervals of time, too, between the matches, which were not very conducive to the good humour of those who were drawn to the scene with no other object than to be innocently excited and amused. The list of the yachts, which were rapidly and gracefully scudding to and fro, may show that there was no lack of fine vessels for two day's successful regattas :—*Claymore*, schooner 139 tons, A. Campbell, Esq., of Blythewood ; *Coralie*, cutter 35 tons, A. Byrne, Esq. ; *Flying Cloud*, schooner 74 tons, J. Sivewright, Esq. ; *Onda*, R. W. Laurie, Esq. ; *Aquila*, cutter 44 tons, — Robertson Esq. ; *Stella*, H. R. Lang, *Gazelle*, D. Johnston, Esq. ; *Evadne*, C. T. Cooper, Esq. ; *Marina*, cutter, 52 tons, W. G. Forster, Esq., of North Shields ; *Isabel*, cutter 45 tons, Ormsby Rose, Esq., of Dublin ; *Irish Lily*, cutter 82 tons, R. W. Hillas, Esq., Kingston ; *Wave*, cutter 25 tons, J. Smith, Esq., of Jordonhill ; *Pet*, schooner 36 tons, Capt. W. D. Scott ; *Viola*, S. Darcus, Esq. ; *Magician*, yawl, 62 tons, R. Bate, Esq., Kingstown ; *Shadow*, cutter 42 tons, W. Stirling, Esq. ; *Satelite*, cutter 60 tons, T. D. Douglas, Esq.

In the course of the day several ladies and gentlemen were on board the *Orion* ; among the latter were A. Campbell Esq., Vice Commodore ; G. Middleton, Esq., Honorary Secretary ; P. Macnaughton, Esq., of Greenock ; J. Scott, sen. Esq., Greenock ; J. Scott, jun. Esq., ditto ; J. M'Nair, Esq. ; J. Smith, Esq. of Jordanhill ; J. M. Rowan, Esq., Glasgow ; J. Stewart, Esq. of Clydebank ; J. F. Mackay, Esq., &c. The band of the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry Cavalry was also on board. For the first prize, the Greenock Cup, value fifty sovereigns, presented by the inhabitants of Greenock, and open to yachts of 30 to and upwards, four boats were entered, but as only two had the spirit come forward, it was delayed till the following day, on which it was decided it should be run on different terms.

The races were resumed to day about one o'clock. The weather being

bright and warm, a good many pleasure seekers were rowing about in boats, or watching the issues of the matches from the shore. In addition to the names given as on board the club yacht yesterday, we observed to day Mr. Smith and Mr. Huggins, of Glasgow ; Dr. Lang of Largs ; Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Brown, and Dr. Brown of Greenock ; and Mr. Hamilton, Glasgow, &c. The first race started at 1 o'clock.

The second prize of 30 sovereigns, open to yachts belonging to any Royal Club, under 30 tons. The following started a few minutes after one o'clock:—

Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
Onda.....	cutter	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq.
Viola.....	cutter	35	S. Darcus, Esq.
Evadna.....	cutter	10	C. T. Cooper Esq.

The only information we can give of this match is, that the Onda came in first and the Viola second. Why our correspondent did not favor us with a more detailed account we cannot surmise.

The next prize of ten guineas was for rowing, given by A. M. Dunlop, Esq., M.P.; the following four oared jolly boats, not exceeding twenty-three feet in length and not less than four feet beam, contended:—

Boats' Names.	Owners.	Port.	Order of Arrival.
I will if I can.....	Mr. R. Shaw.....	Gourock.....	1
Invincible.....	Mr. J. Muir.....	Glasgow.....	2
Tourist.....	Mr. Mc. Farlane.....	Arrochar.....	3
Blue Bonnet.....	Mr. T. Lyle.....	Greenock.....	4
Conservative.....	Mr. J. T. Stewart...	Greenock.....	5
Thistle.....	Mr. J. Liddell.....	Helensburgh.....	gave up.

The prize was after a spirited contest awarded to the first named boat.

The next rowing match was for four oared boats not exceeding twenty-five feet in length, with not less than four feet beam, in which the Sunbeam, R. Shaw, was the victor, gaining the first prize of £3; beating the Thistle (second prize of £1,) and the Invincible.

One other rowing match finished the first day, for boats not exceeding sixteen feet, to be pulled by one man with pair of oars: Mr. R. Shaw's Giant beat the Maze, and also Beelzebub.

Second Day.—The first prize was for a purse of twenty-five sovereigns, open to yachts belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs of twenty tons and upwards, a time race. The Greenock Cup was also added for competition. The following started:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	First Round.	Finish
			h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Irish Lilly.....	80	Vice-Commodore Hillas, (15)...	4 17 0	6 45 0
Marina.....	52	W. J. Forster, Esq.....	4 32 0	
Coralie.....	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.....	4 32 30	
Onda.....	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq.....	4 39 0	
Viola.....	35	S. Darcus, Esq.....	4 55 0	

A prize of a piece of plate value twenty sovereigns, for yachts not exceeding eight tons. The following started:—

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	Port.
Will o' the Wisp.....	W. H. Fyfe, Esq. ...	Greenock
Sting	C. S. Mackay, Esq....	Campbelton
Naiad	— Ferguson, Esq....	

This was won by the Will o' the Wisp; this boat has become celebrated having won several prizes.

The sports concluded with several rowing matches, the particulars of which we cannot give owing to the cause above stated. We are however rather surprised to find that one or two yacht matches and boat races did not come off.

THE IMPERIAL YACHT CLUB OF ST. PETERSBURGH REGATTA.

Took place on the 27th and 28th, of June, n.s.. the prize was a vase, given by His Imperial Majesty the emperor, value £200 sterling, time race.

The distance 106 nautical miles, (the same as last year) viz, from Cronstadt Great Roads round the Island of Nerva, and back to Cronstadt Roads.

27th of June.—The following yachts were stationed in a line, from S.W. by S. to N.E. by N.

Yachts Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Late English.
Zabava.....	186	M. A. Schismareff.....	Janette.....
Sokol.....	66	Count A. Bobrinsky.....	War Eagle....
Marie.....	27	Mr. F. Baird.....	
Rurik.....	62	Mr. A. Abase.....	Tern.....
Bouria.....	115	Count P. Bobrinsky.....	
Queen Victoria....	257	H. I. Majesty.....	
Volna.....	88	H. I. H. Grand Duke Constantine...	

Allowance half-a-minute per ton, per mile, as far as 140 tons, but yachts above 140 tons only allow difference to that amount of tonnage.

The Agamemnon man of war brig, was stationed two cables length from the centre of the line to the eastward, as starting vessels to which the yachts were to return, after rounding the Island of Nerva from E. to W.

The third gun signal for starting was fired at 11 a.m. and all the yachts got underway, with a light wind E.N.E.; at 11h. 15m. the Rurik was a-head; but at 11h. 40m. the Bouria passed her; at 3 p.m. Zabava was first followed by Bouria; Volna, Rurik, Victoria, Sokol and Marie, the latter gave up and returned to Cronstadt; at 6 p.m. Zabava was still first but shortly after the wind shifted to N.W. she tacked and lost her advantage; at 7h. 30m. the yachts were in the following order Rurik, Volna, Sokol, Zabava, Victoria, and Bouria.

June 18th.—They rounded the Island of Nerva in the following order, wind E.N.E.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	sa.
Sokol.....	12	55	30	Zabava.....	12	55	35
Victoria.....	12	55	33	Rurik.....	12	58	0
Volna.....	12	55	35	Bouria.....	12	59	0

At 2h. 15m. a.m. Rurik first, at six Sokol passed her, but at 7h. 15m. Bouria regained her position and kept it to the end of the race, according to the time here mentioned.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Rurik.....	2	9	51	Volna.....	2	26	33
Sokel.....	2	14	30	Victoria.....	4	29	58
Bouria.....	2	24	23	Zabava.....	2	58	0

The Imperial Vase was, after a spirited and sharp contest, awarded to the Rurick.

During the race the wind was light with calm, the 28th June the wind was 4h. a.m. S.W; 9h. a.m. W.N.W; 11h. a.m. W. by S; 1h. 35m. W.N.W. fresh.

The Rurik (late Tern) was built by Camper. sails made by Lapthorn and Sons, and was purchased by Prince N. Labanoff, who resold her to her present owner, on his purchasing the Rogneda, late Circassian.

[We thank Mr. March for his courtesy in forwarding the foregoing to the Magazine as well as to the *Leviathans*. This is the example set by the Imperial Yacht Club, which the English will do well to follow.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.—*The Schooner Alarm.*

We have much pleasure in being enabled through the kindness of Mr. A. W. Fowles, Marine Artist of Ryde, to present to our subscribers a sketch of this celebrated clipper, taken by him whilst passing that stupendous wooden wall of Old England the Wellington at Spithead. The Alarm has been the winner of several prizes, and whilst our plate was in the printer's hands, she added another laurel by winning the £120 prize at Brighton, July 23rd.

She was originally a cutter, and in the commencement of the sailing for the King's Cup at Cowes, a rule was established by the Club that any yacht in the Squadron might be at liberty to sail for it, and if any yacht was without a competitor she might sail over the course. This was the rule, until the Alarm walked the course in 1833; although it stood in the rule that it was never to be altered, in 1834 a rule was made that all yachts of the Squadron should be classed according to tonnage, which made eight in number, and no class was permitted to sail for a race, either the Queen's cup or cups given by the Squadron, unless three yachts started. The Alarm was then excluded (excepting by giving time,) for 6 years, she then won a Queen's plate, she was then excluded again till her turn came in 8 years more, and as there were then no yachts to start against her, the cup was given to another class, which was in 1850.

The design and contruction of this yacht was under the supervision of her owner, Joseph Weld, Esq., and she certainly has proved herself a craft worthy of his pride. We should much like to see a match between the America and Alarm, and we believe the owner of the latter will be found ready to make a match whenever the America's pleases.

It may be as well to remark that the Alarm was not lengthened by the bow according to the plan of the America, but according to her own midship section, which is different from the America in every way.—H.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

August 2nd—Bridport Regatta for a cup value £25, for yachts.

- " 3rd—Lyme Regis Regatta.
- " 3rd—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.
- " 6th—Second Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- " 8th and 9th—Regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.
- " 10th—Proposed Schooner match from Ryde, for yachts of all nations.
- " 11th and 12th—Regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club in Southampton Water.
- " 15th—Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.
- " 16th and 17th—Regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, at Valentia. [Postponed through death of Commodore.]
- " 18th—Royal Yacht Squadron match, for Prince Albert's Cup.
- " 19th—Royal Yacht Squadron Cup match, open to Squadron yachts and foreign yachts.
- " 22nd—Teignmouth Regatta.
- " 25th—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta, Carnarvon.
- " 26th—Royal Humber Regatta.
- " 27th—First Class Match of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- " 28th—Torbay Regatta.
- " 29th—Renewed Regatta at Harwich.
- " 29th—Prince of Wales Club, Treasurer's prize of a Silver Cup.
- " 31st—Chester Regatta on the Dee.

September 10th—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match.

- " —Yacht Club Royal Belge, under the patronage of His Majesty the King of the Netherlands, and the Duc de Brabant, and the Comte de Flandre.

October 18th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, open to the Yachts of English Clubs also, (the Sailing Rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England will be adopted.)

. Secretaries are requested to communicate any omitted fixtures, for the September number of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

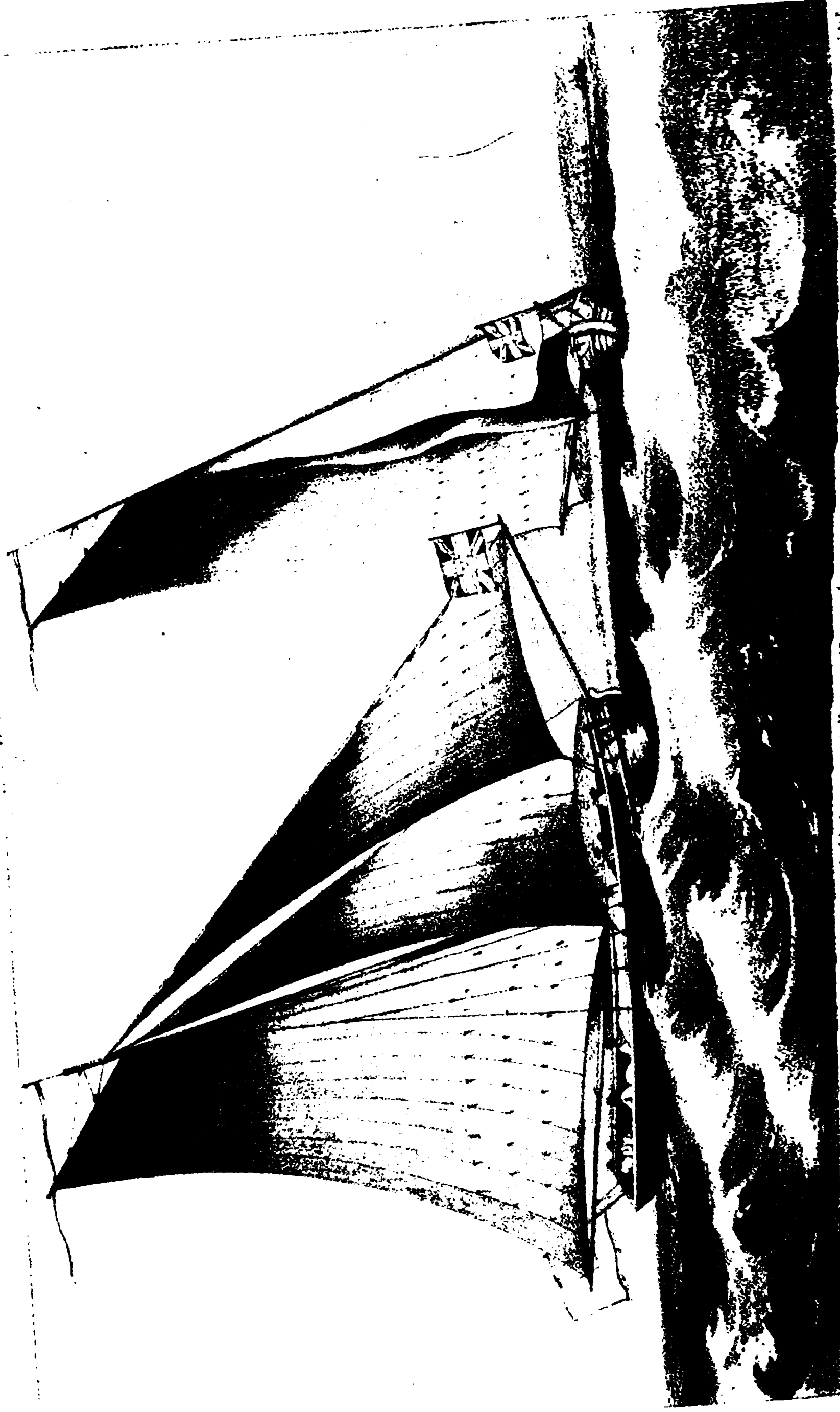
Anonymous communications cannot be inserted—name must be sent in confidence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SLAVE SHIP received. The "HAWKER AT LOWESTOFT" under consideration. The Belge Programme came too late, but we thank our correspondent most sincerely. J. SIMPSON.—Your paper on "Boom-lacing" has certainly not reached us; till we receive it we cannot answer your other questions.

In consequence of an accident to our types when ready for Press, we are compelled to omit a portion of our letter-press, which contained Mersey, Prince Wales Yacht Club, remainder of Lowestoft Notice, besides our Editor's Lock Club Meetings, &c. THE DEFICIENCY SHALL BE MADE GOOD IN OUR NEXT.

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SEPTEMBER 1853.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE present to our readers copies of the ancient paintings by Monamy, of the Old Cork Water Club, (for which we are indebted to Mr. E. T. Bricknel, the eminent artist of Queenstown,) they have been some considerable time in our possession, but we were unable to give them a place. The original painting was presented by Admiral the Marquis of Thomond to the club, one of them represents, "Two Gentlemen's Boats, members of the Water Club of Cork harbour, 1738." The other represents the fleet manœuvring under the orders of the Admiral, whose vessel, under all sail, on the starboard tack, with union at the main, ensign displayed from a staff stepped in the taffrail, and union likewise displayed upon a staff at the bowsprit end, occupies the foreground of the painting; the remainder of the fleet, to the number of twelve, are some on starboard, some on port tack, as it is evidently intended to represent a dead beat to windward, the admiral leading. From the relative proportions conveyed by these paintings, we would say the respective tonnages averaged from ten to fifteen or twenty, and the vessels represented are much of the same build and rig as those now known as Kinsale Hookers, open forward and aft, with a cabin occupying about a third of the entire length, situated nearly amidships; there appears to be a profusion of ornamental work, painting and gild-

ing, and under all circumstances it would seem that a naval pendant was carried at the mast head, the ensign from a staff at the taffrail, and the union at the bowsprit end. The rig appears to have been very simple, even as the same class of vessels are rigged at the present day: a narrow-headed and lofty main-sail, fore-sail, and jib or stay-sail, (as in the paintings it is depicted as working upon a stay,) comprised the sails; there was no top-mast, the bowsprit was much steeved, and had neither bobstay nor guys; the main-rigging consisted of two shrouds of a side, backstay, runner, and tackle. Verily the dandiest Yankee of 'em all could not have found fault with the superfluity of their gear, either of running or standing.

CAUSES OF BOATS CAPSIZING.

*Extract from the Sailing Boat.**

As Captain Washington observed in his lecture before the Society of Arts.

"The casualties that occur are not occasioned by stress of weather, but they are mainly attributable to causes within control, and to which a remedy might be applied."

The increasing excitement in all parts of this country of the soul stirring pastime of boat sailing, has been closely watched of late years by the author. The numerous and melancholy fatalities daily occurring have also been read with unremitting attention, and no small amount of regret, at the early fate of young and vigorous manhood. Many a tear has rolled down a mother's cheek on perusing records of disasters and distressing family bereavements, when often a promising youth, perhaps an only son, a father's joy, a mother's rising hope, has been for ever lost, for ever snatched away; and all that once was fondness and affection, warmth of heart and gladness round the homely hearth, is for ever sunk beneath the dismal waters of eternity: and this, all this, perhaps, from some inexperienced management or unskilful handling of boyhood's fondest toy,—the sailing boat. But blame not the youthful sufferer, nor he who loves the lively barque, and merry ruffling wave, and who, if (although ever so studious and attentive to scholastic duties,) would gladly read in hours of recreation and with double interest and attention a book to teach him how to sail his boat:—for such a youth this book is intended.

True it is that boats are not so frequently capsized on account of

*This work will be published in a few days.

large sails of rough weather, as they are from a negligent carelessness, and a lack of proper judgment and experience: by far the greater portion of accidents occur in fine and moderate weather. There are various *causes of boats capsizing*, among which may be mentioned inattention to the main-sheet and jib-sheet, insecure or insufficient method of ballasting, disproportion of spars, wrong adjustment of sail, particularly head sails or those before the mast, improper trim of hull, whereby the boat carries a lee-helm, instead of a weather-helm; and various other causes hereafter explained.

Every person who ventures on the water in an open sailing boat, should be given strictly and indefinitely to understand, that the most important rope, and that on which the safety of the boat and that of her crew depends, is the *main-sheet*, next to which is the *fore-sheet*, or if two head sails, the *jib-sheet*, every rope belonging to the sails should be laid in a separate coil, so as to be ready to work without obstruction in case of sudden emergency; but more particularly the *main-sheet*, which should never be made fast, except in the most slight and simple manner; care should be taken that it be not entangled, or in any way hidden from view, whether sailing before the wind, on a wind, reaching, or otherwise: in nine cases out of ten when boats are capsized, the reason is simply this; that the person attending the sheet, in the confusion of the moment of danger; from fright, inattention, or some other unpardonable cause, fails to slack the sheet until too late, and at a period when his own weight, and probably that of the other inmates of the boat, suddenly jerked over to the leeward side, actually accelerates the upsetting; and finally precludes the possibility of allowing the boat a chance of righting. It sometimes occurs that the coil or fall of the sheet becomes entangled or twisted round something in the boat, so as to render it impossible to be let go suddenly. There are some perhaps who will consider the latter case as very unlikely to occur, but there are others who know it has unfortunately happened too many times to need any comment to prove its probability; *e.g.* suppose the fall or end of the sheet to be lying in a neat round coil at the bottom of the boat, the part leading from the clew of the sail being uppermost, and apparently, all is clear and ready for running out in an instant; now the chances are, that after sailing for a short time, this rope becomes slightly deranged, particularly if there is much rolling motion, or many persons in the boat, or any circumstance occurring calling the attention of the person attending the sheet to some other object of attraction; the neatly coiled main-sheet is forgotten, becomes entangled or foul of something; and if required to be slacked off, meets with some impediment checking its

course through the main-sheet block. Again, a rope when drawn rapidly through a block assumes a meandering or corkscrew form, and is very liable unless due caution is used, to catch round something or other in the boat; an oar, a boat-hook, a cleat, or person's foot; any slight check from which, may cause a kink in the rope, and an obstruction to progress. It is not unfrequently the case that a rope, although neatly coiled, becomes kinked on getting wet, particularly if new; a wet rope is also liable to swell; in either of which instances the sheave of the block may be choked, or the rope jammed between the parts of the shell.

Every sailor is aware that a new rope if not well stretched and the turns taken out before reeving, will be subject to twist, so as to stop its running freely through the block; it is therefore a most important consideration, and may be stated as one necessary caution to be observed in fitting out a sailing boat with new ropes, particularly those used for *sheets*; where a temporary obstruction may occasion the most disastrous consequences. This simple precaution being indifferently attended to, has caused the upsetting of many a pleasure boat; for if the sheet be not instantaneously cleared the boat must inevitably be capsized in a squall. The most speedy and effectual manner of acting in such a case, is, to cut with a knife and cut away the sheet; an experiment which has often saved boat and crew from destruction, even after being thrown flat on beam ends, and the water pouring over the gunwale. Boats passing under the lee of large vessels in squally weather, are very apt to be upset the instant the vessel is past; the boat having lost the wind out of her sails, has no way on, and if a squall then strikes her, there is great danger, unless the sheets are slack and clear. In a moderate and steady breeze, with a clear sky, and when not likely to be squally, seamen and boat-sailors are frequently inclined to take what is termed a "slippery hitch" in the sheet, which is done by twisting the bight of the rope once round its own part; but a careful sailor will never under any circumstances allow the sheet to be belayed, he either holds or orders it to be held in the hand.

It sometimes becomes necessary in light winds, to row and sail at one and the same time, either on account of a foul tide, to save time, or from lack of wind; but experience has proved such as highly incautious, if the sheet has to be made fast, and no one is left in charge at the helm. The more prudent course would be to lower the sails, and depend entirely on the oars, or to dispense with the use of the oars, and trust the sails. Boats may also be upset by having too large and heavy mast, which gives too much leeward pressure and materially weakens the stability of the boat; a mast should always be flexible, and not a sha-

stouter than necessary to sustain the pressure of the sails in a stiff breeze. I once observed a boat underway in a moderate breeze, careening to the wind and burying her bows under the surf in a most perilous manner; the boat afterwards came nearer, and I hailed her to tell the owner (a youth about sixteen years of age) of the risk he was incurring; he asked me to point out the danger, I then told him if he carried the same sails on a mast half the size of the present one, his boat would be safe and sail faster; he adopted my suggestion, adding a small shroud on each side the mast, and the evil was entirely remedied, without the least shift of ballast or any other alteration; the *sails* were not too large, but only in fair proportion with the size of the boat.

It may be considered a singular assertion, but it is nevertheless a correct one; that many a small racing yacht of the present day, if stripped of sails, stores, and *ballast*, leaving nothing but the empty hull and spars, may be completely capsized, solely by the weight of the mast slightly swaying over on either side, although in perfectly smooth water. This experiment I have seen tried effectually; it does not however tend to prove any bad quality in a boat; on the contrary, the more "cranky" it is when empty, the stiffer it will be when ballasted; it also shows that the boat has a fine bottom, adapted for speed under canvas.

With regard to the management of an open boat in a gale at sea much may be said; although I hope none of my readers may ever be placed in such imminent peril as it has been my lot to experience on more than one occasion, during most fearful gales, which no open boat, unless a brave and powerful sea boat, could have lived through. Let me now describe the action of the sea upon a boat running into a heavy surf:—when on the top of a huge wave or roller, the bows are lifted high out of the water, then as the sea recedes, the boat is hurled forward, has lost steerage way, and becomes unmanageable; the bows being then buried under water, and the sea acting powerfully on her head and fore-gripe, twists her round broadside to the waves, when she directly lurches to leeward, and the sea rolls over the gunwale; the next motion that inevitably follows, is a heavy lurch to windward, and another sea breaks completely over, and fills or capsizes the boat. This may happen either under sail or oars, as every mariner must know, who has ever been tossed about a heavy surf running over a shoal or bar in the sea; there is considerable difficulty in preventing a boat from broaching-to, when stem and stern are alternately lifted out of the water by the waves; and should the boat broach-to and meet a very heavy roller broadside on, the chances are fifty to one that she is swamped, unless of

unusual stability. The greatest skill and carefulness are therefore necessary for safe management of the boat at such a trying time. Experience has taught us that when a heavy breaker is seen following the boat up from astern, it is useless to attempt running away from it: then a question naturally arises, what must be done at the impulse of the moment? "For your lives men, back her astern, hard at it every one of you, and let the man in the stern sheets creep forward a moment to lighten the boat's stern." By this effort the wave strikes the boat, kindly and passes on; but if the other course be adopted, and the wave allowed to follow the boat up astern, so surely as such an experiment is tried, the sea will either curl over the stern, or the boat will broach-to and take the sea over her gunwale.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

BY W. MOLYNEUX.

Far, far away at sea
 Darkness surrounding;
 High, o'er the billows free,
 The slave ship is bounding.
 List! to the clanking chains;
 Voices of terror reigns,
 O'er slavery's dread domains,
 Meek hearts astounding!

Hark! to the piteous cry,
 With the winds blending:
 Can they such tears deny,
 Death pangs are rending!
 Mercy pleads all unknown;—
 Charity trembles lone:
 Dash down the heart of stone,
 Slavery defending!

NEW MODEL YACHT.

In this age of novelties, the yachting world may boast its full share we have now to report the launch, on the 22nd of August, from Mr. J. Thompson's yard, Rotherhithe, of a diagonal built mahogany yacht of three skins. This small vessel, though about 60 tons, is designed by its owner, (Col. Robert Smith, C.B.) in the fashion of what may be termed a large "accommodation boat," she having no pretensions either in her

lines of hull or weight of spars to be classed amongst our clipper yachts. The proprietor, we understand, having designed her for purposes of comfort and use in and about Torbay, so as to facilitate inshore sailing, and easy entrance to the many picturesque bays, rivers, and shallow harbours along our south-western coasts.

The peculiarities of this yacht are a flat bottom, and great power of floatage, by having no dead wood nor hollow lines in her form; she flares out in her midship section to a very ample breadth upon deck, so as to afford good space, though carrying her boats inboard. She has two stout bilge keels under the after-body, to check leeway, and they keep her perfectly upright if run on shore or grounded in a harbour. The great novelty, however, in Col. Smith's yacht is her *circular revolving and self-acting keel* in a central well, which in deep sea sailing gives her great weatherly powers, and an extraordinary facility of turning. The rudder also can work at pleasure, under her bottom. The rig has likewise its peculiarities, being a system of pointed isosceles sails on three masts, with a fore-stay-sail and jib. These sails are light in appearance, and quite easy to hoist and to strike, being without yard or gaff to add to the weight of the canvas.*

We hear this gentleman is an amateur artist, and in contriving his yacht has had in view his fond practice of sea-coast and marine painting.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

The gallant ship moved down the stream,
As quiet as an infant's dream,
Unconscious quite of endless fears,
As touching storms of after years;
Yet gliding on to when that sleep,
Would soon be cradled by the deep.

Within that bonny bark was one,
Whom we design to touch upon,
There! mark his youthful mein, he stands,
In deepest thought, and clasped his hands:
Wrung from his heart, now falls the tear,
Which shews the conflict passing there.
The rubicon is crossed and he
Must onward to his destiny,
Past pleasures, dearest friends fleet by,
Alternated in his memory,
Each look, each act of kindness then,
Is rich as eastern diadem.

* She is named the *Disc*, a very appropriate name.

Still we leave these for a time,
 To visit India's sickly clime,
 Like all who're forced, or wish to roam,
 He'll learn the value of a home;
 And soon, too soon, he'll understand,
 The blessings of his native land.

Who marked the ship move down the stream?
 Who staid 'till forced away from him?
 Who gave him every token dear,
 That friend can feel and offer here?
 Who bid dry his tears, and smile,
 Though hers were flowing fast the while,
 And trust in Him who'll ever free,
 The wretched in adversity?
 Who did these things, and many more,
 Which flow from true affection's store,
 What made that ship to her so fair,
 Her freight so rich—A BROTHER there!

E. A. S.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

THE Royal Yacht Squadron regatta has ever stood so pre-eminent above all other clubs formed for kindred objects, both from the fact of it being one of the oldest established clubs, and from the superior quality of the vessels, that it would be superfluous to dilate upon them. The beautiful waters of the Solent were studded here and there with a numerous fleet of trim-looking yachts, with their sails of almost unapproachable whiteness, and their tiny burgees distinguishing the various clubs to which they respectively belong. Amongst those represented at this great aquatic festival, were the Eastern Yacht Club, the Royal Victoria, the St. George's, the Royal Western, and last, not least, the Yacht Club of New York. The representative of this club is the new American clipper *Sylvie*, whose fame has long since preceded her arrival on the English shores. As viewed from the beach, her hull did in a great measure resemble her prototype, the noted *America*, but is unlike her in other respects, being cutter rigged, with an immense breadth of beam, and carries a false or dropping keel. This enables her in light weather to draw but very little water, but if occasion requires her to stand under a very heavy press of canvas, then she can drop her keel for the time and gain all the advantages which it will afford. This keel can be lowered about fifteen feet. Her tonnage is 105 tons, her mast 82 feet long.

72 feet boom, from the end of the bowsprit to the mast 50 feet, and the jib-boom 18 feet out. The length of her deck is 80 feet; beam, 24 feet 6 inches; depth, 7 feet; and draft of water, $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet aft and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the fore. According to the statements of the American papers, her owner, Louis Depau, Esq., who is a gentleman of family and fortune, is willing to test her sailing qualities with anything in Europe, not excepting the renowned *America*, for any amount of money, or for the honour of the American flag* In their characteristic Jonathan style, they say, "The *Sylvie* carries a crew of eleven picked men, all smack men of Long Island Sound, all young, hardy, and handsome, who 'know the ropes,' are 'up to a Po'keepsie shake,' and don't lose anything when they break. The yachts of England or Russia may beat the *Sylvie*, but they cannot 'take down' her owner for enterprise, spirit, or hospitality. The best wishes of twenty millions of people are with her owner, and though he may not command success, he will deserve it." After all this bombast, very great doubts are entertained whether she is really any improvement upon the schooner *America*, being built by Steers, at the same time, and alongside of the *America* clipper, of which she may be said to be a twin vessel. She is undoubtedly a fine, saucy-looking craft; but her appearance is by no means so striking as the *America*, although she carries her stars and stripes larger than the usual dimensions in yachts of her tonnage. We had almost forgotten to notice the new Swedish wonder, the *Aurora Borealis*, now lying in these roads, and it is the opinion of some of the best judges in such matters, that, with a breeze, "there is nothing in these waters that can take the wind out of her," although she comes with less ostentation than the *Sylvie* to try her powers against her English or American rivals.

The race on the card for this day was for H.R.H. Prince Albert's cup, open to all cutters and yawls of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Three to enter and start, or no race. The following yachts were entered:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Mosquito	50	Lord Londesborough	White with Maltese Cross.
Arrow.....	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Blue flag with arrow.
Aurora.....	60	T. le Marchant, Esq.	White and Red Cross.
Osprey.....	59	Colonel Peel.	Blue and White chequered
Julia.....	111	W. Pearce, Esq.	Red.

At half-past ten o'clock the starting gun was fired, the course being from the station vessel off Cowes Castle to a boat moored off Yarmouth, back to the Nab Light-ship, and returning to the starting boat, being a course of about sixty miles. The Osprey, being to the windward, was the first to get

* She was beaten by the *Julia*.

underway to the boat, followed immediately by the Mosquito, who displayed her usual alacrity, and had no sooner set her immense main-sail than she shot a-head—the Arrow, who appears to have undergone some improvements since we last saw her, taking the second place, the Aurora and Julia being astern. At the time of the gun being fired there was a tolerably fair breeze from the north-east, but as the sun gained power it died away. But little way was made up the western channel, but, when the whole of the “ruck” got abreast of Newton, there was a good puff from the land, and, while the Mosquito, Arrow, Aurora, and Julia, made a turn in towards the land, the Osprey caught up the breeze and run before it, soon leaving all her rivals astern. This advantage, however, was but of very temporary duration, for the Mosquito shortly regained her original position, which she maintained well down to Cowes. On coming down the Roads, the yachts came abreast of West Cowes Castle in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	2	30	0
Arrow	2	34	0
Aurora	2	35	40
Julia	2	39	0
Osprey	2	44	0

They had a slight breeze from the southward, drawing to the westward. In this order they proceeded to the eastward, and between the Sand Heads and the Noman, the Aurora and Julia changed places. Eventually the yachts succeeded in getting round the Nab in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	5	5	0
Arrow	5	7	0
Julia	5	12	0
Aurora	5	12	20
Osprey	5	17	0

On their return the wind was baffling, and a remarkable feature occurred between the Warner and the Nab, the Wildfire (not in the match,) was overtaken by a whirlwind, which to use the expression, “spun her round, and nearly threw her on her beam ends,” carried away her top-mast and gaff, and the top-sail and main-sail came down by the run. At this time the Mosquito was within a hundred yards of her and was becalmed. A fine breeze from the southward and westward sprung up, and about six p.m., the yachts were on their return through Spithead, the Arrow and Mosquito hanging well upon each other, and laid along the north shore of the Solent. At 6h. 25m. they were both observed from Cowes Roads on their return under Brown Down, the other yachts being under the island. Light air from the south-west, the Mosquito hugging the Arrow, which appeared to be the leading vessel, although she was a little to leeward. At 7h. 10m. the Arrow tacked, and stood across on to the starboard tack; this manœuvre was immediately responded to by the “artful dodger,” and the Mosquito tacks under the lee of the Arrow, and crosses and recrosses her bow, the

Arrow trying to work out to windward of her, and both yachts did not appear to us to be twenty yards apart. The match therefore became truly exciting, and their movements were closely watched by us. About this time the others were anxiously looked for, a report having reached us that they were in Mede Hole, but in another minute or so the lofty top-sail of the Julia was observed over East Cowes Point. The scene became still more exciting, for there was a little more breeze, which it was expected the Julia would obtain, from being under the land, and, by the aid of the ebb, and “slip in” to the goal before the others. Turning our eye to them, the odds were in favour of the Julia. Again and again the breeze told on Julia’s jib-top-sail, but in another moment the Aurora was seen following in her wake. The Arrow and Mosquito still reaching over, it was almost difficult to say which was leading; but at length there was no mistake about it, for the Mosquito kept her fearful antagonist in her wake, and in a few more minutes the position of each yacht at her arrival was notified by us as follows:—

	h. m. s.
Mosquito	7 27 57
Arrow	7 29 57
Julia	7 36 38
Aurora	7 41 20
Osprey	7 43 10

Thus terminated a very exciting and interesting race, and, had the breeze have freshened, the result, it was generally thought, would have been in favour of the new Julia.

We may observe that, by a new rule, this year the tonnage was measured on deck, and the Mosquito having been measured accordingly, she was ascertained, by such means, to be seventy-one tons, and she had two more hands in consequence.

Tuesday the 16th.—In consequence of continuous rain throughout the day the aquatic sports were postponed, but the dinner took place at the club-house, at which presided the noble Commodore, the Earl of Wilton.

Wednesday the 17th.—Her Majesty’s Cup, by schooners under 200 tons; course—the Queen’s Cup Course; three to enter and start or no race; to start at 10h. 30m. A.M.

Yachts' Names	Tons	Owners	Distinguishing Flag.
Gloriana.....	134	Joseph Gee, Esq.	Red and white vertical
Shark.....	150	Wm. Curling, Esq.	Blue Peter
Viking.	110	Major A. E. Stirling	Black
Irene	98	H. C. Goodden, Esq.	did not start

No. 1 station was next to the Castle.

The above three clipper schooners were at their respective stations in due course, and the most sanguine expectations as to the result were entertained

by their friends and backers. The weather, which had been boisterous and most disagreeably unpleasant the day previous, had assumed the aspect of the former days. There was a fresh breeze from the westward at the start, and which continued somewhat more or less throughout, although as the sun approached his zenith the wind abated, but again freshened on the ebb. The preparatory gun was fired five minutes before the start, and *punctually* to the time named, 10h. 30m., the starting gun was fired and the flag lowered, which indicated the course they were to proceed, viz., to the westward first. Every alacrity was displayed by all the crews in getting their canvas set. *Gloriana*, from being next the castle, held the weathermost berth, and certainly her pilot displayed great judgment in getting her under-way. She luffed round to the southward, tacked, and then stood over to the northern shore on the port tack, while the others wore round with their heads to the northward and then gybed over, which brought each of them to leeward of the other. The *Viking* also evidently showed her weatherly qualities; the *Gloriana* fetched over towards the Lepe Buoy, and then tacked and stood over towards the island. At 10h. 40m., they were all standing across the Solent, *Gloriana* about half a mile to windward of them all; she set her main-gaff top-sail, which example was followed by *Viking* and the *Shark*, carrying with them a pretty breeze, and making "a long leg and a short leg," they worked down the Solent, to round the station vessel opposite Yarmouth. Off Gurnard the *Gloriana* was about one mile to windward of the *Viking*, and the *Shark* about half a mile to leeward, as near as could be judged. The *Shark*, however, from her being the largest vessel of the three—by twenty-five tons on the *Gloriana*, and nearly fifty over the *Viking*—it was considered by many that she would overpower them. She was a Poole built craft, and the other two "young Americans." They were all so well handled, that it would be difficult to give a preference. A more interesting match could not, therefore, have occurred among the newly adopted school, and great disappointment was felt that the *Irene* could not be brought to the scratch, owing, as we understand, to her being short of her complement. The *Gloriana* appeared to be the favourite. After a most exciting struggle, the station vessel off Yarmouth was reached and rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
<i>Gloriana</i>	11	33	0
<i>Viking</i>	11	36	30
<i>Shark</i>	11	37	15

With the favourable breeze they stemmed against the ebb on their return towards Cowes and the Nab, but as noon approached the wind somewhat dropped, but a light breeze enabled them, by hugging the shore, to make good way along it. At about 1h. 30m., the yachts were well up, and, or nearing Cowes Castle, the *Shark* became the leading vessel by a trifle; but this was not of long duration. At this spot we timed them:—

	h.	m.	s.
<i>Shark</i>	1	41	0
<i>Gloriana</i>	1	41	15
<i>Viking</i>	1	47	0

It appeared evident that in the run over the tide, with the wind quartering or free, that the Shark had gained an advantage of four minutes and a half in running up.

The race may now be said to have recommenced, and the scene was the most interesting and exciting ever witnessed in these waters. Gloriana luffed up on the Shark's weather quarter, when off the harbour's mouth, and in a few moments they were neck and neck together. Gloriana still gained on her larger antagonist, and when off East Cowes Point she contrived to pass her to windward. There was still a pretty breeze; the Gloriana kept her adversary in her wake, and passed inside the white buoy off Old Castle Point, rather "double hazardous." Shark luffs up to pass to windward, but in this manœuvre she did not succeed; Shark breaks off, we imagined she "smelt the ground" near the white buoy, but soon afterwards kept her course and passed just inside the buoy. From this time we were unable to watch their movements until they again made their appearance on their return; and, therefore, in the absence of returns from *our* emissaries, we must defer *guessing* their proceedings during the interval the yachts were away. The wind during the afternoon varied from N.W. to W.N.W.

Between five and six the several yachts which accompanied the competitors during a portion of the course were observed like a "pilot fish" in advance of the Shark, and at 6h. 6m., the blue peter was descried standing across the Solent, and the yacht Fairy, with her Majesty on board, was also approaching, having left Cowes about four o'clock to meet the yachts, as it was surmised. The flood was now running strong to the eastward, and the Shark was clearly discerned, when Gloriana made her appearance from under the island, followed at a little distance by the Viking; the latter also tacked, but these two vessels appeared to hang towards the island out of the tide. A few minutes more and all were again on the starboard tack, laying down for the roadstead, the shark to windward of Gloriana—and by many it was thought she was in advance of her, but there is nothing more deceitful to the eye on the water, than the relative distance of vessels from each other, and the stately Shark being the largest vessel she appeared the nearest, only to torment her opponents. Another quarter of an hour and the result was manifest, that all the efforts of the Shark to win were useless. On entering the roadstead the Gloriana had the lead to leeward of about a couple of lengths, there was no room for the Shark to keep away, and they all laid their course for the mark or station vessel; on nearing which the Gloriana "luffed prettily up," to pass to windward of one of the yachts which was in her way, then filled again, and reached the goal. As this match was so exciting we particularly noted the time of arrival to the second, which was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Gloriana.....	6	30	56
Shark	6	31	27
Viking	6	52	27

Thursday the 18th.—Was a blank as regards yachting.

Friday the 19th.—The Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of £100, open to all yachts of the squadron and foreign yachts, the course being round a steamer stationed off Nab Light vessel. At eleven precisely the starting gun was fired, and a beautiful start was effected by the following yachts:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Arrow.....	102	Thos. Chamberlayne, Esq..
Julia.....	111	Wm. Peareth, Esq.....
Aurora.....	60	Le Marchant Thomas, Esq.
Sylvie.....	205	Louis B. Depau, Esq.....
Aurora Borealis.....	250	Captain Beckman.....
Alarm.....	248	Joseph Weld, Esq.....
Osprey.....	59	Lieut.-Col. R. W. Huey....

The Mosquito was entered, but did not start, owing to his lordship, the owner, not being on board, according to a rule, we believe, of the club.

The yachts' canvas being hoisted with due alacrity, they got instantly away, passing along the Solent in three divisions. The Aurora made the best start, and kept on towards the island, followed closely by the Julia and Arrow, the Sylvie and the Swede being in the centre, and the Osprey and the Alarm outside. The Osprey took the lead of the lee division, and kept it to Ryde, off which place the Alarm passed her, going into the "pride of place." Off Osborne the Aurora went in advance, closely pressed by the Julia and Arrow, the Sylvie edging on them. The yachts, by keeping in the middle, made a straight course of it to the Sandheads, whilst those close to the island had to make an angle. At 11:20 the Aurora was off Mede Hole, and shot ahead of her opponents, but away went her top-mast, which broke short off like a carrot. At 11:40 the committee's steamer left the fleet and made the best of her way towards the Sandheads. A slight stoppage having occurred enabled us again to reconnoitre, but the yachts coming up "end on" made it difficult for us to note any particular advantage which one had over the other. We, therefore, continued our course on to the Noman. "Ease her" was the signal given them which enabled us to time, as they passed the buoy and left it on the starboard hand.

	h.	m.	s.
Alarm.....	12	12	0
Julia	12	13	10
Swede	12	13	50
Osprey	12	14	50
Sylvie	12	14	51
Arrow	12	14	52

The three last vessels came round so close together that it was difficult to say which of them had the advantage. From the Noman they hauled wind for the Nab, carrying with them a fine sailing breeze from S.W. by On reaching the Nab the secretary of the R.Y.S. left the steamer for light ship, in order to time the yachts on their return, and when the ma

was to terminate. From hence the steamer steered S.W. in the "wind's eye," allowing a point for the ebb. Previous to rounding the Nab the Alarm was observed to take in her main-gaff-top-sail and jib—the Sylvie "doused" her jib also, and they all severally kept their reach to the southward, passing the Nab as follows, according to the secretary's time, viz :—

	h.	m.	s.
Alarm	12	37	0
Julia.....	12	39	0
Swede.,.....	12	41	0
Sylvie	12	41	30
Arrow.....	12	43	15
Osprey.....	12	44	0
Aurora.....	12	54	0

The time was also taken by ourselves and the committee on board the steamer, which differed some few seconds from each other, but this may be attributed to the steamer proceeding onwards, and consequently her position was altered.

All the yachts having passed the Nab on the starboard tack, some of them kept their reach to the southward longer than the others. At 12:47 the Julia (very prudently) tacked and stood in towards the island, by which means she took the whole benefit of the ebb. In another minute the Yankee followed her example, and the Sylvie appeared to hold a good wind, but did not seem to make much headway, ploughing up the sea Dutch fashion; it was apparent she did not like a "lop." At 12:50 the Alarm was about, but she was a long way outside, having as it was considered on board, stood too long on that reach. At 12:55 the Julia tacked and stood off shore, but the Sylvie continued her reach towards the land. At 1 p.m. the Julia tacked, and on this reach she weathered the Sylvie, both on opposite tacks. The match between these two yachts became very exciting, and there was some smart manœuvring. In a minute or so afterwards both of them again went about. The Yankee in reaching off at 1:6 set her jib. At 1:10 they were off the Culvers, and the Julia weathered her again, and the Sylvie weathered the Alarm. It was evident that the latter by keeping her reach so long had lost all she had previously gained on her competitors on passing the Nab, having been the leading vessel in the match by a couple of minutes. At 1:12 the Alarm passed to windward of the Arrow, both under the Culver cliff. At 1:14 the American went about, the Julia standing into Sandown bay, followed by the Arrow and Alarm. At 1:19 the Swede weathered the Sylvie and then tacked on her weather and stood in towards the bay, the Alarm again going about. The wind had somewhat dropped, but still there was a fine breeze; the whole of them working across the bay, or as it is termed under the island. The Sylvie again passed to windward of the Alarm, and also the Swede at 1:30. They were abreast of Sandown when the Yankee weathered the Swede in gallant style. The steamer now proceeded on, and at two o'clock the Julia was well to windward of the fleet, and was now abreast of Dunnose, she being a good half mile to windward of

the Sylvie, the Arrow close to the Sylvie, the Swede rather to leeward of her wake, and the Alarm abreast of Sylvie, but some distance to leeward. At 2:15 the Arrow passed to windward of Sylvie, and from this point no very remarkable changes took place. At 2:25 Needles bore N.W. by N. well open with St. Catherine's, gives 18 miles South West of the Nab Light-ship. The steamer increased her distance from the yachts, and occasionally altered her course to the westward a point or so, in order to bring up dead to windward of the whole of them, and at 3h. 5min. 30sec. having gained a suitable position the anchor was let go, and the ensign hoisted at the mast head, to denote the same; Needles bearing N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., St. Catherine's Light-house N.E. by N., and Dunnose N.E. by E., which gave by the chart 24 miles to the southward and westward of the Nab and about eight miles to the southward of St. Catherine's point.

The yachts eventually left the steamer on the starboard hand and rounded her as follows, according to committee's time.

	h.	m.	s.
Julia	3	24	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Arrow	3	34	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sylvie	3	36	56 $\frac{1}{2}$
Swede	3	43	39 $\frac{1}{2}$
Osprey.....	3	45	29 $\frac{1}{2}$
Alarm	4	1	30
Aurora.....	4	16	20

The Alarm, previous to rounding, appeared to have struck her signal flag. The Aurora was again observed about a mile to leeward, still following in the race, and notwithstanding her crippled state she did wonders. As each of the yachts in the race passed under the stern of the steamer, they stood in for the island to shun the tide, the wind gradually dropping, and at times it was almost calm. A trifling variation in their positions afterwards occurred, but nothing very remarkable to deserve notice. The steamer thereupon got underway, and stood in for the land, and at 5:15 we laid-to off Ventnor inside of the yachts, the whole of which formed a line in each other's wake, presenting to those on board the steamer an angle of about six points from first to last, the Julia leading by about three quarters of a mile, then Arrow about a mile and a half ahead of Sylvie, and the Swede about a quarter of a mile astern of her, the others being at a respectable distance. From hence the steamer proceeded on her return to the Nab, and at six p.m., the yachts crossed Sandown, having with them a light variable breeze, which appeared to us to be stronger near the land; but after rounding the steamer, the wind was very paltry throughout the run to the goal. The Julia was still leading by about five minutes, but it was difficult to say which would have the second place at the finish; it was, however, eventually decided as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Julia.....	7	7	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sylvie.....	7	13	42
Arrow.....	7	14	29 $\frac{1}{2}$
Osprey	7	18	36
Swede.....	7	19	26

The others were some distance off, and were not timed. Nothing could exceed the delight of her owner, builder, and friends, to find that the English yacht had proved victorious, and that the American wonder was defeated. As the steamer passed on to Cowes, the most anxious enquiries were made from on board every yacht she passed, and the greatest satisfaction was manifested on the result being made known. There is no doubt that the *Sylvie* is a fast yacht; and, although she has been unsuccessful in this race, we trust that the anxious wishes of those interested in her will be gratified by a further trial. Her owner has assured us that every exertion to achieve a victory was used by all on board, and is at a loss to imagine the cause of her defeat, other than "that she had a freak that day, and would not sail." On Monday he caused the yacht to be hauled up on Mr. White's patent slip, in order to ascertain if she had received any injury to her bottom from the effect of having grounded some days previous, but nothing has been discovered to account for the disappointment. The owner states that she requires a strong breeze, and the harder it blows the better she likes it. Throughout the afternoon she was inspected by a great many persons, both inside and out, and the symmetry of her lines, and graceful sheer, excited general admiration, and so confident is the owner of her extraordinary good qualities, that he is ready to back her to sail for any amount, but we think the English are content to enjoy the honour which has been fairly won, and which those interested in the *Sylvie* honourably admit. The performances of the *America* were not without producing good results to the whole yachting world, and they have given an impetus to our builders to pursue that career of improvement which our transatlantic brethren suggested to them. That a race with a yacht which is professed to be the latest improvement should cause such excitement is not to be wondered at, and it is only due to the enterprise and spirit of the owner of the *Sylvie*, as well as to the fame of the celebrated builder, that every opportunity should be afforded to test the merits of the yacht in all winds and weather.

Private Match between the R.Y.S. Schooner Alarm, Joseph Weld, Esq., and the Swedish Yacht Aurora Borealis, Captain Beckman, round the Isle of Wight.

On Tuesday, the 23rd August, the weather proved inauspicious, although in the early part of the morning there was every appearance of a lasting breeze; and accordingly arrangements were made for the match to come off, and the vessels took up their respective stations abreast of each other in Cowes Roads, the *Aurora Borealis* (*Swede*) being to windward of her antagonist. At 11h. a.m. there was a fine breeze from the north-east, and the preparatory gun was fired at 10h. 55m. from the R.Y.S. house battery, and the yachts prepared for the struggle. The starting gun was fired in five minutes after, when the *Alarm* and

Swede immediately set their canvas and proceeded on the larboard tack towards East Cowes Point, the *Swede* having a slight lead to windward. She was, however, speedily followed by the *Alarm* until they reached the white buoy off Old Castle Point, when both of them tacked together and stood across the Solent on the opposite tack, and having gained a good offing they again went about and fetched out to the east end, the *Alarm* soon gaining the lead by a short distance. On passing the Norman buoy the *Alarm* was two minutes ahead of her antagonist. Here they caught a stiff breeze from the northward and eastward, with which they proceeded towards the Nab. The rain now began to descend, rendering it anything but pleasant to those who accompanied the race, and as noon advanced the wind dropped and threatened to mar all idea of testing the relative merits of two such splendid vessels, which in point of tonnage could scarcely have been more evenly balanced, the *Alarm* being 248 tons, and the *Swede* 250 tons. In the run from the Norman to the Nab the *Swede* shortened her distance by nearly a minute of her adversary, the latter passing the Nab 1m. 20s. in advance. From hence the wind became very light, and drew more aft; both yachts kept close together until they were off St. Catherine's Point, the wind being very light and nearly calm, the ebb tide running strong to the westward. The *Alarm* was about a quarter of a mile ahead of the *Aurora Borealis*, and catching a puff from off the land she ran away from the *Swede*, leaving her about three miles astern before the breeze could befriend her. The wind having at last overtaken the *Swede*, she soon made up for the loss she had sustained, and eventually she passed her opponent off the Needles. So near were the two vessels together that each was under the apprehension of fouling the other; they were now close in with the Needles' Rocks. As the *Aurora Borealis* shot out in the stream at the entrance to the Needles, the *Alarm* dropped her kedge underfoot. The *Swede* did not appear prepared for that manœuvre, but imagined that the *Alarm* had lost the race by such a proceeding, the crew probably being ignorant of such being allowed by the rules of the club. They afterwards got their own anchor ready, but before this was accomplished the ebb tide had drifted her a mile to leeward. As soon as the *Swede's* anchor was gone, the *Alarm* got underway with a light air from the eastward. This movement was observed by those on board the *Swede*, who, as soon as possible, followed her antagonist's example, and came up again close to the *Alarm's* lee quarter when inside the Needles, but in consequence of the *Alarm* keeping well to windward and hugging the shore, the *Swede* found it impossible, as it would have been almost impracticable to pass inside of her, and in consequence of

the tide it was imprudent to attempt passing to leeward. With this little jockeying and struggling for the "pride of place," they continued their course for Cowes, as far as the light airs would carry them, and they eventually reached the goal—

The *Alarm* at.....9h. 4m. | The *Swede* at.....9h. 6m.

Within two minutes of each other, the *Alarm* being the winning vessel.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT RYDE.

THE Isle of Wight has so long been looked upon as the focus and nursery of yachting, and until the American clipper came in the way, the mother of all sound and practical improvements, that it would be a work of supererogation, even if we had time or inclination, now to descant upon them. Such, however, is not the object now under consideration, but simply to draw attention to the very novel event, which, we believe, is without precedent for many years past, that for the prize, liberal as it is, offered by the committee of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for competition on the first day of the regatta, that in the entire length and breadth of England, not even three owners could be found to contend for such a prize. But, unfortunately, such is the fact, and it must only be mentioned with feelings of regret by every true yachtsman that there should be any falling off, either in private ambition or public spirit, tending to place the club in so humiliating a situation. The proud position which the club obtained too, in the defeat last year of the hitherto indomitable and invincible *America* by the cutter of the Vice-Commodore, renders the present paucity of attendance even the more remarkable, for it would naturally have been supposed with so honourable a distinction inscribed on their banner, that out of their own club alone, numbering something like seventy vessels, ten times the number required would have been found at their post of duty, if occasion required their attendance. Their absence cannot but be thought a sorry inauguration of the week which was to present to the eyes of thousands of strangers and others, one of the greatest naval exhibitions that has been witnessed during the present generation, graced and honoured as the occasion was by the presence of our most gracious Sovereign.

On Tuesday, August the 9th, a prize of £50, for schooners of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, for which six vessels were entered, the course being from Ryde Pier to the eastward, proceeding as far as the Nab Light Ship,



leaving it on the port-hand, thence round to the westernmost buoy of the Brambles, leaving it on the port-hand, back to the station vessel, passing between it and Ryde pier. The entries for this prize consisted of:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Genevra.....	140	Sir P. Shelley, Bart
Shark.....	150	W. Curling, Esq
Vestal.....	74	B. G. Rowles, Esq.....
Novice.....	79	A. Arcedeckne, Esq.....
Wanderer.....	45	N. P. O'Shee, Esq.....
Derwent	118	M. E. Hoare, Esq.....

At the appointed hour, however, neither the Genevra nor the Shark was at the station, and the time of starting was delayed considerably beyond it, but they never made their appearance. The Shark is a new vessel, the property of Mr. Curling, and great things have been spoken of her powers, but from some cause or other she did not appear to contend for the prize, which stripped the match of a great deal of its expected interest. The Wanderer was somewhere about the station, but did not appear for starting. The following only came to the post:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Vestal.....	74	B. G. Rowles, Esq...	White with Urn of Fire.
Novice.....	79	A. Arcedeckne Esq.	Blue Burgee with Lion.
Derwent	118	M. E. Hoare, Esq...	Red.

At 11h. 23m. 30s. the signal gun was fired, the wind at that time blowing lightly from the eastward, when the Vestal was the first to slip from her moorings, being closely followed by the Novice, and at a great distance astern by the Derwent. The Vestal and Novice kept well together up to the Noman Buoy, but the former succeeded in first getting abreast of it, although the Novice had the weathermost position. The wind soon fell off, and the Vestal gave way to the Novice, who took the first place at the Nab by eight minutes, but in turn, by means of her balloon-jib, she again resumed her original position. They arrived abreast of Ryde Pier within two minutes of each other, and proceeded on the remainder of the course to the Brambles and back.

The Vestal having once more assumed the foremost position, continued to increase the distance between her and the Novice, whose sailing and general handling was as satisfactory as her owner—a true yachtsman and ardent promoter of the sport could possibly desire. Indeed, but for the fact of the Vestal carrying an immense excess of canvas, being nearly of same tonnage, with all the recent alterations and improvements, furnished by experience, there could have been little doubt but that she would have been the winner of the prize. The balloon-jib was to the Vestal the arbiter of her success, for without it the result might very probably have been different.

ent from that which fortunately awaited her. She made good way to the black buoy of the Middle Brambles, which was rounded as under:—

	h.	m.	s.
Vestal	5	0	0
Novice	5	8	0

It is somewhat remarkable that, at this extreme point of the course, the position of the vessels was just the reverse of what they were at the other, viz.; the Nab Light, where they arrived

	h.	m.	s.
Novice.....	1	50	0
Vestal.....	1	58	30
Derwent.....	2	25	0

At the Brambles, the Derwent was not timed, and it is believed that, seeing no chance of success with the light wind, her tonnage being 118, whilst that of her two rivals little exceeded 75, she gave up all further competition for the prize.

The Novice got jammed at the Brambles, and the Vestal drifted down the Roads. She arrived at the starting vessel abreast of the pier, and according to the return furnished to the club, as under:—

	h.	m.	s.
Vestal	9	25	0

The Novice came in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, but was not accurately timed. Being dark when the winning gun was fired, the pier was nearly deserted, and but few remained to hear by whom the prize had been obtained. Contrary to very common custom, now-a-days, Mr. Rowles was declared the winner, without the chance or rumour of a "protest" to mar the satisfaction and gentlemanly good feeling which prevailed amongst the members of the club on the occasion.

PORT OF PLYMOUTH REGATTA.

A splendid piece of plate of £50, presented by Charles John Mare, Esq., to be raced for by yachts above 15 tons. Five cutters had been entered, but only three made their appearance, the Bermudian Annie, the Fawn, and the Blue Bell, and eventually the owner of the Fawn declined to race, as we understood, on account of the heavy weather. The others took their places at the buoys, and started. The course was as follows:—Through the east channel of the Breakwater, round a mark boat off the Shag Rock, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence round a boat off Penlee, leaving it on the starboard hand, through the western channel, round the Cobbler Buoy, leaving it on the port hand, and round the Committee vessel on the same hand. Twice round. They started at 1h. 0m. 30s.

	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Blue Bell	8 36 50	5 43 45
Bermudian Annie.....	8 45 45	(no run)

In this match (a time race,) the yachts kept well together across the Sound, but the Blue Bell took the lead outside, and well maintained it. When the Annie came in on the first round she appeared to have deranged a part of her rigging, and sailed towards Millbay, so that the Blue Bell went over the course, and, consequently, Captain Roebuck is the fortunate possessor of Mr. Mare's beautiful piece of plate.

A Claret Vase of £50, presented by J. R. Newcombe, Esq., lessee of the Plymouth Theatre, for yachts under 15 tons. Four yachts were entered for this race, but only two were prepared to sail, viz, Mr. W. F. Moore's Pixie, 15 tons, and Messrs. Hocking's Ida, 10 tons. When called on to start a question arose whether the course was to be gone over once or twice. Mr. Moore contended that if half a minute a ton was allowed in favour of the Ida, they ought to go round twice. The owners of the Ida objected to this, and it seemed probable that the match would not take place. At length it was arranged that they should go round only once, but that the Ida should not have her ballast shifted. On these terms the start took place at 3h. 33m. with the following result :—

	h. m. s.
Pixie	5 38 5
Ida.....	5 54 40

Allowing 2m. 30s. for difference of tonnage, the Pixie won by 14m. 5s. The seas outside were running high, but the Pixie proved a "clipper."

Race by Pleasure Boats.—This, after an admirable contest, was won by the Whisper, 4 tons, (Mr. Clay); the Petrel, 7½ tons, (Mr. Reynold), was second. The Secret, 3 tons, (Mr. E. Brown), the Mariquita, 7 tons, (Mr. Ross), and Mendicant, 8 tons, (Mr. Rodd), also started. The Petrel was the second boat, but as it was a time race, she had to allow 2m. 15s. to Secret, who rounded the starting boat exactly 2m. 15s. after the Petrel. Mr. Brown, therefore, protested against the Petrel carrying off the prize. The committee had this point left to their decision.

Ordinary boats in Her Majesty's Service.—We observed boats from the following ships:—Royal William, Hindostan, Proserpine, Cornwallis, Circe, Clarence, Armada, Nemesis, Kent, Cambridge, Eagle, Caledonia, Fourdroyant, Hibernia, Sea Horse, Indus, Bombay, Vanguard, Amethyst, Flora, Andromeda, Forth, Endymion, Lion, Thunderer, &c. The course was round the Queen, the Cobbler Buoy, and the starting vessel, but through some mistake the boats all went round the Committee yacht before rounding buoy, and therefore had an extra distance to run. The result was—Thunderer's boat, first prize, £4; Proserpine's boat, second prize, £3; Cambridge boat, third prize, £2; and Nemesis's boat, fourth prize, £1. The Sound was covered with a perfect fleet of ships' boats.

Pleasure Boats, for a piece of plate presented by Mr. W. E. Rendle, of the Royal Botanical Gardens. The course was once round the Breakwater. The following started:—Frolic, Mr. Hill, first boat; Flower of the Flock, Mr. Braddon. This closed the sailing matches, but in the meantime the committee had started several rowing matches, which were well contested. The first was by

Four-oared merchants' gigs, not to exceed twenty-five feet. First boat, Grey Feather, B. Marker, builder, £3; second boat, Black Bess, J. Elford, £2; third boat, Mary Ann, Darton, £1; other boats, Zoe, and Who'd-have-thought-it.

Four-oared hired gigs, not to exceed 26ft. 6in. Five started, Paul Pry, Simmonds, builder, £2; Elf, Geach, £1 10s; Victoria, Wallis, £1; Fairy Queen and Zoe, 5s. each.

The next race was for a piece of plate, by gentlemen amateurs, members of the Nautilus Boat Club, Devonport. Two four oared gigs entered, and the competition was strong; the boat in which Mr. C. Chapman was coxswain won by half-a-mile.

The last race was between two-oared skiffs. The Miller's Daughter, £1 5s.; Elf, 15s.; What's-that-to-you, 10s.; and the Paul Pry and Water Witch, 5s. each.

Two gig and punt matches in the course of the afternoon afforded the usual amount of amusement to the public. On the Hoe a great number of persons assembled to witness the sports, although many, doubtless, were prevented from enjoying the pleasure, in consequence of the unpropitious weather.

The Cloud, the yacht of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, was cruising in the Sound with the Countess on board, in the early part of the afternoon.

LOUGH ERNE.

At a meeting of the members of the Lough Erne Yacht Club, held at the White Hart Hotel, on Wednesday, the 10th of August, it was resolved "that in consequence of the expected visit of Her Majesty to Dublin on the 29th of August, that the Lough Erne Regatta be postponed until the 13th of September.

The regatta will commence on Tuesday, the 13th of September, on which day will be sailed for a prize of £50, given to be run for by yachts exceeding 12 tons, open to all clubs. Half a minute a ton time to be given. The course and rules the same as for all former cups. To be won three times by the same person. £20 to be given annually to the winner of the race. Entrance for three yachts to be paid or no race.

ENTRANCE MONEY.

	£	s.	d.
Subscribers	3	0	0
Non Subscribers for a year previous	5	0	0

The salver for yachts not exceeding twenty-five feet from outside of stem to outside of stern-post aloft, will be sailed for on Wednesday, the 14th of September. Entrance, 15s.

A prize of £25 will be sailed for on Thursday the 15th of September, given to yachts not exceeding 12 tons; open to all clubs; subject to the same rules as the £50 prize. £20 to be given annually to the winner of the race.

ENTRANCE.

	£	s.	d.
Subscribers	1	10	0
Non Subscribers for one year previous.....	5	0	0

A handicap race will be run on Friday, the 16th of September, open to all yachts. To carry any canvas they please, provided they declare to the secretary of the Club, before the 31st of August, what sails they propose carrying, and no sail to be used out of its proper place, as recognized by the Royal Yacht Clubs. Entrance £1. £5 added by the club.

The club have given £5 to be rowed for by the soldiers of the 27th regiment, under conditions to be agreed upon between the commanding officer of the regiment and the secretary of the club. Entrance, 5s., and three boats to be entered or no race.

Five pounds will be given to be competed for by luggage boats.

The members are requested to meet at Rossclare, on Monday, the 12th of September, to appoint judges and make other arrangements.

All yachts must be entered for each of the prizes before six o'clock, on the day before each is to sail, with the Secretary, or a person he shall appoint, at Rossclare, and lots for their moorings will be drawn at the same time.

The owner of each yacht entered must have a person at Rossclare, at half-past ten o'clock each day, to receive from the judge a written statement of the course to be run and the regulations to be observed.

There will be a Ball and Supper at the market-house, Enniskillen, on Thursday evening, the 15th of September.

THE HIGH SHERIFF,
THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN,
HENRY D'ARCY,
MAJOR A. L. COLE,
PAUL DANE,

}

Stewards.

HENRY D'ARCY, Hon. Secretary.

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.

(Continued from page 264.)

WE now resume the pleasurable description of the proceedings of the above regatta, and we feel convinced that very many of our readers will regret they were not participators in the festive scene.

THE dinner took place in the elegant apartment connected with the Royal Hotel, and the viands were furnished by Mr. Howett, with his well-known excellent attention to the requirements of guests. The dinners which follow the conclusion of a regatta-day are too generally considered as best adapted to the character of the sport, by a free and easy, loose, fugitive management. At Lowestoft, however, a better taste and spirit presides over the entertainments, and thanks to the committee, and Mr. Howett under their direction, on all occasions since the establishment of a regatta at that port, the dinner has been especially characterised by a refinement of *cuisine* and arrangements, such as even a fastidious nobleman might praise and enjoy.

The chair was occupied by D. Waddington, Esq., M.P., in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Peto, and the President of the evening was supported on the right by the Mayor and Sheriff of Norwich, and on the left by the Mayor of Yarmouth, also by J. Goodson, Esq., Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, &c. The Vice-chair was occupied by Capt. Andrews, the Rear-Commodore of the R.L.Y. Club. At the side table, on the right of the President, presided J. Sultzer, Esq., and at the table on the left, — Teed, Esq., Q.C. The entire company included nearly two hundred gentlemen.

The President in proposing the first toast, observed that he must, at the outset of the proceedings, claim the indulgence of the company, as the presidency of the evening had usually been filled by a gentleman whom they all knew, and whom they all esteemed—(cheers)—but who, he regretted exceedingly, could not on the present occasion be present to occupy his old and accustomed position. (Hear, hear.) Although of course his absence was very disappointing, yet he would at once say that his friend had only missed the possibility of being there by twelve hours, and if not at Lowestoft, yet he would reach London that evening. (Cheers.) Having been requested by his friend Mr. Peto, to fill his post at the table, he had complied, feeling convinced that by the kind indulgence of the company he should be able to go through his duties. At the same moment that he claimed indulgence for his own appearance, he also claimed indulgence for the absence of his friend. (Hear, hear.) So far as a necessary commencement. The first toast he had to propose, was one which all Englishmen delighted to avail themselves of the opportunity of giving, by doing honour to her Majesty the Queen. It was not requisite in the least that he should dwell for more than one moment on the claims her Majesty had on the love, respect, and affection of the people of this country—her attention to all that promoted their happiness—to her devotedness to all matters likely to extend the prosperity of the land—to her domestic duties—but he would hope and

trust that her Majesty may long live in the hearts of her people, and that the throne which, under its present occupant, was the means of dispensing blessings upon all with whom she came in contact, may ever maintain its enviable position. He would therefore propose "The health of our gracious Sovereign, and long may she live to reign in the affections and hearts of her people." (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

Song.—"God save the Queen," by the vocalists, Messrs. Baldwin, Bruton, Gates and Fielding, who formed an universally good *corps musicale*.

The President said that the next toast he had the honour to propose, was one very closely connected with the first. It was not necessary that he should trouble the company with any lengthy observations, but the domestic happiness of even her Majesty depended intimately on the character of the Prince she had chosen as her consort, and some trifling remarks were called for, because all must know, that had she mated with any other person less adapted to fill his high position than Prince Albert, or less wise, her most gracious Majesty would not have been so well able to devote so much of her time to affairs of state so often brought before her. (Hear, hear.) Therefore he (the President) thought it was right, and the custom correct, that first after the toast of the Queen, should be given the health of Prince Albert, whose amiability of character was only exceeded by his desire to promote the extension of the arts and sciences. (Cheers.) The Prince had come forth as the consort of the most enlightened sovereign of the day, a sovereign, whom, he may say, governed to a great extent the destinies of the world—(applause)—the Prince had nobly called on the people of this country to cultivate the arts of peace. The Prince had shown the best mode of diffusing and understanding the arts of peace by his patronage and support of the Crystal Palace—an example which had been followed both in France and America. The country could speak in glowing terms, therefore, of the great amount of civilization, the Prince had brought to bear upon not only this, but other nations of the world, teaching mankind that other modes of conquest existed than force of arms—(hear, hear)—for not only had he taught men the mode of true civilization, but had also been instrumental in disarming one country of the unworthy prejudices felt towards another. (Cheers) Let all reflect, therefore, upon the blessings of civilization, and thank those who advanced them; and let them also reflect upon that which was now threatening, perhaps, to check the march of civilization. (Loud cries of "hear, hear.") Considering, therefore, the character of Prince Albert, his great services to the cause of civilization he had mentioned, and the causes, perhaps, in action which might threaten its onward march, he thought the moment was peculiarly apt for all to unite heart, hand, and mind, to do full honour to the toast. He would give "The health of Prince Albert, and may those princes who have sprung from his loins, do all they can for the promotion of the peace and progress of the world."

The toast of "Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," was then drank with three times three cheers.

The President next observed, that the company must excuse him if he

proceeded in the business of the evening with some rapidity, but he had a great deal to do. His next toast was one peculiarly gratifying to every Englishman. The country had at this moment encamped at Chobham, an army, which so far as people were enabled to judge by the encomiums passed on it, was not surpassed by any troops either in this country or in the world. (Cheers.) A time may arrive when these excellent soldiers might be called into action, and, therefore, every company should avail themselves of the opportunity not only of saying what they have thought those soldiers were, but also what they were likely to be, and what they were sure to be—the staunch defenders of the honour of the country. (Hear, hear.) There was also another branch of the service, which, whatever might have been said regarding its management in the House of Lords and Commons, and by the fourth estate, the Press, yet the navy of this country was worthy of all encomium. (Hear, hear.) Whatever might have been stated relative to the navy under the late Board of Admiralty, yet when any man stepped on board a ship, the wooden walls of Old England were found to be really its wooden walls still, and those walls as impregnable as ever. (Cheers.) Still relying, therefore, on the army and navy, feeling that when called upon they would be ready as of old—knowing, that if necessary to put forth their strength, they would convince the enemies of the peace of the world of the great power of this country—in such duty, most certainly both the army and navy of Great Britain would command the support of the people. He begged to propose “The healths of those two services, and to couple with them the names of Captain Ellis, R.N., and Major Brett.” (Loud cheers.)

Capt. Ellis, R.N., returned thanks for the navy. He said, that although for many years he had not been in active service, yet he possessed all those feelings and that *esprit du corps* held by those who had once served in a man-of-war. (Hear.) After the handsome eulogium passed by the President on the service to which he (Capt. Ellis) belonged, little was left to say. He would remark, however, that Lord Coke, when speaking of the navy of old, said—“the queen’s navy exceeds all others of the world, for beauty, strength, and safety. For beauty, they (the ships) are like so many royal palaces. For strength, they are like so many barbicans, and for safety, they are the best walls in the realm. They are like lions among wild beasts, and like falcons among silly fowl.” (Hear, hear.) Such was Lord Coke’s estimate of the English navy, and such would the navy always be. (Cheers.) For himself, he would say but a few words. A friend of his had told him, that he had recently seen the new and celebrated screw vessel of war, the “Wellington,” now lying at Spithead, and this friend had described the immense power shewn in the breeching of her guns. Judging, then, from the breeching, what could be said of the power of her broadside! (Hear, hear.) It always afforded him the greatest pleasure to hear the navy of his country spoken of with the hearty feeling the service really merited. (Cheers.)

Major Brett responded to the toast of the army. So long a period had passed since he had been in active service, that he could scarcely consider

himself as connected with the profession of arms. There was, however, an old stereotyped phrase he could use with propriety, and it was this—that no doubt when the army was called upon to perform its duty, it would be found able and willing to exert all its energies to perform the service well. (Applause)

Toast.—“The Lord Lieutenant of the County.”

The President rose and gave “The healths of the members for the Eastern Division of the County of Suffolk, Sir E. Gooch and Sir Fitzroy Kelly.” As politics were not to be discussed that night he should, of course, content himself with merely giving the names of the two representatives for the eastern side of the County of Suffolk. (Drunk with cheers.)

The President next gave “The health of the Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, and those gentlemen of the club who happened to be present.” (Loud cheers.) He thought matters stood as they ought to stand, for the Lowestoft Regatta had shown that the Lowestoft people had declared which was the best London boat, and that the great match had been sailed honestly. (Hear.) Had any trickery or dishonest dealing been followed with respect to the yacht match, the toast would not have met with the excellent response it had done. He had the honour of a personal knowledge of Lord A. Paget, who belonged to the Royal Thames Club, and he was quite sure he spoke the sentiments of his lordship when he said that, whether the Thames or the London Club took away any prizes or not at neighbouring regattas, yet that his lordship was ready to promote yachting everywhere, and to support not only one club, but all clubs. (Cheers.) He (the President) was ready to bear witness to the great pleasure of the day. He did not belong to one or the other club, but he could readily and heartily appreciate the excellence and the delight obtained from following the sports of the field or the water. He had been on board a boat that morning, which, though he would not say was matchless in point of speed, yet tried heartily nevertheless to beat her antagonists. He was not known to many clubs of an aquatic character, but that was not because he did not think highly of such associations, and he thought all the clubs of the kingdom should be supported. He would say why. (Hear.) They had spoken of the army and the navy, and it had been hoped, with respect to the soldiers at least, that however excellent they may be to day, they would be better to-morrow. So they would go on improving by the service they would see. So with the sailor. All means should be used for his improvement, and he thought not only the sailors would be taught something in good yachts and good regattas, but that they would feel pleasure in good contests also. Besides it kept the national spirit afloat. The vessels contesting in a yacht race were often manned by the very best sailors of a locality. If we took place, who so well adapted to man vessels of war as those men who knew the shoals and quicksands of the shores of the country? Therefore he thought all would agree with him, whether commodore, captain, or no, that the yacht service was useful and should be supported—as they would also agree with him in the delightful character of the occupation of yachting.

sailing. With these feeling the company would no doubt readily respond to the toast of the Commodore of the London Yacht Club, but they would also rejoice in his manly English character. The toast would also prove, he hoped, an incentive to the support of institutions such as those he had named. He should therefore give the health of Commodore Goodson. (Three times three cheers)

Commodore Goodson rose to respond. He said that it afforded him the greatest gratification to respond to the toast so flatteringly proposed by the president,—a gratification as high to him this year as it was last. He was sorry that Lord A. Paget could not attend the dinner. For himself, as Commodore of the Royal London Club, they must allow him some license, placed as he was in the difficult position of replying to a toast so handsomely given from the chair, and so kindly acknowledged by the company. The town and port of Lowestoft possessed great attractions for him, and he thanked the friend who had brought him to the port, for both from this and his previous visit he had derived much pleasure, and enjoyed much sport. He hoped to do so again. (Hear, hear.) He was happy to say that so long as Lord A. Paget held office, and so long as he himself held office, they should be glad to pay other visits to Lowestoft, and thus add to their previous enjoyments the pleasure attending future regattas. (Applause.)

The President said he should not proceed to give the next toast, until every gentleman had filled his glass a bumper. The toast he should have the great pleasure of submitting was one he was sure would be drunk with the greatest cordiality and pleasure. Not only would the company drink the bumper with delight, but he was satisfied they would give three hearty cheers, when he gave the health of Mr. Peto. (Tremendous cheering, twice renewed.) He (the President) could not wonder at the enthusiasm felt and displayed, as it quite confirmed him in what he had said. To make use of a vulgar expression with regard to Mr. Peto, he would say, "A better fellow never breathed." (Loud cheers.) The present meeting was, indeed, one, over which any man might feel proud to preside. He had attended some of the largest meetings held in London and elsewhere, and he must say, without hesitation, that he had never found, either in the metropolis or the manufacturing districts, any company which equalled the meetings at Lowestoft in their desire to carry out in the best way they could, the festivities and sports of the place; nor had he ever met a more influential or respectable body of gentlemen as residents and friends (hear, hear,) than those now before him. He well knew it was the heartfelt wish of his old friend, Mr. Peto, that he should soon be able once more, if necessary, to participate in the festivities of such days, to join in the social circle, and to promote aquatic sports; for though Mr. Peto was not a yachting character, he was ready and anxious to promote yachting excursions, as, indeed, he was desirous to promote all good interests of the country. (Hear, hear.) He (the President) took delight in the toast proposed. He had known Mr. Peto many years, and had never found him perform a shabby or bad action

He knew that the main architect of his own fortune as Mr. Peto had been, he had not been mindful of himself alone, for while participating in the just return of his own labours, he had felt the greatest satisfaction that the country had also its participation in them. Mr. Peto felt the greatest satisfaction at this, as one indeed who did not love wealth for "filthy lucre's sake," for he had advanced works which undoubtedly tended to ameliorate the condition of his fellow men, whether endeavouring to promote the education of the people, or whether joining with such men as himself (Mr. Waddington) in works of another but largely important kind. (Hear.) It did him extreme pleasure to propose the health of a true English gentleman like Mr. Peto—Long might he live and enjoy his well-won honours. Long might Mr. Peto live to bless the age he so much advanced. Long might Mr. Peto live to cheer the wife of his bosom, to promote her happiness, and the good of his children. (Hear, hear.) Let him also connect his name and the toast with one of his greatest works, "The Port of Lowestoft." (Three times three cheers and one cheer more.)

James Peto, Esq., begged to thank the company for the very handsome manner in which the health of his brother had been drunk. He could but heartily regret his brother's absence. He had received a letter from him on the previous evening, saying that he found, unfortunately, he should not be able to attend. What had been said by the President required no remark from him, so without further preface he begged to thank the company most heartily for the honour they had conferred upon the object of the toast. (Loud cheers.)

The Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club said, he had the privilege afforded him of proposing the health of their distinguished chairman—(loud cheering)—distinguished not only by his proud position as chairman of the Eastern Counties Company, but also as the president of that festive board. (Hear, hear.) He (the Commodore) was unable to express himself fully, finding himself inadequate to record the merits of Mr. Waddington as he deserved, but he hoped, nevertheless, the company would acknowledge, by their reception of the toast, the kindness of Mr. Waddington in forwarding the sports of the Regatta. (Immense cheers.) The company would be at all times ready to concur in the justness of paying respect to a gentleman who had done so much, and from whom so much more was expected. (Hear.) As had been very properly said, the railway had done much for Lowestoft, and indeed had not the railway existed, it would have been impossible that 200 men should have met in that room that evening, and have allowed so many thousands to follow out the native spirit of English people and pay a visit to the sea. It was by the aid of such men as Mr. Waddington, through railways, and their regenerating influences that so much had been effected for the good, the advantage, and the recreation of all. (Hear.) Besides these public recommendations, the personal character of Mr. Waddington was also to be remembered. (The toast was drunk with three times three cheers.)

Mr. Waddington responded to the toast, and said, he did not for one moment think himself entitled to any particular remark on his merits, for as regarded the day, he had only been actuated by a sincere desire to do his duty in the chair. He was quite aware that when Mr. Peto had requested him to fill the president's seat, it was not that he (Mr. W.) should be simply the exponent of Mr. Peto's feelings, but of his own also; and as the chairman of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, he (Mr. Waddington) had felt pleasure in attending, owning, as he did, a warm interest in the success and prosperity of the town and port of Lowestoft. He begged to thank the company for their kindness to him as the substitute of Mr. Peto. He thanked the company also for himself, personally. He thanked also those numerous friends for applying the personal influence they had brought to bear on the hilarity of the day. (Hear, hear.) He was sorry he should have to appear so often before the meeting that evening, but he had many pleasant calls upon him, and still had, and the next call would be the health of two gentlemen connected with the city of Norwich and the town of Yarmouth. (Cheers.) As respected the city of Norwich, Mr. Peto was its representative, and represented it well. He (Mr. Waddington) had once appeared in the city of Norwich, but not as a candidate. For that he should not be so presumptuous. He had, however, while staying with Mr. Peto in that city, gone with him on one occasion to see some friends, when that gentleman had business with his constituents. He recollected that one old gentleman addressed him in his capacity of chairman of the railway, on the difference of the price of coals carried by the railway, and the price of the conveyance of passengers. "Why not," said this individual, "charge both in the same ratio." He had, he recollected, replied, that if the gentlemen and other passengers would consent to be shovelled in and out of a truck as they did coals, a difference might be made in the present price of the carriage of the two articles, but not otherwise. (Loud laughter.) On the occasion of visiting Norwich to which he alluded, he found that the city was progressing in every thing calculated to promote its prosperity. He felt a high respect for the citizens and city of Norwich, and was glad to see this. The town and port of Yarmouth also commanded his attention. (Hear, hear.) He had been so placed as to have witnessed the jealousy of Yarmouth, not only among the inhabitants themselves, but also as regarded other places—(hear, hear)—but he was glad to say this feeling was now departing, as might be seen by the better mode in which the Yarmouth people now managed the business of the port. (Hear.) He would beg to propose "The healths of the Mayor of the city of Norwich and the Mayor of the town of Yarmouth." (Loud cheers.)

R. Coaks, Esq., (Mayor of Norwich), returned thanks in a few words, which were inaudible beyond a few feet of where the Mayor stood.

S. C. Marsh, Esq., (Mayor of Yarmouth), said he felt extremely obliged to Mr. Waddington for allowing him the opportunity of returning thanks on behalf of those over whom he presided as Chief Magistrate. (Hear, hear.) He should not detain the company at any length. Norwich, Lowestoft and

Yarmouth were closely connected together, and the inhabitants of each place should be actuated as guided by one object, and endeavour to do the best they could for each locality. (Cheers.) Mr. Waddington had said that much jealousy had existed in Yarmouth, and, like that gentleman, he hoped all this would cease; or rather, be swept away by attention to the improvements of the town. (Hear.) It was his (Mr. Marsh's) opinion, that between Lowestoft and Yarmouth there should be no jealousy. There should be but one predominant feeling between the places—that of emulation. (Cheers.) He had been delighted, as Chief Magistrate of Yarmouth, to witness the amusements of Lowestoft, and he thought that the former should rival the latter, and that not only more attention should be paid to amusements, but commerce also. (Cheers.) He hoped this would be done. He thought the present was the first occasion when the inhabitants of Norwich, Lowestoft and Yarmouth had met together—(hear)—but he hoped such occasions would not, for the future, be few and far between. (Cheers.) He had been delighted to hear the observations emanating from the chair, and he thought, that as Chief Magistrate, and the friends who accompanied him, they had done rightly in paying a visit to Lowestoft, and showing that the people of Yarmouth were ready to visit Lowestoft, and take part in the amusements. (Hear, hear.) He hoped that the inhabitants of Yarmouth would, next year, offer attractions that would induce the people of Lowestoft to return the visit. In conclusion, he begged to offer his best thanks for the kind manner in which the toast had been received. (Cheers).

The President next gave "The successful Competitors," coupling with the toast the names of "Lord Londesborough, Mr. Lane and Mr. Wheeler."

The Commodore of the London Yacht Club returned thanks on their behalf.

Toast.—"The Committee of Management, and success to the Lowestoft Regatta of 1854," and Mr. Sultzer, as chairman of the committee of this year, was connected with the toast.

Mr. Sultzer returned thanks for the Committee.

The next toast given, was "Success to the North of Europe Steam Navigation Company," coupled with the name of "Capt. Andrews." (Cheers.)

Capt. Andrews having quitted the table, Mr. Hervey said, he felt greatly gratified by the kind expressions which had followed the reception of the toast, and he could at once observe, that no doubt existed of the complete success of the company; and he hoped, that, instead of half a dozen vessels, they should eventually see many more belonging to the association. He had no doubt the objects of the company would be carried out to its own advantage, and the credit of its managers.

The last toast of the evening was, as usual, "The Ladies," which was drunk with loud applause.

The company then separated.

The evening was enlivened by glee and other excellent singing by the vocalists.

The day after the regatta there was a grand review of the various yacht

remaining in harbour. They were towed out into the roads and took their stations for manœuvring. Commodore Goodson and Vice-Commodore Bartlett, in the *Sverige*, led the fleet, which was composed of the *Avalon*, *Ariel*, *Gossamer*, *Sheldrake*, *Vampire*, &c. The rear was headed by Mr. Peto's beautiful schooner, *May Fly*, under the command of Rear Commodore Capt. Andrews, supported by *Phantom*, *Maud*, *Waveney*, and two others. Having stood out to sea, the fleet returned in first-rate order, going through various evolutions off the harbour, evidently to the great delight of a number of ladies assembled to witness the scene, there being present about 1,500 spectators. On board the *May Fly*, *Sverige*, and some other yachts, large parties were entertained with true yachting hospitality. At half-past four the vessels returned into harbour. A capital duck hunt succeeded, and a spirited race between the Customs and Coast Guards boats terminated the afternoon's amusements.

At seven o'clock the committee assembled together the owners of the various yachts in harbour, and about forty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous banquet, at which turtle, venison, white bait, &c., were served up in profusion. There was a brass band in attendance. The chair was taken by John Sultzer, Esq., supported on the right by Commodore Goodson, and on the left by the Mayor of Great Yarmouth, Captain Andrews officiating as vice. The usual toasts were duly honoured, and on "The Visitors" being named, the toast was drunk with enthusiasm. Captian Charles Jones Cox, returned thanks on behalf of his brother visitors and himself, who, he observed were highly gratified by the very kind reception they had met with from all parties connected with the port of Lowestoft, but more especially from the committee, whose regal entertainment and hearty welcome would never be forgotten. The company did not separate until a late hour, all evidently delighted with the entertainment, which was served up in the most *recherche* and finished style by the proprietor of the Royal Hotel.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club commenced on Tuesday, July 26th, under very favourable auspices. The magnificent prize, presented to the club by her Majesty, led not unnaturally to the expectation of a keenly contested race. Several strange yachts made their appearance on the river, one of which pre-eminently attracted attention. This was the Swedish schooner *Aurora Borealis*—a beautiful rakish looking craft—reputed to be more than a match for the far-famed *America* and *Sverige*—and in sooth few could look on her without a conviction, that, after all her fame might be deserved; as she lay on the water, buoyant "like a thing of life"—light, graceful, and airy—and yet a model of strength and symmetrical beauty. Another rival of importance was the English schooner *Aquiline*, as pretty a little craft as the eye could wish to rest on, and which impressed one

with a notion that the Swede herself would find it no joke to eclipse her in the race. Long before the hour of starting hundreds of spectators were on the *qui vis* at the river side, and the wind blowing pretty stiffly from the south-west, gave promise of a sharp contest. The odds, however, were greatly in favour of the larger vessels, and the chances of the smaller yachts, proportionately less. The weather, without being absolutely gloomy, was anything but promising. The sun shone forth pleasantly enough, it is true, but at intervals it was shrouded by menacing clouds, that created a little anxiety amongst those who were prepared to enjoy the festivity of the day. The scene on the river and adjacent quays, as the time of starting drew near, was gay and inspiring. The piers were lined with spectators, and steamers were plying to and fro, their big decks thronged with voyagers eager to witness the race, and amongst them the beauty and fashion of the town and its neighbourhood, lending a charm to the scene, which was not diminished by strains of "music on the waters." The first race was, of course, the most interesting, being for

The PRIZE PLATE, value £100, presented by her most gracious Majesty to the members of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club. To be sailed for by yachts belonging to any royal club.

Twelve yachts entered, but only the following started:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Aquiline (schooner)....	55	John Cardinall, Esq.	Blue, with gold eagle.
Whim	62	Vice-Com. Bamford.	White and blue vertical.
Phoebe	33	A. Bannister, Esq...	Blue swallow tail.
Lilla	20	Joseph Gee, Esq.....	White, with red stripes
Maud	25	Captain Andrews ...	White, blue border.
Aurora Borealis (sch.).	250	R. Beckman, Esq....	White, black squares.

The course was—starting from the Lime Kiln Creek, going down the Humber round the Bull Float, and returning, passing between a boat, moored off, and the pier of the Humber Dock Basin.

Amongst those entered was the celebrated Mosquito, but she did not put in an appearance, instead of her the Swedish schooner, Aurora Borealis, of considerable greater tonnage than the others, threatened to bear away the prize without giving the others a chance; and we must say that, considering the etiquette of a royal cup is supposed to debar the plan of handicapping, it seemed a matter of impossibility that anything could touch her.

A little before eleven the first gun was fired, as a signal for the yachts to prepare. The report from a second gun from the commodore's yacht (moored off the pier), which was gaily decked with flags, was the signal for hoisting canvas, and accordingly every hand on board was immediately at work. The competing yachts were laid in the following order from the windward:—The Swede, Maud, Lilla, Phoebe, Whim, and Aquiline.

The tide having turned, there was a strong current setting down the river, and the first to get under way was Mr. Bannister's yacht Phoebe; the

Lilla, the Maud, and the Whim, being about round together, the Whim, perhaps, a moment after; and the two schooners last. Of course, the Swede was a short time behind all, as her great size and breadth of canvas was not so easily compassed as in those of smaller dimensions. The Lilla, however, got away with the lead, with the Whim close behind, the schooners bringing up the rear. After passing the Victoria-dock, the Aquiline crept up to the leading vessel, and the Phoebe lost ground, a fact which seemed altogether unaccountable. The Swede being much to windward at starting, had some distance to catch up, but having got her canvas out, bowled after them, the wind blowing a stiff breeze. They went in this position; Lilla losing her berth, and the little schooner gradually mending her pace, till on passing the Hebbles the latter was first, and the Whim with her lofty spars had got into the second place. The Lilla was now third, the Swede fourth, and the Maud and Phoebe in the rear of all. To follow the ships' course involved the necessity of keeping within the Hebbles float, consequently, after passing this mark, the yachts began to stretch across the river, some hoisting the gaff top-sails, as the wind had begun to fail a little. Indeed, under the Lincolnshire shore it was comparatively calm. The accompanying steamer here laid-to while the yachts passed, which they did in fine style, bowling past Paull at a great pace in mid-channel and in the very strength of the tide. The Swede gradually mended her position, although the Aquiline had a good lead even then. The sight now presented was exceedingly interesting. The little schooner looked the very picture of a yacht, sitting most gracefully on the water, every sail in its place, and cleaving the waves with a rapidity second only to her bulky rival, the Swede, who was stepping along apparently without much exertion. The Whim hereabouts hauled down her gaff and ran up a much larger one, in which delay seemed to take place. The Lilla still kept her place tolerably well, though the other two were a long way astern. Between Paull and Killingholme the Swede had got first, having put out another jib, and by and by she hoisted her gaff top-sail, which sent her along in a style that promised a most easy victory. It was now about half-past eleven.

The Aquiline still kept the second place, then the Whim, Lilla, Maud and Phoebe in the order mentioned, though the two latter did not seem to lay so snug as their competitors. They pursued this order quite away down the river, with the wind verging somewhat round to the west, and the committee's steamer toiling slowly in the wake of the leading yachts. The weather now began to break up, and one or two showers of rain fell, so much as to obscure the racing vessels for a while. When the shower passed over they were still in the same relative position, but the Swede had immensely increased her advantage over the Aquiline, while the latter drew a head of the Whim, which toiled away most perseveringly. Approaching Grimsby another squall came on, and lasted for some time, accompanied by a terrific rain, which so effectually enveloped the river in obscurity, as to preclude all possibility of seeing the yachts rounding the Bull Float, the point of their return.

They, however, passed the Bull Float as follow :—

	h.	m.	s.
<i>Aurora Borealis</i>	12	25	11
<i>Aquiline</i>	12	32	30
<i>Whim</i>	12	40	0
<i>Maud</i>	12	46	15
<i>Lilla</i>	12	50	0
<i>Phoebe</i>	12	53	0

Next time they were seen, the Swede was coming back, ploughing away in victorious style—meeting the fishing smacks about a mile from the float—although the change in the wind and the strong current against her, rendered her progress considerably slower. So hollow was the race, however, that little interest was felt in it, for, on passing the committee's steamer on her return, the Swede's distance ahead must have been reckoned by the mile, and her jib was flapping about altogether useless. Passing along, however, the schooner still kept mending her position, and it seemed evident that nothing but a mishap could prevent her carrying off the cup with something like an hour to spare. Careering up the river, alone, she encountered a terrific squall. Yielding to the fierceness and suddenness of the blast, she bent over so as apparently to lay broadside on the water, but in a moment, as if by a miracle, she regained her upright position. She had, however, suffered considerable damage. The jib-boom was carried away, and the fore-sail boom broken. On finding that her onward progress was stopped, some curiosity was manifested on board the steamer as to the cause, till it was ascertained that all hands were at work repairing damages. On nearing Paull, the power of the Swede was found to be seriously crippled, and the great loss of speed occasioned by the damage to the fore-sail was evident from the difficulty with which she held the wind. So serious was the delay occasioned that the *Aquiline*, pushing along in most beautiful style, was enabled gradually to steal up. Both vessels were sailing as close to the wind as possible, the *Aquiline* evidently having the advantage. At last the Swede was compelled to tack, and the little one got up to her before she had to take the step. Long and loud were the cheers which followed on this bit of success. This was inside the Hebbles. The wind having shifted more to the west was now almost dead a-head, and it became evident that seamanship alone would decide the contest. The *Aquiline* was rather to leeward, and being considerably quicker in stays than the Swede, besides being of a size so much smaller, she was enabled to make her boards with more advantage. Another tack to windward, by each yacht, resulted in the smaller schooner shooting still further ahead (while the Swede's sails were filling), and was met another loud hurrah. The contest had now become most exciting, not on account of the excellent style in which the *Aquiline* had made up her ground, but because she was an English vessel. A passenger boat, however had now got near the yachts, and in a few moments, the little schooner, whose then superiority no doubt could be entertained, in making too long stretch for her next tack, touched the ground—(the tide was nearly at flood

—and stuck. The game was up; the yachtsmen clewed up their canvas, and the Swede had the rest of the distance to herself—a tedious succession of tacks only enabling her to reach the goal. We are scarcely in a position to assign a reason for the accident to the Aquiline in the moment of victory. Some parties affirm that the yacht, in order to clear the steamer, which was unquestionably out of place where she was, had to make a longer stretch than she otherwise would have done; while others affirm that the accident was to be attributed to some parties in a small boat beckoning to the yacht, and she, trusting to this hint, was led on to her defeat. Whatever may have been the cause, however, the accident occasioned a feeling of disappointment. All this time the Whim had been coming up rapidly, and gaining on the Swede during the race from the Hebbles, but it was half-past five before the signal gun announced her arrival. The Aquiline came off with the tide the same night. The following is the time at which the vessels reached the goal :—

	h.	m.	s.
Aurora Borealis	5	17	25
Whim	5	35	49
Phœbe	5	39	16
Lilla.....	5	40	29
Maud	5	44	24

A round of cheers welcomed the winner, but, we must confess, not so hearty as those which greeted the English schooner, when the probability of her success had been so apparent but a short time before.

The *Second Race* was a purse of £20, for fishing-smacks above 20 tons. The entries and stations of the vessels were as follows :—

Smacks' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Finish.		
			h.	m.	s.
Jenny Lind	47	D. Snell	7	0	0
John and Elizabeth ...	48	G. Rogers.....	6	17	0
Fisher	56	W. Mortimer.....	6	28	9
Secret	50	S. Decent	6	17	2
Daring	58	W. Brown	6	25	0

The smacks were moored in a line behind the yachts, and started at the same signal. They got away pretty nearly together, with the Secret ahead to the Hebbles, where the John and Elizabeth got first, alternately varying with the other vessels down to the Float. The Daring got round the Bull first, then the Secret, after her the Fisher, the John and Elizabeth, and the Jenny Lind. From this time the Daring began to drop astern. The Secret maintained her lead well up to the Paull, where the Fisher, making a wrong tack, lost ground, and the John and Elizabeth took her place. The race was now one of seamanship up to the pier, between the Secret and the John and Elizabeth, the wind having fallen, and the smacks tacking up as the yachts had done. It was doubtful which of the two vessels could make the win-

ning boat first, but in the last board the John and Elizabeth got the advantage of the wind, and sailed past about two seconds before the Secret.

Second Day—A gold cup, value 60 guineas ; and a silver bowl value 25 guineas for the second yacht. There were twelve yachts entered, of which the following seven started :—

Yachts' Names	Round the Bull Float.			Finish.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Aquiline	1	4	25	Gave up.		
Whim	1	12	0	5	25	43
Maud	1	15	30	5	27	58
Lilla	1	19	0	5	24	25
Phoebe.....	1	21	0	5	39	49
St. Margaret	1	34	45			
Quiz	1	36	0			

Shortly after 11 o'clock the signal gun was fired, and a few minutes afterwards the second report announced them "off." The Aquiline rather got the lead, and it is stated her moorings were not down. However, the start was tolerably fair, the Lilla shewing her canvas first, the Whim and Lilla being in the second and third place, Phoebe fourth, which positions were maintained for some miles until the Maud headed the Phoebe and Lilla, which placed her the third. No alteration took place all the way to the Bull, and ten or twelve miles of the return course, the Aquiline still leading at the Elbow Buoy, they were hauled close to the wind, and meeting the ebb tide, were much retarded, the wind at the same time falling much lighter, the little Lilla came rapidly up, and smartly taking in her square gaff-top-sail, and running up a jib-headed one which stood much better, shot to windward of her opponents ; a sharp board on the sand side gave her a little less tide, and a very decided advantage. The rest followed her example. but too late, as she led all the way to the mark boat, and the gun proclaimed her the winner of the gold cup, and the Maud, according to her tonnage, second, claiming the silver bowl, value 25 guineas.

The following vessels contested the prize of £5. :—the Rapid, Greyhound, Dart, and Chance. They passed the Bull Float in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Rapid	1	45	0
Greyhound.....	1	52	0
Dart	1	53	0
Chance	2	52	0

The Rapid came in the winner we believe.

The dinner took place at eight p.m., in the Public Rooms, the commod the Earl of Mulgrave presided, supported by the vice-commodore Arthur Pease, Esq. The company included the military officers ; Mess Green, Cockey, and Davison, of H.M.C. ; J. W. Pease, Esq., J. K. Wats

Esq., J. Brodrick, Esq., J. Hubbersty, Esq., — Kuhling, Esq., John Thompson, Esq., G. Gammell, Esq., J. Alsop, Esq., G. W. Turnbull, Esq., Chas. Rust, Esq., &c.

After the usual toast, the large vase, the gift of our Gracious Queen, was presented by the Earl of Mulgrave to Edward Squire, jun., the Swedish vice-consul, who represented Captain Beckman, the owner of the "Aurora Borealis." The splendid gold cup, won by the "Lilla," was received by Mr. Dale Brown, pilot-commodore, on behalf of Joseph Gee, Esq., her esteemed owner. The vice-commodore, in the absence of Captain Andrews, the owner of the "Maud," received the punch bowl. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Gee, with so small a vessel, on his success, and only regret the absence of his "Gloriana" in the first day's race, as in the "Swede" and "Aquiline" she would have had worthy competitors.

In the course of the day, the Swedish schooner Aurora Borealis left the river for Cowes, and, when near Grimsby, by some mischance, she, and the committee's steamer fouled. The wheel of the latter was broken and other damage done. Fortunately an extra tiller was on board, so as to enable her to be brought to Hull. Considerable alarm was naturally manifested, as there were a great number of ladies on board. The schooner, however, laid-to, and the parties in the steamer were politely invited on board the schooner to inspect her.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE time-honored town of Liverpool, which can boast of some of the finest steam and sailing craft in the world, was on Monday and Tuesday, the 18th and 19th of July, enlivened with the attendance of numerous pleasure-seekers, who had arrived from Ireland and Scotland to witness the proceedings of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, whose arrangements are well known to be so complete that a "hitch" seldom occurs. The indefatigable officers belonging to this club are celebrated for their courteous manners and general attention to the company. The worthy Commodore's (T. Littledale, Esq.) name is a tower of strength,—and what could be expected after Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen had become a patron and contributor to the sports. Her Majesty justly appreciates yachting; and is well aware that by fostering aquatic sports, she is thereby forming a navy which will ever be ready to defend her rights and protect the shores of Old England.

On Monday the only race was for the Grand Challenge Cup of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, of the value of £100, with a handsome purse containing 25 sovereigns.

The following were the vessels entered for the contest —

Yachts Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Overton	35	J. Paley, Esq.
Presto	9	A. Bower, Esq.
Queen of the Isle	55	R. Langtry, Esq.
Enchantress	54	S. Hodder, Esq.
Irish Lily	80	R. H. Hillas, Esq.
Lancashire Witch.....	94	L. Palk, Esq.
Stanley	17	Thos. Wilson, Esq.
Volante	48	J. L. Craigie, Esq.
Miranda	94	John Gray, Esq.
Cynthia	51	H. Roe, jun., Esq.
Coralie	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
Pauline	35	C. Brandreth, Esq.
Tartar	45	W. H. Dawes, Esq.
Stranger	10	N. Jackson, Esq.
Constance	14	F. D. P. Astley, Esq.
Ranger	13	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
Ariel.....	118	Commodore Littledale.

The start took place at 11h. 46m. Thirteen vessels started. Neither the Lancashire Witch nor the Volante arrived, and the Commodore's Ariel, which was entered, did not run. The order of the arrival was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Irish Lily	5	11	40
Cynthia	5	11	55
Tartar	5	21	55
Pauline	5	52	15
Enchantress	5	26	12
Coralie.....	5	26	49

In accordance with the usual regulation as to tonnage and time, the Cynthia was declared the winner by 2½ minutes over the Irish Lily. In justice to the latter, however, we must state that, when near the bell buoy, going out, she carried away her throat halliards, which delayed her about 15 minutes, else she would undoubtedly have been the winner. The yachts went out with the ebb tide, and returned with the flood.

The proportion of time allowed the yachts is three-quarters of a minute to 25 tons; half a minute from 25 to 50 tons; and above 50 tons one quarter of minute.

The Commodore entertained a large party of the officers and members of the club, together with many of the yachtsmen of the various royal yacht clubs present, to dinner on board his fine schooner the Ariel, which vessel performed the duties of flag ship during both days.

On Tuesday the grand event of the meeting took place, namely, the presentation for the Queen's Cup, a chaste and beautifully-executed vase by Garrard & Co. of London, and we hope that her gracious Majesty will each succeeding year continue her gift to this truly yachting club, as a reward for their successful exertions in the cause of yachting in the largest seaport in her dominions. We believe that it is the intention of the club in future to hold an annual

regatta for all classes of vessels, having their sailing matches for yachts alone at intervals during each season.

HER MAJESTY'S CUP—VALUE 100 GUINEAS.

For the Queen's Cup on Tuesday the following started :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Surprise	16	H. F. Rigge, Esq.
Stanley	17	T. Wilson, Esq.
Pauline	35	C. Brandeth, Esq.
Tartar.....	46	W. H. Dawes, Esq.
Constance	14	F. D. P. Astley, Esq.
Enchantress	54	S. Hodder, Esq.
Coralie	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
Cynthia	50	H. Roe, jun., Esq.
Irish Lily	80	R. W. Hillas, Esq.

The Overton, 35 tons; Miranda, 94 tons; Seabird, 30 tons; Volante, 48 tons; Presto, 8 tons; Ranger, 13 tons; Queen of the Isles, 55 tons; Lancashire Witch, 94 tons; Ariel, 118 tons; Onda, 20 tons; Stranger, 10 tons, Jessica, 8 tons; and Ada, 38 tons, were also entered; but did not start, the Volante and Lancashire Witch not having arrived, the former being obliged to put into Falmouth on her passage round, from heavy weather and head winds. The pretty little Onda also had a very severe passage from the Clyde, and proved herself an out-and-out little sea boat.

At twelve o'clock the Commodore's gun announced the start. There was a stiff, steady breeze at N.W., hardening down as the day advanced. Single-reefed main-sails were the order of the day, and housed top-masts. The Cynthia was away like a bird, as were the Coralie, Constance, Stanley, Surprise, Pauline, and Tartar too. The Enchantress began to bowl along in first-rate style, but the Irish Lily's chain by some means getting foul, caused her a delay of some seven or eight-and-twenty minutes, until the whole fleet had got well away from her. A most exciting and slashing match as we ever had the good fortune to witness, ensued. The pretty Coralie, going to work like a rare one, soon showed the shape of her counter to her gallant competitors, the Cynthia contesting inch for inch of the channel with her, the Pauline, Tartar, the hardy little Stanley, and the Enchantress, close enough to make eyes sharp and hands active. Near the Crosley Lightship the pretty Constance was making splendid work, when away went her mast, about 10 feet from the deck, and she lay a helpless wreck upon the waves. The Windsor steam ship, Captain Williams, with Commodore Littledale, and a large party on board, immediately bore down to her assistance; but the Surprise, H. F. Rigge, Esq., with the generous spirit of a true yachtsman, bore up to the assistance of his disabled antagonist, and taking her in tow, brought her safely into port. In the meantime Coralie was making safe work of it, closely pursued by the Cynthia and Lily, at N.W. Lightship; in the second rounding, the Cynthia overhauled Coralie, and went into her place, but 'ere

she reached the Bell Buoy for the last time the graceful Lily shook her canvas wings, and, gliding swiftly ahead, took the lead. A magnificent run home ensued, and one of the most exciting scenes that probably was ever witnessed in the Mersey or any place in the world was presented to the gaze of those who were fortunate enough to secure a berth in the club steamer. There were no less than eight steamers in company at the point, all following in the wake of the yachts; and several large merchant ships coming in at the same time, rendered it a most brilliant and interesting scene to a nautical eye, the channel being one sheet of white foam from the rushing speed of the fleet of clippers, the surge caused by the paddles of the steamers, and the heaped-up waves dashed aside by the stately merchantmen. We must, however, draw to a conclusion, by saying that the yachts arrived at the flag-ship for her Majesty's splendid gift in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.
Irish Lily	5	30	13
Cynthia	5	35	52
Coralie.....	5	37	19
Tartar.....	5	39	24
Pauline	5	41	10
Enchantress	5	41	54
Stanley	6	6	41

The Coralie was declared to be the fortunate winner of this valuable prize, and we must congratulate Mr. Byrne upon the spirited and seamanlike manner in which he handled his beautiful little craft; he may be justly proud of his victory.

The next race on the cards was £20 for trawlers, for which there was no entry. Next the Pilot Boat Race, a beautiful race between the Teazer (No. 2) built by Harvey of Ipswich, the Auspices (No. 4), built by Cato, of Liverpool, and the George Canning; these are all modern built vessels, with long fine bows. The Teazer came in first, and Auspicious second, being beaten by less than a minute.

The *Shrimper's Race*, for £10, was won by the Jane, J. Kay; the Truant, J. Kay, nephew of the owner of the Jane, winning the second prize of £2.

The *Regatta Cup*, value 10 sovereigns, for yachts under eight tons, brought out some beautiful little craft of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club :—

Giraffe.....	J. Miller. Esq., jun.
Kelpie	A. G. Sparrow, Esq.
Warlock	Hamilton Laird, Esq.
Breeze	E. Haigh, Esq., jun.
Truant.....	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
Sirocco.....	W. Brown, Esq.

A most interesting match, and won in gallant style by the celebrated little Truant.

The match for the Mersey Cup, for yachts of from 8 to 20 tons. Half a minute allowance of time brought the following to the start :—

Yacht's Names	Tons	Owners	Arrived.		
			h.	m.	s.
Presto	8	A. Bower, Esq.	6	48	27
Stranger	10	N. Jackson, Esq.	6	54	57
Jessica	8	J. A. Clarke, Esq.	bore up.		

This was a well contested match, and three greater beauties as models were never entered to compete together. The Presto is a centre board sloop, built by Kelly of Liverpool, after the model of the Truant; the Stranger, built by Fish and Morton of New York; and the Jessica was designed by Mr. J. W. Waterman, Jun., the designer of the celebrated Mosquito.

There was a protest entered by the Stranger against the Presto, on the grounds of not having gone the proper course. It has been referred to the Sailing Committee. The Jessica bore up, Mr. Clarke declining to compete with such vessels, they having a manifest advantage in beating to windward down the channel, from their very shallow draft enabling them to make long boards down along the edges of the banks.

The rowing matches commenced at three o'clock; the first was for the Ladies' Cup—a handsome claret jug, value £20—rowed by gentlemen. It was won in beautiful style by the Lady Constance (Royal Chester Rowing Club), flag garter blue, H. Roberts, Esq. (cox), beating the Mystery of Seacombe, J. Pearse, Esq. (cox), and Templar of Rockferry, H. C. Tomlinson, Esq. (cox), A Tomlinson, Esq. (stroke). The Nemesis Club of Manchester had entered, but withdrew. The Royal Chester Rowing Club crew deserve much credit for the admirable style in which they came out. Several other boat races followed for ships' gigs, and a Pair-oared Gig Race for gentlemen, prize £10. was won by A. M. Tomlinson, Esq.

We noticed among the yachts underway and about the station on both days of the regatta the Charlotte, Pentheney O'Kelly, Esq., Vice-Commodore, Royal Irish Yacht Club; Gipsy Queen, Sir Henry B. Hoghton, Bart.; Freak, T. Birchall, Esq.; the Queen of Beauty, steamship, the Earl and Countess of Sefton and a large party, who appeared to take much interest in the proceedings of the regatta, which the noble earl has warmly patronised, being an old member of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club; the Hornet, J. Naylor, Esq.; a very pretty little schooner, the Matilda, 20 tons, W. A. Cross, Esq., built by Inman of Lymington, after American lines, attracted much notice from her speed and weatherly qualities.

Commodore Littledale entertained the worshipful the Mayor of Liverpool and a large party on board his yacht, the Ariel, on the

second day ; and the City of Dublin Company's fine steamships Iron Duke, Capt. Christie, and Windsor, Capt. William Williams, with a large party of the officers and members of the club with their lady friends, together with members of the Royal Cork, Royal Western of Ireland, Royal Thames, &c., attended the matches to sea each day. When, at intervals, the numerous company on board partook of a *dejeuner*, consisting of the usual delicacies of the season. The courtesy and attention of Commodore Littledale, Mr. Fletcher, the cup-bearer, Mr. Kay, Treasurer, Mr. Melling, Secretary, Mr. Bourn, Lieut. Lord, R.N., Lieut. Sarsfield, R.N., Captain Christie and Captain Williams, together with the members of the club present, much enhanced the enjoyment of the day, and we cannot but pay a just tribute to the talents and energy, as well as attentive courtesy, of Rear-Commodore Grindrod, whose duties were of the most arduous and trying nature.

The club dinner took place at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, at the Marine Club Rooms of the club, Birkenhead Hotel, when the worthy host, Mr. Jones, with his usual excellence, served up a magnificent entertainment. There was a very crowded attendance of yachtsmen, including officers and members of nearly all the royal yacht clubs. Commodore Littledale presided in his always admirable manner, and the Rear-Commodore discharged the duties of the vice-chairman, with quite as much excellence as his yachting duties of the day. The worshipful the mayor occupied the Commodore's right. After the usual toasts of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Earl of Ellesmere, &c., the cups were presented to the successful yachtsmen, and much generous warmth of feeling was expressed towards Mr. Byrne by all present, upon his reception of the Queen's Cup. A brilliant display of fire works from the yachts and from the club grounds took place at nine o'clock. We most heartily congratulate the officers and members of the club, upon one of the most successful regattas that was ever witnessed in the Mersey. The fine band of the pensioners performed during the day in the club grounds, and Mr. Gribbin's well known band on board the club steamer. The enormous number of twenty thousand people are calculated to have passed across the river to witness the regatta.

WINDEMERE SAILING MATCH.

The Windemere is the largest of the English lakes, being about fourteen miles long, and in some parts nearly two broad. It contains several islands, and when looking from Low-wood inn (about tw

miles from Ambleside) the scenery is truly enchanting. Opposite this inn is seen the head of the lake, bordered by rocks, woods, and the sloping towns of Calgarth, backed by the curiously-formed mountains called Langdale Pikes. Some of the finest views of this favourite lake may be had from various points, in the ascent to Troutbeck, a most picturesque village, about three miles from the inn. The lake is well adapted for yachting by the small craft that float on its surface,—and in addition to delightful scenery, and pleasant *pic nic* parties, there is another, and to many of our yachting readers, a much greater inducement for visiting this far-famed water, namely,—an abundance of good fishing, many parts abounding in pike, perch, and the delicious char. We would, however, recommend the tourist to supply himself with “Wordsworth Excursion” before his visit.—Now to our legitimate business, the regatta.

The match was sailed on Wednesday, the prize contended for being a Silver Claret Jug, liberally presented by Mr. Astley, of Fellfoot. The entries were as follows :—

Boats' Names.	Owners.	Length.	
		ft.	in.
Truant.....	Mr. Grinnell.....	20	6
Victoria.....	Mr. Aufrera.....	32	0
Lily	Mr. Dickson.....	18	6
Wave	Mr. Swinburne.....	24	0
Edith	Mr. Littledale	24	0
Heather Bell.....	Mr. Fell	21	0
Frederica	Mr. Bryans.....	17	0
Swede	Mr. Clowes.....	16	0
Osprey	Mr. Molesworth.....	19	0
St. Mary.....	Mr. Addison.....	17	0
Ellinor.....	Mr. Preston.....	21	6

The Ellinor, Osprey, and Truant had never before sailed on Windemere ; and, indeed, great was the dismay of the lake sailors when the fact that the latter (the fame of whose performance had penetrated even into Westmoreland) was to be one of the competitors was placed beyond dispute by her arrival on the lake. The day was not a favourable one for a sailing match, as, although fine, there was but little wind, what there was being from S.E., and extremely variable. The boats took up their stations about a quarter to one, and the signal for starting was given at one. The Lily and Wave were the first off, closely followed by the Truant, &c. The Heather Bell had the misfortune to run aground very early in the performance. She remained hard and fast for some hours, and consequently took no further part in the race. The fleet very soon began to separate itself into two divisions, the first consisting of the Truant, Victoria, Lily and Wave ; the remaining boats, headed by the Osprey and Frederica, formed the second.

The leading boats kept very much together till opposite Flock Park, where the Truant drew ahead, followed by the Victoria, the Lily being third, and the Wave fourth. In this order they rounded the flag-boat opposite the landing, the Truant one minute and a half before the Lily. There was no very decided change of position during the run to Greythwaite, except that the Truant and Victoria rather increased their distance from the Lily. The latter and the Truant attempted to set their square sails, but the wind was so variable that it was not effected, and they consequently hauled them down again having taking nothing by their motion. The Truant was the first to round the flag-boat opposite Greythwaite, very closely followed by the Victoria, and in three minutes and a quarter by the Lily. During the beat back to Fellfoot, the Victoria and Truant were close together, and a very sharp struggle was terminated by their passing the flag-boat as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.
Victoria.....	4	3	15
Truant.....	4	3	45
Lily.....	4	7	45

After the allowance of 2m. 30s. per foot on the difference of length on the water line had been made, the Lily was declared winner by one minute.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA, DUBLIN BAY.

The grand annual regatta, which has been looked forward to with much interest, commenced on the 26th July with very fine weather, and a beautiful breeze from the north-west, which continued without intermission throughout the day. From an early hour of the morning pedestrians and passengers by steam-boat and railway flocked in hundreds to the scene of attraction, and piers and jetty soon became crowded with fashionables from the metropolis and neighbourhood of Kingstown, while a good many others took advantage of the steamers in the harbour, from which they were enabled to witness the various sports mentioned in the bill of fare. Each of the club-houses was thronged with elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who, in addition to the pleasure of the regatta, were regaled with the inspiring strains of two military bands which came there for their especial entertainment. The aspect of the harbour was picturesque in the extreme. Its extensive area was thickly dotted with yachts of every tonnage, not to speak of the Blenheim and other vessels of larger dimensions, and most of them being dressed in all their colours the scene presented an appearance of gaiety and animation which it would be utterly impossible

describe in adequate terms. Before recording the results of the following trials of sailing power and manly strength, it is right for us to bestow a meed of well-deserved approbation on the committee and their efficient secretary, James Curran, Esq., for the exertions by which they were enabled to provide for their fellow citizens such a pleasant day's amusement; and we must also make honourable mention of Captain Burke, for the impartial and satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties as umpire of the regatta.

On Saturday evening it blew a heavy gale at S. and S.W., with rain, and fears were entertained for the safety of many clippers who were known to have been upon their passage to Dublin.

“ A dreadful scene ! With unresisted sway
Wave rushed on wave, as howling for their prey,
And dashing from their heads the blinding spray.
High o'er the pier they swept as if in pride,
And fell in thunder on the leaward side;
Then, as in wrath, they struck the rocks, and tore
Deep furrows in the sand and shook the shore.”

The gallant little Imp, of 10 tons, Capt. H. H. O'Bryen, was out during the whole fury of the storm, but proved herself a wonderful little vessel. We hear, however, that Capt. O'Bryen received an injury on his left shoulder from the topping-lift having given way and the boom falling on him. It is with much regret we have to announce the total loss of the Tern cutter, 16 tons, R. Kerr Simms, Esq., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland in Dundrum Bay, at the same time, bound from Belfast to Kingstown. She carried away her mast in one of the very heavy squalls, and here we have to record an act of noble gallantry on the part of Robert Batt, Esq., of the Magician yawl, 62 tons, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. Perceiving the distress of his little consort, he immediately bore down to her assistance, took her in tow, and did everything that seamaanship and noble daring could to bring her into Carlingford Lough; the gale, however, increasing, the hawser burst, and, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts to rescue the crew, the devoted little bark was driven into the surf, where her brave band of mariners again made a final effort to save their vessel by letting go an anchor. The Magician was forced, for her own safety, to claw off; and a pilot skiff fearlessly put off to the assistance of the Tern, and succeeded in rescuing her apparently doomed crew; shortly after which she burst her cable, and was totally wrecked. We are, however, happy to say that no accident occurred to any of her crew; and that all the materials that came on shore were safely stored

by the coast-guardsmen. The Seabird, H. Melling, Esq., Hon. Sec. R.M.Y.C., bore up for Amlwich Roads ; and the Ranger, of 12 tons, R. M. Grinnell, and Stanley, 17 tons, J. Wilson, Esq., are supposed to have borne up for Beaumaris or Liverpool. Several yachts from the Clyde, also, were prevented from arriving in time.

A piece of plate, value £150, presented by the Royal St George's Yacht Club ; open to all yachts of 25 tons and upwards belonging to royal yacht clubs ; a time race ; Long Course ; twice round.

Yacht's Names	Tons	Owners	Distinguishing Flag.
Volante	48	J. L. Cragie, Esq.....	White Flag.
Cynthia.....	50	Henry Roe, Esq.....	Blue, White Cross.
Coralie	35	Andrew E. Byrne, Esq...	White, Blue Cross.
Irish Lily.....	80	R. W. Hillas, Esq.....	Yellow Peter.
Marina	53	W. J. Forster, Esq.....	Blue and White.

The signal gun was fired at half-past 11 a.m., and the vessels got away well together ; the Cynthia, however, took a slight lead, followed closely by the Marina, the Irish Lily making a good third, which positions they maintained as long as they remained in sight of Kingstown. The race was vigorously contested for by all the yachts, which, after a very animated struggle, came back in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Volante	4	37	0
Irish Lily.....	4	46	17
Marina.....	4	45	0
Cynthia.....	4	51	37
Coralie.....	4	55	25

Second Prize, value £30, for yachts under 25 tons ; half minute time ; Short Course, twice round.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Onda	20	R. W. Laurie.....	Blue, Yellow St. Andrew's Cross.
Virago.....	10	Capt. J. S. Byrne.....	Dutch Flag.
Fingal.....	16	F. Gowan, Esq.....	White, Red Cross.
Champion....	25	R. D. Kane, Esq.....	
Kelpie.....	22	Paul Deane, Esq.....	Rose Colour.
Mask.....	24	J. C. Atkins.....	Blue.
Fay-away....	12	Sir J. J. Coghill, Bart.	Rose and Violet.
Spray.....	15	P. G. Lynch, Esq.....	Red and White.
Imp.....	10	H. H. O'Bryen, Esq...	White, Blue centre.

The usual preliminaries being gone through, at a few minutes after o o'clock the signal gun rang out, and the above-named clipping little fleet g underway in a truly yachting fashion. Within one minute after casting c the squadron was clear of the harbour. The Kelpie appeared to have tl best of the start, the Onda and Mask following close in her wake, and tl

rest struggling behind at considerable intervals. After going twice round the short course, the Onda and the Kelpie went in advance of the rest, and came home in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.
Onda.....	4	53	20
Kelpie.....	5	6	25

A *Third Prize* of £5 for boats not exceeding 5 tons, was next contested by:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Fairy Queen.....	4	W. G. Cherman, Esq...	
Ariel.....	4	R. Tucker, Esq.....	Blue, Quarter Moon.
Flirt.....	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	Messrs. Barker.....	Red, White Ball.
Wave.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	G. O'Grady, Esq.....	Blue Peter.
Shrew.....	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	James Hickey.....	
Bat.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	P. Howell, Esq.....	Blue, White Cross.
Bacchante.....	5	H. L. Allen, Esq.....	White and Red.
Swan.....	5	I. Williams, Esq.....	Red and White.
Medora.....	5	J. B. Creagh, Esq.....	Union Jack.

This was a pretty and animated race, and was won after a hard contest by the Swan, the Shrew, Flirt, and Medora being second, third, and fourth places.

In the above race an accident of a serious nature occurred to one of the competing boats named the Bat. In running home the boats had reached the second flag-boat in the harbour, when a heavy squall caught them, in which the Bat was capsized. The untoward circumstance being perceived by Mr. Joseph A. Clarke, Jun., of Liverpool, who was sailing the celebrated American boat, the Truant, and in a very forward place, he, in the most praiseworthy manner, at once bore up to the assistance of the Bat's crew, who were struggling in the water, thus losing his chance of winning, which, from his position in the race, was a very favourable one. Mr. Clarke's endeavours were most ably seconded by Mr. William M. Jones, of this city, who was also in the Truant. Two of the crew of the Iron Duke, who were in another boat, also most promptly came to render assistance. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Messrs. Clarke and Jones for their manly and heroic conduct in thus rescuing two of their fellow-creatures, whose lives were by the disaster jeopardized.

The Rowing Match for £40, given by the Dublin Railway Company, for four-oared boats was rowed over for in the first heat by the Umbra, University Club, the Mystery having declined. In the second heat the Nemesis of Manchester came in first, the Falcon, of Cork, second, and Elfie, Kingstown, last. We understand an objection was made to the winning boat.

A Pair-oared Race by gentlemen, for £10, given by the Dublin Railway Company. The Templar of Liverpool not starting, owing to the squally state of the weather, the Phantom, D.R.C., rowed over the course. In the second heat the Ripple and Camilla were to start.

The *dejeuner* of the Royal St. George's Club was attended by more than 500 of the nobility and gentry, and there was a display of fireworks in the evening.

The *Second Day* of the regatta has well sustained the signal success which has attended the exertions of the Royal St. George Yacht Club to provide entertainment worthy of its high character for the lovers of this delightful amusement. The fine Harbour and Pier of Kingstown never upon any similar occasion presented a more joyous and animated appearance ; and the presence of a concourse of spectators as dense and fashionable as on Tuesday was conclusive testimony that the charm of novelty had not been dispelled, or the attraction of the aquatic *fete* faded in the estimation of the community.

From an early period of the day, quarter-hour trains of unusual length, and freighted to a more than ordinary degree of pressure, conveyed from town multitudes of citizens eager to partake of the enjoyment which a pure sea breeze and the prospect of a scene full of life and gaiety could not fail to afford, even to those uninitiated, who could but imperfectly appreciate the special pleasures of nautical sport. The handsome club-houses of the St. George and Royal Irish Yacht Clubs, the railway station, and other buildings, as well as countless craft in the harbour, were decorated with bright pennons of various colours, suspended in graceful festoons. Far as the eye could reach, the surface of the bay was studded with steamers and yachts, hurrying to and fro to escort or meet the contending vessels, watching with interest the struggles of the competing craft, and ready to greet with a cordial cheer those who were proclaimed the winners of the prize. Two fine cavalry bands were stationed throughout the day at the respective club-houses. There was also one on board the Commodore's yacht, and the Blenheim frigate, which in their several places, contributed an unfailing supply of excellent music. There was also a perpetual clang from a variety of instruments of every degree of dissonance on board the pleasure steamers, of which there were three, whose captains speculated profitably upon the prospects which they were able to afford their patrons, by running into the bay in the course of the contending fleets. The piers on each side, especially at the lighthouse points, as well as the jetty, were crowded with close lines of spectators, who regarded the emulous efforts of the amateur seamen with interest and pleasure. The whole scene presented during the day was highly picturesque and exciting. Although the morning did not promise quite favourably, the weather was delightfully fine—indeed, so much as to impair to a certain extent the character of the sport, for the serenity of the air becalmed

some of the contending boats, and interposed delay and difficulty in the way of their return.

First Prize.—A Piece of Plate, value £60. Given by the Royal Irish Yacht Club. Open to all yachts belonging to members of Royal Yacht Clubs. Long course, twice round.

Yachts' Names	Tons	Owners	Distinguishing Flag.
Cynthia.....	50	Henry Roe, jun., Esq..	Blue, with white crescent.
Forest Fly.....	40	Capt. T. R. Powell....	Fly on white ground.
Marina.....	52	W. J. Foster, Esq.....	{ Blue and white, with crest and garter in centre.
Norma.....	45	M. Barrington, Esq....	Red Flag.
Isabel (late Rose)...	45	Ormsby Rose, Esq.....	Red and white vertical.

Pauline, 35 tons, C. Brandreth, Esq., Blue;—Irish Lily, 79 tons, R. W. Hillas, Esq., Yellow Peter;—Fingal, 17 tons, F. Gowan, Esq., White with red cross;—Coralie, 35 tons, Andrew E. Byrne, Esq., white with blue cross;—Atalanta, 27 tons, Henry Scovell, Esq., Red Peter ;—were entered, but did not start.

On the signal being given, Cynthia was the first to cast off, and, taking a decided lead out of the harbour, maintained it all through, winning as she pleased. The following is the official return of the arrival of the first two yachts, the others having been becalmed a long way from home .—

	h.	m.	s.
Cynthia.....	8	25	5
Marina.....	8	31	10

Second Prize—Value 50 sovereigns. Open to all yachts from 10 to 50 tons. A time race. Short course, three times round.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners	Distinguishing Flag.
Volante.....	48	J. L. Craigie, Esq...	White Flag.
Onda.....	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq...	Blue, with yellow St. Andrew's cross
Tar.....	42	R. Howe, Esq.....	Blue, with Maltese cross.
Fire Fly.....	37	J. Wheeler, Esq.....	Union Jack.

Cynthia, 50 tons, H. Roe, jun., Blue, with white crescent;—Pauline, 35 tons, C. Brandreth, Esq., Blue;—Kelpie, 22 tons, Paul Dane, Esq., Rose colour;—were entered, but did not start.

Volante was the first to get underway, and, increazing her lead every tack, came home *solus*, all the others being beaten outside. The following is the time occupied by the winner sailing the course :—

	h.	m.	s.
Volante.....	8	28	33

Third Prize—10 sovereigns. For yachts of 12 tons and under. Half-minute time. Short course, once round.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Avenger.....	10	B. W. Holmes, Esq.....	Blue Peter.
Flirt.....	4½	Messrs. Barker	Red, with white ball.
Nautilus.....	10½	J. Walker, Esq.....	Red, with white centre.
Bacchante.....	5	H. L. Allen, Esq.....	White and red perpendicular.
Fay-away.....	12	Sir J. J. Coghill, Bart..	Rose and violet diagonal.
Imp.....	8	H. H. O'Brien, Esq.....	White, blue centre.
Undine.....	12	R. Battley, Esq	Black and white.
Truant.....	11	R. M. Grinnell, Esq....	White, red cross, blue border.

Fairy Queen, 4 tons, W. R. Chermiside, Esq., Red, yellow, and blue;—Virago; 10 tons, Captain J. S. Byrne, Dutch flag;—Shrew, 4½ tons, James Hickey, Esq., —were entered, but did not start.

The Imp, who got a good start, had nearly the entire of this race to herself and finally won, with more than a quarter of an hour to spare. Subjoined is the time occupied by each yacht :—

	h.	m.	s.
Imp.....	6	2	3
Avenger.....	6	18	35
Nautilus	6	20	10
Truant.....	6	24	1
Undine.....	6	27	5
Fay-away.....	6	29	4
Flirt.....	6	32	46
Bacchante.....	6	38	24

The Imp was objected to on the ground of her being of heavier burden than stated, but the objection we believe was overruled.

Rowing Match.—A Prize of 25 sovereigns, given by the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, for four-oared boats. To be rowed by gentlemen. A tie race.

First Tie.

Umbra (University boat)	1
Mystery do.	2

Second Tie.

Elfie (Kingstown boat)	1
Enterprise	2

Decided Tie.

Umbra.....	1
Elfie.....	2

This was a nice race, each tie calling for especial notice, from the manner in which the oars were handled, particularly by the crew of the Mystery, which, though having gone considerably out of her course, was only beaten by a boat's length.

The second rowing match for two-oared boats did not come off.

Long before three o'clock those who had received invitations to the *dejeuner* given by the members of the Royal Irish Yacht Club began to arrive. The entertainment, which was laid in the coffee-room, comprised every delicacy of the season, in the greatest profusion; and the wines, which were of the richest vintage, were in abundance. After the repast, the company adjourned to the library, and joined in the merry dance till an advanced hour.

Shortly after ten o'clock the inhabitants of Kingstown, and those who had remained, were highly entertained by a magnificent display of fireworks, discharged from both ends of the pier and the platform of the railway station. The appearance of the rockets and shells, as they rose in graceful curves to an enormous height in the air, diffusing in their descent many-coloured lights, had a splendid effect; and the scene was still further enlivened by the brilliant illumination of the steam frigate *Blenheim*, which stood out some distance in the harbour, enveloped in a radiant robe of vivid lights. Owing to the immense number of people who had congregated to witness the closing spectacle of the day, the trains were obliged to be extended to more than an hour beyond the usual time, and were crowded to excess; but, owing to the excellent arrangements of the company, no inconvenience beyond some unavoidable delay was experienced, and the whole multitude was conveyed safely to town.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The regatta of this ancient club took place on Wednesday the 3rd of August and two following days. Owing to the calmness of the weather, all the sailing matches which were to have come off on Wednesday, were adjourned till Friday the 5th. The committee of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, with their usual consideration, when they found the yachts could not start, determined that the immense assemblage of beauty, fashion, and lovers of sport, should not be disappointed, so got up a number of rowing matches, punt chases, and other aquatic amusements, which kept up the excitement of the day. The quay of the Royal Cork Yacht Club was crowded with all the *élite* of this and the neighbouring counties, and we were much gratified at seeing many of our English and Scotch friends present. The splendid bands of the 89th and 89th regiments performed alternately on the quay, which was beautifully fitted up with a stand capable of containing several hundred people: the whole quay was decorated with evergreens, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene. Whichever way the eye turned there was something to attract. The harbour was crowded with beautiful yachts all ready and willing to contend for our prizes, and the

flags of almost every nation were flying on board the ships. The hills behind were perfectly covered with thousands of country people in their holiday attire. The evening closed with a brilliant display of fire-works on the club quay, under the direction of Mr. Van Hare.

The morning of Thursday arrived, and brought with it very little wind for the prize of £100 for schooners over 60 tons, no time allowed for tonnage. Notwithstanding the number present, but three entered to contend, and but for Mr. William Ward Jackson, of the *Gitana*, who came forward in the most spirited and yachtsman-like manner to make up the entry, we question much if the race would have taken place. The arrival of the *Sverige* seemed to have startled the majority. However, nothing daunted, the noble *Gitana* and gallant little *Isidora* came to the starting buoys to the honour of their flags. They were moored as follows—No. 1 being next the Spit Bank :

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Clubs.
<i>Isidora</i>	100	Thomas Pim, Esq., jun..	Royal Irish Yacht Club.
<i>Gitana</i>	168	W. Ward Jackson, Esq..	{ Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.
<i>Sverige</i>	280	Vice-Com. Bartlett.....	Royal London Yacht Club.

At 11:15, a.m., the gun from the club battery proclaimed the start, with the wind at N.N.E. The *Isidora* took the lead in gallant style, under main and fore-sails, fore-stay-sails, balloon jib, and main gaff-top-sail; the *Gitana* smartly underway, a good second, under main-sail, fore-sail, fore-stay-sail, jib, fore-top-sail, fore-top-gallant-sail, and main-gaff-top-sail; the *Sverige* third, under main-sail, fore-sail, fore-stay-sail, jib, and main-gaff-top-sail. The *Sverige* came up and passed *Gitana*. Off the Spit Lighthouse, 'twas ease off the sheets, and away dead afore the wind, upon which the Swede set her balloon jib, and began to draw upon the *Isidora*, when "gybe ho!" was the word, and all three spanked away merrily, hugging the western land. At this period it was a very pretty race, and the crews of the many merchant ships testified their eager interest in the contest, as the three noble schooners swept rapidly down through the Man-of-War Roads. And now the dusky-looking foreigner getting her own way—as she got the stronger breeze, forged ahead swiftly, passed *Isidora*, and took the lead; the *Gitana*, at the same time bowling along in grand style, ranged up alongside of the latter; when again the determined little *Isidora* shook off her persevering antagonist, her balloon-jib doing her good service in the effort, and both vessels overhauled the Swede, with whom the wind was lightening, and even appearance of a calm outside. The breeze freshening from S.W., the Swede shifted jibs, and hauled by the wind on the starboard tack; *Isidora* was her again, after her own fashion, and *Gitana* braced sharp up, and shook her saucy head as the wreathing foam curled up in snowy jets around her foot. It was a very beautiful and exciting scene to a nautical eye. 7

three vessels having closed up considerably during the momentary calm, as it were, again commenced their struggle, but upon a different point of sailing ; the Swede, however, soon settled all difficulties as to whose locker the sovereigns were to be stowed in ; she laid up nearly two and a half points closer than either of the other vessels, weathered the flag-boat, and went away flying. From this time her competitors never had a chance with her, unless she carried away a spar. The Isidora maintained second place, and the Gitana came in third. We deem it but justice to the latter vessel to state, that she never entered with any intention save that of making up the entry for the race ; she had her boats, guns, water, stores, and provisions for a six months' cruise on board, and up to the time of starting her crew made no further preparation than for an ordinary day's cruize, Mr. W. Ward Jackson entertaining a party on board during the race. The Isidora sailed wonderfully well, but being also in cruising trim, she could not, of course, be expected to hold a place with the Sverige. The following is their time at the flag-ship :—

	h.	m.	s.
Sverige.....	3	42	0
Isidora	4	24	0
Gitana	not timed.		

The Lancashire Witch, together with several other schooners and cutters, were underway during the contest.

During the time of the schooner match another race was being sharply contested for a purse of £40, for yachts of from 15 to 40 tons, a time race, half a minute per ton up to 31 tons, and half Ackers's scale above that. The following yachts started shortly after twelve o'clock :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners..	Distinguishing Flag.
Forest Fly.....	40	Capt. P. R. Powell.....	White, black fly.
Fire Fly	36	Joseph Wheeler, Esq. ...	Union Jack.
Meteor.....	38	Capt. Eongfield.....	Red, gold lion.
Antelope	17	William Hull, Esq.	

The Fire Fly took the lead in gallant style, closely followed by the Meteor, Forest Fly, and Antelope ; she preserved her advantage until off Roche's Point Lighthouse, when she lost the wind, and the Meteor bringing up a rattling breeze, challenged the whole fleet, and taking the foremost flight, soon began to show her weatherly qualities, when she got into the southerly wind by taking the lead in clipping style, and winning just as she pleased. The Fire Fly and Forest Fly sailed well, but the latter got too far under the west shore, and had to look for the wind when she most wanted it. Some capital seamanship was exhibited by the crews of these vessels, as also by the Antelope, but all was unavailing : one should win, and Meteor, the brave old Meteor, would not be denied. They arrived at the flag thus :—

	h.	m.	s.	
Meteor	7	10	0	Forest Fly
Fire Fly.....	7	36	10	Antelope
				} not placed.

A capital race followed this, for the Cork and Passage Railway Cup, of the value of £10 ; it was contested by three gallant little craft :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Club.
Experiment.....	5	Pasco S. French, Esq..	Royal Cork Yacht Club.
Midge.....	3½	L. Peasley, Esq	
Djalma.....	4½	A. Hargrave, Esq.....	Royal Cork Yacht Club.

It was won by the little Djalma, ably handled by Mr. Hargrave, after a hard sailed match, with as good a yachtsman against him as ever handled a tiller.

This day's aquatic sports concluded with sundry matches between fishermen's boats, and a merry punt chase.

Friday—The business of the day began by the following yachts preparing to start for a purse of £60.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Enchantress.....	54	S. Hodder, Esq.....	White.
Marina.....	52	W. J. Forster, Esq...	{ Blue and White Vertical with Gold Garter and Crest.
Tar.....	33	R. Howe, Esq.....	Union Jack.
Cynthia.....	50	H. Roe, Esq.....	Blue Burgee, White Crescent.

The Marina astonished her admirers by taking the lead, just showing her stem clear of the fleet, it was one of the most glorious and exciting starts we ever witnessed : with the wind at N. by W. For one nautic mile they ran before the wind—stem and stem alike—the Marina just showing clear, the booms overhanging each other's deck, as on they went to the Spit Light-house—still one solid cloud of canvas ; “gybe ho !” with the windermost, and over went the booms like magic ; still close order, and a man might have jumped from the deck of one to the other ; suddeniy, however, the Marina began to hint what her intentions were, by boldly singling out and taking first place, and Master Geordie Greenham, her worthy skipper, shook his head knowingly, and “reckoned she was *fit* to go that day ag'in any Cynthia as ever floated !” The gallant little Cynthia appeared to have overheard the words, for she slyly began to creep out under Enchantress's lee ; the Enchantress, however, with Mr. Pasco French at her tiller, *rather* astonished the saucy Cynthia by boldly walking past her, and hauling her wind a little, made a gallant effort to go out in Marina's weather ; but wary Marina had her work cut out : a determined seaman was at her tiller, in the person of George Greenham, and as smart a crew as ever stepped a plank or trod her decks, determined to do or die. Cynthia did not appear at all like her hardy antagonist. Again she tried the pace. But no ! Marina would not stay for even a hail, the gallant Enchantress doing wonders, making all the sailing she was possessed of, and well ; but the speed too much for her—she was evidently dropping astern. As they approached the Narrows the wind fell light, and Cynthia and Enchantress again d

upon Marina; every appearance of a flat calm outside, but the pilot, taking the glass, declared for a S.W. wind, same as the day before, whilst a hand from the cross-trees reported wind along shore well from the north and westward. Again Marina got a slashing breeze, and bowled along merrily, leaving Cynthia and Enchantress well astern. There was a fatal barrier—a belt of calm—which, to cross and get the true wind required all a seaman's skill. And now the brave little Marina gybed her boom as she ran into the belt of the sea, and tried all that mariner's subtle art could do to gain the wished for breeze, which dashed the waters into mimic waves some few cables' lengths ahead of her. George Greenham wished to have kept the western land well aboard, but the pilot would not listen to it, and overruled him. The sequel showed the "Ancient Mariner" to be right. "Mem" for yachtsmen sailing a match at Cork:—Never let your pilot leave the western land to look for a south-west breeze when you start with the wind to the northward. Ay, Mr. Editor, there lay the apparently doomed Marina, not an air to lull her longing canvas to sleep; and there, too, were her daring antagonists, creeping sily along the land, every square inch of canvas drawing, and laying their course well down for the flag-boat. And now the Enchantress, showing her helmsman's accurate knowledge of the coast he was upon, glided along by the very rocks, fearless of danger, and flying past the Cynthia with a cheer that made the wild cliffs ring again, glided round the first flag-boat, and was away like a witch. And where was the Marina all this time? Ay, there she has it at last, tearing and slashing along like a mad thing, her gallant skipper with his brow knitted in firm resolve. On, on she goes for the flag-boat, and tacks for it under the Cynthia's lee; and 'ere the latter had rounded many minutes she was on her weather and passed her, flying along in wild pursuit of the Enchantress. And now commenced the gallant struggle. The Marina having outsailed Cynthia, and proved herself superior in speed, was somewhat startled by the amazing swiftness so suddenly displayed by the Enchantress. At her, therefore, went Marina, and as both vessels rounded the third and last flag-boat, the Enchantress was exactly 3min. 15sec. ahead of her, and hauled her wind for Roches Point, but the wind veering round again to the north, broke her off, and and both vessels stood for the land on the port tack, and fetched into Kelly's Bay to the eastward of Poor Head, when both tacked and laid well along the land, a regular stem and stem struggle, the Enchantress proving herself an out-and-out clipper, and no mistake. In the meantime the Cynthia, being some distance astern, after rounding the last flag-boat, got the wind more to the eastward of north, and made one dashing board in on the starboard tack for Roches Point, sailing exactly the base of the triangle sailed by the Enchantress and Marina, and lo! to the astonishment of all weathered both vessels, and took the lead. Now was the exciting moment, each vessel preparing for the last struggle, which was to determine who should have the glory of that hard-fought day. It was short legs and a long one through the Narrows, with the wind at north blowing fresh and steady. Away went the Cynthia with a capital lead, and away went the Marina

SINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ourishing club held its second match for yachts belonging to it 15th of July, and we regret to have to say that it rained the part of the day—yet, bless the smiling faces of the ladies, they, daunted, cheered the spirits of all on board by the zeal they put for the success of their favourites. But really, without to hurt the feelings of the *little* owner of the Valentine, or the equanimity of the owner of the Julia, we must acknowledge the pretty Blue-eyed Maid was in truth *the* favourite,—and not of the fair sex, but also of those of sterner mould,—from the most commodore to the cabin-boy.

Blue-eyed Maid, 4 tons, completely realized all that was anticipated of her, and does immense credit to her spirited owner, Mr. W. Well, who designed and built her after his own lines, on his own resources, and under his own immediate inspection. She is of iron, with the principal part of her ballast in the shape of an enormous iron keel lying underneath the rudder. She has excellent accommodation for so small a vessel, and is very weatherly. Her proportions are elegant, her canvas beautifully cut, (and reflect great credit on Mr. Hop, sailmaker, Gravesend), and it may well be said of her that she sailed on that day “to walk the waters like a thing of life.” Mr. Gardner’s Irresistible, built by Chandler, of Hammersmith, has great strength, but appeared to be over-masted and over-rigged, or they have not yet found her trim. There was evidently too much wind for her, and on witnessing her first few boards to windward, many congratulated themselves on being safely on board the Gannet steamer, where the good fare and choice wines of host Dowell, of the Bay Tree surrounded them. With a moderate steady wind and smooth water, and with plenty of reaching, the Irresistible is still destined to be a dangerous competitor, the trial for the 15th not being for her an advantageous one. We have heard that she is built after the lines of the Don, a very fast seven-tonner, that some of our readers will doubtless recollect as once belonging to the Arundel Club, before it became the London Yacht Club. The unpropitious state of the weather had deterred many from venturing on an aquatic excursion, so that the Gannet arrived at Blackwall with less than the usual freight of visitors on match days. The first gun being fired to take stations, the steamer left the pier and proceeded to the station of the club, where Commodore Berncastle, in a cutter with a well appointed crew, pulled off to inspect the different racing yachts at their buoys in the following order :—

FIRST CLASS.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Undine.....	7	Mr. Chubb.
Julia	7	Mr. Hutchinson.
Irresistible	8	Mr. Gardner.....
Valentine	8	Valentine

SECOND CLASS.

Yachts' Names.	Owners.
Ruby.....	Mr. Gibbs.
Blue-eyed Maid.....	Mr. Tuckwell.
Idas	Mr. Knibbs.

THE START.—The third gun was fired at 11h. 40min., when to signal out the smartest in getting underway was perfectly *l'embarras du choix*, with the exception of the Julia, that had her top-sail up first of all, and was taking the lead in gallant style, followed closely by Valentine, which came up with her off Blackwall Point, when close to the shore, and persisted in passing to windward of her, which could only be done by fouling her, and running the risk of being put ashore. The Valentine's jib-boom first fouled the Julia's main-sail and taffrail, and afterwards, in gybing, her main-boom came right aboard of the Julia, requiring the men to push it off. At this moment the owner of the Julia was repeatedly requested to put her ashore, which she richly deserved, from placing herself in that critical position ; but, with his usual liberality, he declined to take advantage of his position, or even to hoist the protest flag, which, as the result proved, must have caused the prize to fall into his hands. We have constantly declaimed against such *jockeying*, as contrary to the rules of fair sailing, and calculated only to cause almost endless discussion, ill-will, and, finally, loss of the prize to the offender. From the frequent squalls taking place during the match a great display of seamanship was offered to the company on board the steamer, *shorten sail* and carry on being the order of the day. In one reach balloon-jibs, in the next small jibs and jib-headed top-sails, rendered the scene extremely interesting. The Valentine, after her collision, drew rapidly ahead ; the Julia carrying away her bobstay, also served to increase the distance between them. Then came the Blue-eyed Maid, surprising everybody by her stiffness under canvas, her elegant proportions, and her extraordinary speed. They rounded at Gravesend in the following order, and, as during the beat to Blackwall nothing particular occurred, they kept the same places, we shall give the time of rounding and of arrival together :

	GRAVESEND.				BLACKWALL.		
	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Valentine.....	1	50	12	5	13	25
Julia	1	57	37	5	25	6
Blue-eyed Maid.....	2	0	25	5	30	50
Idas	2	3	58	5	45	30

Thus finished an admirably contested match, Valentine winning the first-class prize, Blue-eyed Maid the second-class, and Idas the third prize. Commodore Berncastle presented the prizes to their respective owners with appropriate speeches, passing high eulogiums upon Mr. Tuckwell for his well deserved success, and the practically scientific manner in which he had so eminently distinguished himself.

Our Editor's Locker.

SQUADRONS OF EVOLUTION.

August 5th, 1853.

SIR.—I had the pleasure to be present at Lowestoft regatta, which although a first rate affair, was in my humble opinion far exceeded by the beautiful display on the day that followed it. I allude to Commodore Goodson, Vice-Commodore Bartlett, and Rear-Commodore Andrews, getting a fleet of yachts underway, and forming as it were, a *Squadron of Evolution*. For the first time I had visited Lowestoft,—but if we are annually to have such a treat as this, I shall, for one, be an annual visitor. When yachts are scattered over every point of the compass, and intermixed with coasters, lateeners, yawls, and so on, half their beauty is lost, and the unpractised landsman's eye is altogether bothered. But, on the other hand, when yachts are brought together into a group, and formed into order of sailing, we can fix our attention at the head of the line, and one after the other have a capital view of the whole fleet. The manœuvres at Lowestoft were admirable, but one thing was wanting, we, who were standing on the south pier, did not know one cutter yacht from the other. I believe your Magazine has already recommended what I am about to propose, but, whether or not, I now, sir, wish strongly to urge on yacht owners the benefit they will confer on us landmen, if, when they are sailing in line along our coasts, they would carry at their mast heads burgees lettered or numbered. For my part, at Lowestoft, I could not, for want of this plan, tell the *Vampire* from the *Sheldrake*.

Your's, &c. WAVENEY WILL.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

THE BRIGHTON AND HOVE JULY REGATTA.

August 8th, 1853.

SIR.—I have noticed in the Magazine, and I have observed in a few newspapers certain hints given to yachtsmen, which I am sorry to see they are slow to follow. They seem to disregard the wishes of us landmen. Now, sir, I'm a one-legged man, I lost my leg in India, fighting England's battles, and I now see myself at Brighton, looking at the sea, glad of any amusement. I did my duty while I could; I'm now on the retired list, and daily suffer bodily pain from my wounds. Yachtsmen can daily give me mental pleasure. Will they refuse it? With the natural curiosity of an old man, I sit on or near the Chain

Pier, or at the window of my boarding-house, and I see yachts pass by with flags flying I can't at all understand. I don't speak for myself alone, we are "Legion;" we want to know these beautiful yachts. Will their owners oblige us? Will they fly at their top-mast head "Hunt's List number" that by the aid of our spyglasses we may know, for instance, *Mayfly* from *Sappho*.

Your's, &c,

BENGALER.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

THE DUNRAVEN TUREEN.

August 11th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—To relieve the anxiety of "Diogenes," who makes such affectionate enquiries in your June number about this piece of plate, I beg to acquaint you, that it was won by the *Albert*, 19 tons, W. C. Harnett, Esq., Glin Company, Limerick, at the club regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Club, held in the river Shannon, in 1839, and that it continues in the possession of that gentleman, until challenged for the next Shannon regatta.

Your's, &c. TOO-RAL-LOO.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

MILDEW IN SAILS.

August 17th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—Mildew in yacht's sails is a very common complaint, no doubt from carelessness when stowing them away; can you or any of your readers inform me of any method of restoring the sail thus mildewed, or at all events of improving its appearance.

I am, &c.,

GILL KICKER.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

MODEL YACHT MATCH.

August 20th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR—Knowing that you are always anxious to chronicle the performances of yachts belonging to Model Yacht Clubs, I take the liberty of informing you of the result of a private match for £5 a-side which came off on the Mersey, Tuesday, June 14th, between two of the second class yachts belonging to members of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, the race was across the river with a fresh breeze from the north-west, and the competing yachts were the "Anglia," belonging to W. B. Aspinall, Esq., and the "Maghull" belonging to P. Cato, Esq. For the first part of the distance, the struggle was pretty equally maintained, but the "Maghull" gradually forged a-head and finally won the prize by a few minutes.

Shortly after the start of the previous race, two other yachts of about the same size, the "Quiz" belonging to J. D. Casson, Esq., and the "Frolic," W. Dawson, Esq., commenced a race over the same course for £1 a-side, to be won in two out of three, this was also a well contested race, the "Quiz" gallantly winning two heats.

I hope that your larger yachtsmen readers will not smile at the narration of these races, for it is from the performances of such craft that we Englishmen, must hope to compete successfully with the *sailing machines* lately imported from America to run against yachts, which have been built with the view of combining speed and comfort.

I am, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

To the Editor of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

MODEL YACHT MAKING.

August 22nd, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you be so good as to inform me through the medium of your Magazine; what are the qualifications necessary to enable me to design and model a yacht on correct principles, at least so far so, as the members of your Model Yacht Clubs aspire.

I am, &c.,

EAU DOUCE.

To the Editor of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

ROYAL YACHT CLUB, BELGE.

Programme des Regates,

Qui auront lieu les 5 et 6 Septembre, sur la rade d'Anvers.

Lundi 5.—Course de bateaux de pêche à voiles, dits knotsen; 1 Prix; Une Medaille et 50 Frs. 2 Prix 40 Frs. 3 Prix 35 Frs. 4 Prix 30 Frs. 5 Prix 25 Frs. 6 Prix 20 Frs. 7 Prix 15. 8 Prix 10 Frs. Offerts comme encouragement par les habitants du Port. Canots à voiles, sans stipulation de longueur ni de grément. Entree 2 Frs.

1 Prix 100 Frs. 2 Prix 50 Frs. 3 Prix 25 Frs. Offerts par le Yacht Club. Canots à deux avironst. Entrée 3 Frs.

1 Prix 75 Frs. 2 Prix 50 Frs. 3 Prix 25 Frs. Offerts par le Yacht Club. Canots à quatre avirons, Entrée 5 Frs.

1 Prix 200 Frs. 2 Prix 125. Offerts par le Yacht Club. Brabanchee Booten. Entrée 1 Frs.

1 Prix, Une Medaille et 60 Frs. 2 Prix 50 Frs. 3 Prix 40 Frs. 4 Prix 30 Frs. 5 Prix 25 Frs. 6 Prix 20 Frs. 7 Prix 10 Frs. 8 Prix 5 Frs. Offerts comme encouragement par les habitants du Port. Gigs ou Scullers en bois à quatre avirons, construits à Anvers. Entrée 10 Frs.

1 Prix, Une Médaille et 350 Frs. 2 Prix 200 Frs. 3 Prix 50. Offerts par la ville d'Anvers. Gigs et Scullers en bois à quatre avirons, construits en Belgique. Entrée 10 Frs.

1 Prix, Une Médaille et 600 Frs. 2 Prix 300 Frs. 3 Prix 150. Offerts par la ville d'Anvers. Grand prix pour Gigs en bois à quatre avirons (course ouverte à toutes nations.) Entrée 15 Frs.

1 Prix, Une Médaille d'honneur et 900 Frs. Offerts par la ville d'Anvers. 2 Prix 400 Frs. 3 Prix 100 Frs. Offerts par le Yacht Club. Cinq embarcations au moins devront entrer en lice.

Course d'amateurs Embarcations à deux avirons, nagées chacune par un membre du Club.

Prix: Un objet d'Art.—Trois embarcations au moins devront entrer en lice. Course de Boeyers. Entrée 15 Frs.

Prix: Un objet d'art. 2 Prix produit des entrées. Trois embarcations au moins devront entrer en lice. Course d'amateurs à Pédoscaphes.

Prix: Un objet d'Art. Course d'amateurs (ouverte à toutes nations.) Entrée 10 Frs. Embarcations à quatre avirons, nagées par des membres d'un club.

Prix: Un objet d'art. Trois embarcations au moins devront entrer en lice.

Mardi 6.—Course de yachts à voiles.—Prix Royal: Une Coupe en vermeil offerte par S. M. le Roi. Valeur 3000 Frs. (ouverte à toutes nations.)—Entrée 30 Frs. 2 Prix, produit des entrées.

Lundi 5.—Grande Nuit Venitienne, sous le patronage de la ville et avec le concours de plusieurs sociétés. Grand feu d'artifice sur le fleuve.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

THIS match came off August the 29th, and to our great regret we find another foul has taken place between the *Valentine* and the *Julia*, and that the owner of the latter has at last hoisted the *Protest Signal*. This is strange, that match after match *fouls* should take place between these yachts, as we are personally acquainted with the owners, and can vouch that no enmity exists on either side,—however, as time presses (this being our publication day,) we shall not further allude to the subject, but shall endeavour to enlighten our readers upon the result in our next, then we will also give an account of the match; at present we need only say, they started at 11h. 53m., and arrived at Blackwall in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.
1 <i>Valentine</i>	6	18	22
2 <i>Britannia</i>	6	33	32
3 <i>Julia</i>	6	37	30
4 <i>Blue-eyed Maid</i>	6	46	30

The match was for,—first, a silver goblet, presented by the worthy treasurer; second, a silver telescope, presented by Mr. Messer; and third a silver snuff-box presented by the indefatigable Commodore.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

September 5th & 6th.—Royal Yacht Club, Belge.

“ 7th.—Dover and Cinque Ports Regatta.

“ 10th.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match by second class vessels.

“ 26th.—London Model Yacht Club match on the Serpentine.

October 13th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, open to the Yachts of English Clubs also, (the Sailing Rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England will be adopted.)

LAMB & WHITES LIFE BOAT

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1853.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.*

It seems that the desire to outrival, or at least compete with our brethren across the Atlantic, operates equally with the peer and the people. Every class of society is imbued with the good old English feeling—that it would be an everlasting disgrace were we to allow our brother Jonathan, not only to show us clippers, but to beat us into the bargain. On the subject of Naval Architecture, Lord Robert Montagu has issued another edition of a work, which to be thoroughly understood and appreciated, should be in the hands of every nautical man. Many men are apt to say, “Oh! I have an excellent craft;” but if you ask them any question respecting her construction, they are at a loss to explain. This does not apply solely to yachtsmen, for we have known merchant captains to be sorely puzzled; and even in this enlightened age ask many, and their answers will disappoint you. We do not mean to say that it necessarily follows because a man is a good seaman and navigator,—he should also be a first-rate shipwright, or rigger, or sailmaker; but this we do assert, that every one holding a responsible station, should have some knowledge of the build and construction of the materials of the vessel he navigates, or assists in navigating.

* Naval Architecture:—a Treatise on Shipbuilding and the Rig of Clippers, with suggestions for a new method of laying down vessels.—By Lord Robert Montagu, A.M.—*Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough Street.*

The work to which we have alluded, is ably and well written, upon a subject which the noble writer thoroughly understands; and in his introduction he says, "The rivalry which exists between the merchant navies of Great Britain, and her offspring in the Western World, has made each party seek, in the quality of their ships, that advantage which they could not obtain in the market. And the competition of the steam companies on the two shores of the Atlantic, has given an impulse to research, also, in that department of science. It is but a short time since the clipper builders of England have been taught that the science of shipbuilding has not progressed with the rapidity which it has attained in America, nor reached the same eminence in practice. In the architecture of merchant vessels alone, England can justly at present claim precedence. It is, however, to yacht building that I shall more particularly devote the following pages; but the remarks made upon this small department of the science can, as far as they are true, be applied to the other descriptions of vessels. With a few exceptions, these pleasure vessels are constructed with the object of speed, even at the expense, to a certain extent, of comfort and accommodation."

The feats of the America, and the alleged performances of American clippers, have created a complete revolution in yacht building, and the recent doings of the Julia and others, must necessarily convince the world that John Bull (if he cannot lead,) at least can follow, and on a pinch beat all rivals. This has now become a national subject, and a more opportune or welcome publication it would be difficult to find, as it will be equally valuable to the shipbuilder and shipowner,—to the mariner, and to the commanders of yachts. The object proposed in the work is, to go to the foundation of the science of shipbuilding, and find the real principle of velocity; and to discover the unity in all swift vessels. "Builders," Lord Robert says, "form their vessels by the water lines, ribbon and buttock lines, and consider that the curves of these lines are of paramount importance,—but they have not asked themselves why they should be so; whether any of them can have much to do with the passage of the water along the vessel's body; whether the water divides, in fact, in the direction of any of these lines. Why have they not inquired into the real direction which the water takes when it divides, and bestowed all their care upon the improvement of these lines? and then they might take the models of famous vessels, and find what shape it was proper to give to the dividing line, and extract a principle from chaos and confusion, and perceive the unity in a mass of apparently antagonistic facts and conflicting results.

"And how then does the water divide? It may be expected *à priori*

that a flat film of water, from the cutwater, will pass along the body of a ship in the same direction as that which any other flat thing would naturally take,—as a thin plank for instance. This is not a conclusive argument, but a natural supposition. But there is a fact which materially strengthens this assumption: I allude to the fact; that clinker-built vessels have a decided superiority over carvel-built vessel of the same form."

It has been generally admitted, that water passes along the body of a vessel in a direction parallel to its surface. But now it seems to be a question whether it really does so, or if not, what law holds good with regard to the passage of the water along the surface of the hull. Lord Robert Montagu proves that, if the body be cut by vertical planes perpendicular to the direction of the motion, the lines described by any particle of water, will meet the circumferences of these sections at right angles. The lines described by any particle of water is called a dividing line, and is the same as the line described by the edge of very thin narrow planks, when bent round the hull; it is also the shortest line from any point on the stem-post along the surface of the hull to the stern. If this be the case, it is manifest that the whole object of the architect, as far as speed is concerned, consists in making the vessel of such a shape that these lines shall have a form, which is proved by experiment, or by induction, to meet with a minimum of resistance in the water. In conformity with this principle, the author proposes a new method for designing the lines of vessels.

In our June, July and August numbers, there have been some papers on yacht building, by a practical man, "a Member of a R.Y.C." In a latter one of these, Lord Robert Montagu's work, on Naval Architecture, is frequently quoted, and the writer thinks that he has been led by practice to results the very opposite to those at which his Lordship has arrived by empirical and mathematical investigations. This, however, is not the case; they both agree most perfectly. Lord Robert Montagu does not advocate full bows for any but river vessels, and the "Member of a R.Y.C." advocates sharp bows for sea boats. The sentence from page 35 of the "Naval Architecture," which is quoted at the beginning of chap. III. of our "yachts and yachting,"* has reference only to smooth water; the experiments were made in perfectly smooth water; and the results may not, of course, be assumed true under any other condition. This has not been explicitly enough stated in Lord Robert Montagu's work, but it is evidently intended, for at page 135 his Lordship, after

* See page 174 of our present volume.

proving the advantage of a bluff bow by mathematical investigation, (the water being of course supposed to present a smooth surface,) says, "Hence the full bow vessel would be in every way superior in smooth water, but she would feel the shock of the waves more than the vessel with the sharp bow." Wherefore the example given at page 175 of our Magazine proves, instead of contravening the truth of the statements in the "Naval Architecture;" the fault, if anywhere, lies in Lord Robert not having made it sufficiently plain, that upon the desideratum of perfectly smooth water, depends the truth of the results stated.

We are glad to be able to clear up an *apparent* discrepancy, and to unveil the fact of a *real* agreement: for science is more advanced by shewing where theory and practice agree, than by exhibiting their points of difference. And yet we as firmly hold that all errors in scientific works must be instantly and clearly exposed; and we feel sure that in doing so, we shall obtain the favor of the writers of such works quite as much as the approval of those who have discovered the errors for themselves.

To show still more the desirableness of Lord Robert Montagu's work, our yachtsmen will find a chapter on "Rigging and Management of yachts," from which we extract the following, to prove the truth of our assertion, that it is a work which ought to be in every man's hands that traverses the ocean:—

"Every rig has its own peculiar advantages, some suiting best in some places, others being better adapted to other seas. For small craft, a dipping lug-sail gets more out of the boat than any other rig; there is little weight aloft, and it is a very lifting sail. A standing lug does better for short tacks, but is not so lifting a sail. It is more handy than the other kind of lug, but is not equally good on both tacks; for, on one tack the part before the mast becomes a back sail. An improvement in this kind of sail was suggested by my father:* it consists in having *only* the bolt rope at the luff, in order to make the sail stand; but there is no canvas before the mast, and the weather-leech has hoops round the mast as in a trysail. This would do admirably for vessels larger than mere boats. Small schooners would be improved by having a yard for trysails instead of a gaff, for there would be so much less dead weight aloft, and the bolt-rope would not be in the way of the other sails, if the yard were a good deal peaked up. A sprit-sail is very handy and safe for small boats, and has comparatively no weight aloft. The Bermudi rig is very good for boats in smooth water, but the hull must be form-

* His Grace the Duke of Manchester.

so that the point velique should be very low, for the rig requires the body of the canvas to be down in the boat. For larger vessels a cutter is the best for going to windward, and comes readily about in chopping seas; but when the vessel exceeds 60 tons, the great boom becomes very unwieldy, and is almost unmanageable in a heavy swell with little wind.

“A large cutter is also not very safe in the sudden squalls which are common in tropical climates. The length of the foot of the main-sail gives her, however, an advantage over a schooner in going to windward. A lateen sail is not good in a chopping sea, and being very unhandy, it becomes expensive in countries where labour is dear. A fore and aft schooner is capital for long stretches to windward, is very handy, and is a very accommodating rig.

“But in the rig of every vessel there must of necessity be a kind of play. It is differently produced in different rigs, but it must always be carefully preserved, whatever alteration may be made in the rigging. In the cutter, the weight of the great main-sail and boom hangs on the mast, and the jib is sweated up very taut, so that the play is in the spring of the bowsprit, and the rising and falling of the boom. It is evident that, when the most is required of a cutter, the bobstay should not be taut. In a schooner it is the switching of the masts which produces the play. If the masts were upright, they would drive the vessel's bows into the seas at each switch forward, or perhaps themselves go by the board. When they are raked, the switch is upwards. The Americans once had a spiral spring to the top of the jib-stay, in order not to lessen the elasticity. For the same reason, the only proper mainstay for a schooner extends from the main-mast head to the fore-mast head,—that is a jumper-stay.

“When the mainstay is brought down to the deck, as in our schooners, the play of the main-mast is destroyed. In a lug the play is from the tack up to the yard, and also in the yard, as in a lateen sail. The play in all these rigs is produced in a different manner according to circumstances, but there is a play in all of them. It is for want of knowing this that people often imitate something of one rig in another, and by not applying it rightly to the altered state of the case, they lose the advantage which, by cleverness of invention, they had hoped to attain. And for the same reason it is, that good cutter-sailors are not found to succeed so well in luggers or schooners. A ship has no play in her rig, but being larger, she has a great momentum, which suffices instead of the play.*

* These remarks were the opinion of His Grace the Duke of Manchester.

"The rationale of the advantage obtained by a play in the rig, is the same as that of the benefit which results from a spring in the ballast. It is for a similar reason, also, that a slight elasticity in the hull has been found to be an advantage; in these circumstances the bow and stern can each subside, or rise an inch or two without affecting each other."

We think sufficient has been stated, and also shewn, to induce those who are seeking true knowledge of Naval Architecture to avail themselves of this production, and we recommend all yacht owners, and especially those who are about building, to consult the work, for in fact, theory is as much as possible supported by practice; the one is brought to bear upon the other for correction, while the phenomena exhibited by experiment are explained on theoretical grounds.

A MARINER'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Here's a tale I wrote six years ago. There are some strange things in it; but the devil may read it for I can't.—See what you can make of it."—*Memoirs of Goethe.*

It was one bleak blowing January night, that the Leonora yacht lay at anchor in Portland Roads. We had been on a wild-fowl shooting expedition to the French coast, where our long guns had made great havoc with the Gallic ducks. Some droll adventures, that we and our crew had met with among the primitive peasants in the neighbouring villages, had varied the monotony of the campaign, and altogether we had passed a very merry fortnight on the dreariest and bleakest coast in Europe: and now we were homeward bound for Plymouth.

With a westerly wind we had stretched across and made the land at Swanage: there my friend had left me, and I was now working the craft back to her destination, when a gale of wind, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, had induced me to take shelter in Portland Roads, and there we lay, as snug as a hare in her form: the gunning punts stowed on deck, the sails reefed, and the top-mast struck, the storm try-sail and fore-sail bent, and all ready to run up in case of a shift of wind while the howling gale and the blinding sleet made the comforts of snug smooth roadstead and a warm cabin doubly delightful.

Still I missed the society of my companion, and somehow it is in cold bleak cheerless night, that we feel the want of a companion more. So at last, after many fruitless attempts to be jolly all alone, I invite

myself into the forecastle, and told the steward to give all hands a stiff glass of grog, for I was come to smoke a pipe with the men.

Among the crew, we had shipped an old Lymington gunner, who was almost as much duck as man, having passed half his life on the water and half on the mud. He was a quaint good hearted old fellow, and like many men who have lived much alone in the great solitudes of nature, he would frequently come out with some strange sentiments of his own, that sounded very like poetry of that rough untaught original sort which rises naked and unadorned, like Venus from the sea.

He was a great favourite and a privileged person on board, keeping no watch, but attending to the guns, ammunition, and pilotage, in which capacity his services were most valuable. "Well Sam," said I, as soon as he had wiped a place for me on the locker with his red cap, and replaced the same upon his head, "I'm come to you for company: 'tisn't the first time you've been windbound in Portland Roads."

"First time no, nor yet the fifty-first! and I hope, sir, 'twont be the last,—here's your health sir."

"Didn't you come round this way with Walter, Sam?" asked one of the men.

"Aye," said the old man, looking at his watch and the yacht's almanac which hung in the forecastle, "Forty year ago this blessed night, did I lay here with them that's dead and gone. Here's your health, sir, and wishing this ship's company better luck, an' I don't see as they could well have worse."

To cut the matter short, I saw that a yarn was in the wind, but it was long and after much manœuvring with the pipe and the glass, that I got Sam to the scratch. At last he went on deck to have a look at the sky,—gave the vessel ten fathoms of chain, and sitting down once more on his chest, began his tale in a style that I will render without alteration or embellishment as faithfully as I can.

"I was born and bred, sir, at Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk. My father was a fisherman there. He was drowned in the surf the same day my little sister Mary was born, and our mother did not live many days after that. She took on so they said that it killed her. I was too young to know much about such things then, but I remember when we both used to live with our uncle Sam, for he was a good uncle to us, and we were brought up with his own boy Dick. He was always an odd boy, poor Richard! His father used to let him have all his own way, for he was his only child, and that I suppose was the ruin of him.—What a life he used to lead poor Mary and me; for he was wonderful fond of her, and would have given all he had to please her,—only if

he didn't always get exactly his own way, no devil could be worse than he was."

"Never mind him, Sam," said I, "tell us about your little sister."

"Well, sir, I am sure I don't know much I can tell you about her, poor gal!—I know she was always a good little gal to me, and if I thought her the most beautiful little angel that ever was launched upon the earth, I suppose it was my foolishness.

"We used to help to earn our bread by braiding nets, Mary and I, and I went afloat after a bit with the rest, and Richard too, only he wasn't much of a hand at it, but his father was very fond of him and only laughed, and said 'Dick, bor, you're like the Dutchman's best bower, safest at home.—I doubt you'll never make a seaman my son!'—No more he ever would, he warn't fond of it somehow: no more he was fond of anything except his victuals, and his methody hymns, and poor Mary; and that was an unlucky job for us and for him too, poor chap, for that matter.

"My uncle and some more of his mates used to own the Royal Sophia yawl,—a sweet boat she was,—open fore and aft, though she was more than sixty foot long, and carried three great lug-sails,—you'd have thought they'd smother her, and they used to go with her piloting, for they was most of them pilots; and sometimes they'd take her across the herrin'-pond just for a pleasure trip, and bring back a tub or two, just to show where they had been; and for the most part I used to go with them, for I always took to the sea, till one day Mary came to me, and asked me not to leave her with Richard, he was such a strange boy, and frightened her with his hymns and his queer ways.

"Mary was getting to be a nice tall lass then, and I was eighteen years old, so I thought I could try and get a home for ourselves, for to tell the truth, I never could abide Dick, no more could poor Mary, though he was so fond of her. '*Buttermusic*' was the name the boys gave him."

"*Buttermusic*! Sam, what on earth made them call him that?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure, but it seemed to suit him very well: perhaps it was because he was always after his victuals and his hymns. Well sir, when Mary told me that Richard wouldn't give her no peace, I goes to my uncle and says,—'Uncle Sam you've always been kind to me, and as I don't want to make nothing unpleasant in your house, I think Mary and me had best go.' 'Go be d——d! says my uncle, what's up now?' so I tells him about Richard and all that Mary had been tellin' me.

"'Dandy bor,' he said, they always called me Dandy, 'you're right:

but I shall be sorry to lose you, and I scarce know how I shall part with my little Polly.' However, he know'd it was no use talking to Richard, for he was a tearin' headstrong sort of a chap.

"But the next morning I goes to a young fellow called Walter Daring, a west countryman, that I used to consort along with, and we talks it over, and I put down a five pun' note and Mary the same, for uncle Sam had always took care of it for us in his baccy box, ever since father was drowned, and Walter he claps down three pound, that he had arned down to the north'ard a herrin'ing; so we buys the old Jack-o'-Lantern smack, what lay up on the beach, and we claps a bulkhead into her, and chops her stern off, and turns her keel upwards, and blowed if we hadn't a fine house in no time, with a chimney and a door all Bristol fashion, like my lady's drawing-room: and all the young chaps come to help us to heave her over, and heap the sand up round her, and I'm blessed if Herrin'-smack Hall wasn't one of the smartest willas upon Yarmouth Denes in them days.

"And so we went and lived there, Mary and me and Walter, and we'd got five pound left out of our fortune; so we goes and buys a net, and hires a trawl, and we went shrimping, Walter and I; and Polly cooked the grub for us, and carried out the shrimps, and there we lived first-rate, best part of a year; for Polly was a wonder to make a place comfortable like, and if we was ever so tired and vexed and riled with racing against the other boats, we couldn't help getting jolly when we saw how clean and snug she had got our place for us; and she'd sit and sing, while we smoked our pipes, one song behind another, 'till Walter 'ud look at me and I'd look at him, and then up I'd get and give the lassie a kiss, for you couldn't help loving Polly; and Walter he'd puff away at his pipe like an old steam boat, and then Polly 'ud say 'good night,' and take herself off, and we'd creep into our little hammocks. Never so much as a word had we three the whole of them blessed days; and if I did take notice that Polly and Walter was getting fond of each other, I didn't see no fear, for Polly was a good girl, and Walter he was a brave lad with some logic in him, and know'd what he was after."

"Very different from old Buttermusic! eh Sam?" said I, as Sam paused to light another pipe.'

"Different aye," replied he, "but they is droll things women is: I should like to know who is up to all their moves. A man may know his tides, and he may take a pretty good guess which way 'twill blow to-morrow; but he's very much deceived if he expects he can reckon all a woman's motives.

"One day, sir, we was going a herrin'ing at the back of the Sands, and we'd got the boat anchored close to the jetty, ready to go out at sun down, when it come on to blow from the southward. So we goes home for a cup of tea, and after a while I stepped out to look at the weather and I saw 'twas coming on a dirty night, so I called Walter, and down we went to take the boat round to the harbour. Well, the wind was southerly, blowing fresh, and 'twas about half-flood, so we reckoned to make one reach off, and stand in on the next tack. But Walter was so wonderfully headstrong he wouldn't haul down a reef, nor let me, and I couldn't make him, so away we goes, half smothered with the sea and press of canvas. I couldn't keep her full, nor get steerage way on her, and more than once I thought she was gone, and I says, 'Walter you know you're wrong, we shall lose our boat and our lives too.' 'What you afraid, Dandy!' says he. Well I saw how it was, something had gone wrong with him and Mary, so I just let him have his way; for when a man is vexed with his sweetheart he's more headstrong than a mad bull. So I got out the lee oar and pulled her head round, for she wouldn't stay, and reached in for the land. Well I had enough to do to keep her above water, I can tell you, for it was blowing hard and a deal of sea on, and Walter sat scowling and sulking like a dog with the mange. I was glad enough when we got in with the land, just under Nelson's monument, and the water was smother there, so I sung out to Walter, 'Helm's a-lee,' and round she came like a top; but Walter never paid no regard, but kept his jib-sheet fast, and just then a puff of wind caught her and over she goes.

"As soon as we got to our senses again, we found ourselves hanging on by the nets, which floated up high in the sea. The boat's masthead was just out of the water, and there we was.

"Well Walter,' says I, 'now we have done it.' '*We!*' says Walter, 'it's all *my* infernal fault, you know 'twas my doing, we didn't reef, and now we shall both be drowned.' 'Vast there,' said I, 'these nets will keep us up these two hours, or we may hang on by the mast.' But mercy on us! when I came to look for the mast, we saw that we had drifted nearly twenty yards from it already. And now we looked at each other dismayed indeed, for the net was fast in the boat's bottom, and the top part, that we were hanging by, kept drifting away in the tide, so that in half-an-hour's time the net would have paid itself o straight and clear, with nothing above water but the corks,—and as for us where should we be? 'Walter,' says I, 'you can swim, kick yo boots off and strike out for land.' 'No,' says Walter, 'I've got you in the mess and I'll stick by you—drown one drown both.' Well we hu

on till we began to get very weak, with the cold and the strain in trying to hold the nets together, and we had got scarcely strength enough left to keep us up; and no sign could we see of anything coming out of the harbour to us. So I says, 'Walter you must try to swim ashore, we mustn't both leave her, (poor thing,) with no one at all to help her.' 'Dandy,' says he, 'I'm not the man to go and tell her that I've left you to drown and saved myself?' 'Here,' says I, 'just take my watch to her as a token that I made you go for her sake,—so now off you go; God bless you, Walter, and mind you're always kind to ——.' 'What cheer! what cheer, my lads?' sung out a voice close to us, and we looked round and saw one of the beach cutters within a few yards of us. 'God bless you, Dandy,' said Walter. 'No drowning now for neither of us. Here's long life to us both, and Mary too;' and we shook hands again and again, though we nearly lost our hold to do it.

"In a few minutes we were safe in the boat, and with a square sail set we were cutting along homeward like wildfire, while all along the beach crowds of people, who had seen the accident and ran along astern of the cutter were cheering and waving their hats; and the men stuck two oars up in the bows of the boat, to show that we were both saved; and the jetty was crowded with all sorts of people hurrahing and cheering. We could do nothing but lie in the stern-sheets and cry like children, and wonder why all those strangers should care so much for us; and and wonder still more we did, where our poor Mary was, and whether she had been frightened at the news, poor little bird.

"Well as soon as we got ashore, the first man we saw was poor old Buttermusic, as pleased as any one, so we gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and hundreds more beside him; and they carried us home to Mary, who was in a sad way, poor lassie, and a long time it was before she came round. Walter after a bit got very bad, so I tucked him into his hammock, and then, Mary and me, sat up in her room and talked about it all.

"So I says, 'Now Mary, I know you and Walter have had a quarrel, and that was the bottom of it.'

"So poor Polly begins to cry again and says, 'It was all Richard's fault, Dandy.' 'What old Buttermusic?' says I. 'Has he been making mischief?' So she told me that he was always hanging about the place when we were out of the way. And for the most part she never paid no regard to him, but this time he went on in such a curious way, that she burst out a laughing, and Richard he fell a laughing too, and just then Walter comes in and Richard walks off. So Walter begins and tells her that Richard Wilder was not fit company for a young girl.—

‘Now, Dandy,’ said she, ‘you know I ain’t very partial to Richard, for I never could abide him; but I was vexed that Walter should take it up so serious, and I just said to tease him, Oh! Walter I’m sure he is very good, he’s always after meetin’ and hymns and such things.’ So Walter says, ‘He may be what you call good, but he ain’t what I call good, and if you wont trust me, go and ask Dandy.’ ‘Well, Dandy, I was very wrong, and didn’t speak to Walter as I ought, but said I’m sure poor Richard was always very fond of me, and he never spoke unkind.’ So then he says, ‘A gal that would be pleased with the fondness of such a creature as him didn’t deserve an honest man’s love,’ and away he went. I was very unhappy, Dandy, for I knew I was wrong, and I had half a mind to call him back, for I knew one word would make it all right, but I was too proud and I wouldn’t.

“ ‘So there I stood ironing out your things, half angry with Walter, but all the time wishing he would only come back. Once I thought I heard him, but ’twas only old Buttermusic. ‘Out of my sight you mischief making toad!’ said I, and away he went fast enough; and I kept wondering how Walter could be vexed about such a fellow as him, and thinking how tiresome it was of Walter, and then I saw the people running past the window, and in a moment I felt as if lightning had struck me. I tried to go on with my work, but now I saw by the look on the people’s faces that there was an accident. Out I ran like one possessed,—the first I met was a soldier, I caught hold of him and cried out, ‘Tell me, oh! do tell me what has happened?’ The man only looked at me and laughed; down the Denes I ran to the jetty head, and there I saw three women, and I heard them say, ‘Poor fellows! poor fellows!’ In a moment I knew what it was, and down on the beach there were hundreds of people pouring along the sands, and one a long way before all the rest, running and waving his hat to Wilson’s boat, that was rowing along shore like mad, and then I saw something black on the water; and oh! Dandy, I knew so well what it was; and there I stood on the beach by side of a young lady that was crying bitterly, but I couldn’t cry: till at last I saw the boat stop, and they pulled in something that seemed so dead and heavy, and then the two oars were hoisted up, and I fell down in a faint, and I know no more till you were brought in.’

“ ‘Well Polly,’ said I, ‘never mind now, but go into the other room where Walter is asleep in his hammock, and just take hold of his hand and give him a kiss on his forehead, and then come back to me.’

“She warn’t gone long, and when she came back she just says, ‘It’s all right, Dandy,’ and she looked so bright and happy poor girl! so I come away.

“The next day we went to thank the lady and gentleman that had first seen the accident and called out the boat's crew. It was a young gentleman and a beautiful tall young lady, with kind blue eyes and hair like gold. So we says, ‘Here's many thanks to you for what you did yesterday.’ ‘Ah, my lads,’ said he; ‘We had been watching you all the way to see how crazy you were carrying on, but 'twas this young lady who saw the boat capsize.’ ‘God bless her bright eyes, and thank you both,’ said Walter, and then we came away.

“But that was the worst job that ever happened to us, and the beginning of all our troubles. For it cost a deal of money to get the boat up, and repair her damages; and the nets were torn and had to be mended: and Walter was very bad for some time, and couldn't work; and when Mary went to the fishmonger's to get her money for the shrimps,—he had failed and owed us more than two pounds. The people were all pressing us for their money, and we were sitting rather dismal all of us for we had no fire, and nothing for supper,—poor Mary's song was silent, and Walter, who would say 'twas all his fault, was the dismallest of the whole. Presently tap goes a great stick against the door, and in walks the man we most dreaded, Mr. Jones, the boat-builder, who had got a bill against us for the repairs.

“‘Well lads,’ says he, ‘what cheer?—How d'ye do, Miss Mary? I've just brought you my little bill, but expecting you might be rather short of cash, I think I can put you up to a job that will pay all and leave some to spare.’ ‘How's that gov'nor?’ said Walter, brightening up, and Mary pulled out the best chair we had got, and looked so bright and hopeful that the sight of her I thought was enough to pay a bill.

“‘Well,’ said he, ‘I've sold the Destiny yacht,—you know her Dandy, to a Liverpool gentleman, and he wants her taken round for him. And as Walter is well acquainted down in the west'ard, and we reckon you two the handiest chaps about here, in spite of that accident, I have named you to him, and you can have twenty pounds for the job and your expenses; and you are to take one more mate who you think proper, and he will get five pounds more: so be off as quick as you can and don't let the *parley-vous* get hold of you.’

“Well we all thanked the old fellow heartily, and wished him good-night, promising to make all right in the morning. After he was gone, we fell a talking who we was going to have for a mate. At last Walter looked at Mary, and then at me, and I nodded to him, and we said no more; but we knew what was what, and so we took Richard Wilder for our mate.

“What old Buttermusic! Sam, what made you take him!”

“ Well, sir, I don't believe he ever meant any harm, but he was a queer chap, and we was afraid he'd give Mary trouble while we was gone. So all next day we was at work getting the craft ready for sea, and Mary she was busy enough below, making everything comfortable; for the yacht, which was twenty tons, had a fine cabin, and so by the next day morning the *Destiny* was rigged and victualled, and fit for sea. But the night before we sailed, we sat up a long time talking together, we three, and we made it all right, that Walter and Mary should be asked in church as soon as we got back; and Mary was to keep house for uncle Sam while we was gone, and afterwards they was to have Her-rin'-smack Hall all to themselves, and we was always to be partners together, Walter and me; and you might have looked a long way before you found three folks more contented than we was that blessed night, — bad luck to it!”

(To be continued.)

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

To a man who possesses a true sportsman's spirit; who is blessed with health, strength, and courage; and who delights in following his pursuits in uninterrupted freedom, the sea affords the widest scope for enterprise. Here, without owning a single inch of property he may carry on his sport unmolested, with a right which no man can dispute. Here, too, so many modes of fishing may be successfully resorted to, both in the open sea and the estuaries, harbours, and creeks which form its tributaries, that it must be wonderful indeed if some of these cannot be found to suit the taste of even the most fastidious practitioner of the fishing art. Added to this, the sea affords a supply both varied in kind, and inexhaustible in quantity; so that the weighty load of spoil you may capture to-day, so far from denoting a probable diminution in the supply, rather affords a reasonable indication of a still more plentiful catch on the morrow. Sea fishing is also an amusement which can be carried on, not only without much outlay in expense, but often with considerable profit; and there are few practical amateurs possessed of any skill and knowledge, who cannot manage, during the leisure hours they can devote to the pursuit, to capture sufficient fish, not only to supply their own table, but to make presents to their friends; and afterwards to have enough to spare to relieve the wants of their poorer neighbours, whom gifts of this kind always prove acceptable.

With advantages such as these, it becomes a matter of surprise that sea fishing is not more practised as a sporting amusement; but

reason seems to be, that out of hundreds who would be delighted with the sport, many are deterred from following it by a dread of the miseries of sea sickness, or terror of encountering the perils of the deep ; whilst others, of a more enterprising disposition have been disheartened by their want of success at the very onset, which they had no reasonable right to expect before they had acquired some practice in the art ; and whose ill luck was probably owing to their want of knowledge in selecting the proper tackle, and of the skill to employ it to any kind of advantage : whilst not a few have abandoned the pursuit disgusted with the impositions of the watermen they have employed, who have tried to make them pay a little too dearly for their whistle ; a practice very general with the fraternity of waterman all the world over, most of whom are too apt to consider a gentleman with a limited nautical knowledge, who presumes to indulge in aquatic amusements, as a kind of animal possessed of more money than wit, who having an unfair distribution of the gifts of fortune, they think it not only fair, but even an act of duty to humbug and impose upon in every possible way, and upon every possible occasion ; viewing their victim in precisely the same light those “gallows-worthy, dog-leading, poaching, kilted adventurers,” who offer themselves as guides to the sportsmen on the Scottish moors, regard the cockney shot who is ambitious of being thought a grouse killer or deer-stalker.

But in spite of all these drawbacks, a man of enterprise, who will only devote a little time and attention, and sacrifice a little patience, will in the end be certain to find his labours rewarded with success ; but to do this he must acquire knowledge for himself, and not be entirely dependent on the assistance of others. He ought to be able to manage his own boat, and to fit out, or at any rate repair his tackle ; he should also find out the proper times of tide as well as the baits to be employed in the kind of fishing he is going to be engaged in, and not be dependent for all these things, either on a waterman or fisherman ; for if he does, he will too often find that he has trusted to a broken reed, and be likely to meet with a very unsatisfactory reward for his labours. The greater portion of the watermen we meet with take little interest in, and know still less of the art of sea-fishing, and amongst those who do, there is but little to be gained from ; for though they may take you to places where you may catch a tolerable number of fish, they generally prove of very small size, and of very inferior quality ; such as chads, perhaps a few diminutive pouting connors, or whiting pollack, and a dozen or so of conger straps, no thicker than your thumb ; or a few good-for-nothing dogfish to increase the numbers of your catch. But knowing

fishermen will rarely take you to any of the grounds where really valuable captures might just as readily be obtained. Indeed a practiced adept in pollack fishing, is as tenacious over his favourite spots of fishing ground, as any sporting lord of the manor over his game preserves ; and to such a degree have we seen this feeling carried out, that we have often known a crafty old fisherman sheer away from his ground the moment he saw us approach him, and strive to lead us a wild goose chase, like a lapwing from its nest, until he supposed he had decoyed us far enough from the spot he was so jealous of our discovering; and so would he have continued to lead us a dance the whole day long, had we continued to stand by and watch his motion ; and thus would he lose the advantage of his whole day's labour, rather than we should participate in his sport, or in the discovery of any of his favourite fishing spots. But this is only an extreme example of piscatory cunning and self denying selfishness, which is chiefly confined to the pollack catchers, for generally speaking we have found most of the other fishermen we have passed brought up at anchor, reply civilly to our questions as to the sport they have met, and the baits and tackling they have employed, and a novice in the art, or even an experienced fisherman in a strange place, will generally find it his best plan to bring up close to some fisherman's boat or other employed in the same kind of fishing he himself is about to venture upon.

And notwithstanding watermen cannot often be relied on for insuring you sport, still I have no doubt there are some who may be both honest and skilful in the fishing art, and who would be ready and willing to afford you all the assistance you require for a fair and reasonable remuneration : the only difficulty is that they are not sufficiently numerous for a stranger to insure finding one ready at his beck and call whenever he may require his services, and therefore he had better acquire all the knowledge he can instead of relying upon the very uncertain value of the assistance he may receive from any chance waterman he may happen to fall in with, notwithstanding he is recommended by the boots, waiter, or even the very pretty chambermaid of the hotel he may chance to be stopping at.

To pretend, however, to make a good fisherman by mere book instruction, would be as absurd in idea as its results would prove impossible: but at the same time much valuable information may be conveyed through this medium, which may be improved by practice, and thus enable a amateur fisherman to carry out many plans successfully which might never otherwise have entered his head, or which he would only have acquired a knowledge of, either by some lucky chance, or through long

tried experience. Our object, therefore will be to furnish our readers with the result of such knowledge as we have acquired in following up the practice of sea fishing as a favourite source of amusement as time or opportunity would permit, for a greater number of years than we like to mention, during which period we have at one time or another captured nearly every known species of fish that can be met with on our coasts, and employed every kind of device and contrivance in the hook and line way that can be resorted to for that purpose.

To carry out these views, we purpose to give the natural history, haunts and habits of every kind of British fish that may be met with in our seas, with the proper times and seasons for catching them, and the hooks, lines, tackling, and baits best adapted for that purpose ; as also the best criterions for ascertaining the health and condition of each kind of fish ; and last, but not least, the best way of preparing them for the table ; a matter of no small importance, many excellent fish being rejected as worthless from mere ignorance of the proper way of cooking them, which if skilfully done would have furnished a dish that Heliogabalus himself would have gloried to partake of.

And now, without further preface, we will proceed to carry out our plan by introducing the cod tribe, or gadidæ family, to the notice of our readers. This large and highly respectable family affords some of the most valuable fishes which the sea contains, both as a delicious and wholesome article of food, and for the profit it turns to the fishermen. Of the genus *Morrhua*, or true cod, there are five distinct species, viz : the common cod, the dorse or variable cod, the haddock, the bib or blind, and the power cod fish or pouting : in addition to these, the whittings genus *Merlangus*, are also ranked among the cod family, and consist also of three distinct well known species, the whiting, the whiting pollock, and the coal fish ; in addition to which is the white whiting, which, though frequent in the Mediterranean, is rarely met with on our coasts ; and the green cod fish, but whose right to be classed as a distinct species has been much disputed by many able writers, who consider it as no more than a juvenile rawlin pollock in a certain stage of growth, to which, in every respect, save colour alone, it bears too close a resemblance to be marked as a distinct species.

Next comes the genus *Merluccius*, or ravenous hake, who stands alone, forming a genus in himself, as does also the *Phycis furcatus*, or forked hake. After that come the lings, divided into the genus *Lota*, having but one barbule under the chin, and consisting of the common ling, and eel pout, and the *Motilla*, who are graced, in addition to their bearded chins, with barbules above their upper jaw, and are subdivided into five

species ; the three bearded rockling, the four bearded rockling, the five bearded rockling ; the mackerel midge, and the silvery gade ; And last of all comes the genus *Brosmius*, or torsk, and the *Raniceps*, or tadpole fish.

The whole of the gadidæ, or cod family, are distinguished by having the ventral fins placed very near the pectorals ; the former of which, instead of being attached to the abdomen, as in the salmonidæ carps, herrings, and other abdominal fishes, and fixed to the bones of the shoulder that support the pectoral fins, a position scientifically termed *subbrachial*, and hence the term *subbracchial Malacopeterygiæ*, as applicable to the cod family ; but which is equally applicable to the whole flounder tribe, and some other kinds of fishes, as we shall duly notice hereafter.

The genuine distinctions of the genus *Morrhua*, or true cod fish, consist in an elongated body covered with small smooth scales compressed towards the tail ; in a single barbule under the chin, and having three fins on the back, and two anal, which with the tail ventral and pectorals, make altogether ten in number ; so many, indeed, that, "How many fins has a codfish ?" to answer at a word, is considered a pozer for an experienced fisherman, which is very amusingly treated of by the author of Sam Slick, in his amusing tale of the "Old Judge."

The common Cod fish, and which, on some parts of our coast, is called a Keeling, is a very general fish, being found in most of the seas from the coast of Greenland to the Straits of Gibraltar, but none are ever known to enter the Mediterranean. They are most plentiful about Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New England, whose seas may literally be said to swarm with them ; they also abound on the coast of Norway ; and if not equally plentiful in all parts, a very fair supply may be met with at the proper seasons of the year, from the Shetland Islands throughout every part of the seas which surround the island of Great Britain.

There are two varieties of cod on our coast, both of which are designated as the common cod fish, although they are clearly a distinct species from each other. They are, in fact, easily distinguishable from one another, by one having a sharp long nose extending to some distance beyond the eyes ; whilst in the other, the nose is short, blunt, and wide. The former is usually found of a darker colour than the latter, though the colour is often found to vary according to the nature of the ground they inhabit, it being a well ascertained fact, that most kinds of fishes possess the chameleon-like property of changing their tints, and acquiring those of the soil they usually swim over ; which

being a wise provision of Providence to assist them in concealing themselves from the numerous foes to whose attacks they are constantly liable, and to which a contrast in colour would constantly expose them. Hence it is that on rocky grounds cod pollock and many other fishes are taken of a dark brown hue, resembling that of the ore weed growing on the rocky bottom; and where those weeds acquire a reddish cast, the same tint is also imparted to the fishes inhaling them; whilst those of the same kind are taken on clean and sandy ground at no considerable distance, the upper parts are of the usual mottled and speckled ashy green colour; and on light coloured sandy ground, some are found of a pale grey cast, even approaching to a milky whiteness, as is also sometimes met with in specimens of ling inhabiting smaller localities. Codlings also are often taken of a yellow orange, and even red colour, which they retain so long as they remain amongst the rocks; but which leaves them when they come to inhabit the clean grounds. But this change of colour, according to that of the soil they inhabit, is by no means confined to the cod tribe, as most kinds of flat fish, particularly soles and turbot possess the same property; as the dark sides of these fish will usually be found to correspond with the tint of the ground they inhabit, and in which, on the approach of danger they ooze themselves for concealment.

It seems, therefore, that the red coloured cod which are taken on the Isle of Man, and on the coast of Durham, are not, as some suppose, a distinct species, but merely the common cod varied in colour by the particular kind of food it eats, or the locality it inhabits. There is, however, another distinct species of cod fish that is not unfrequently met with on some parts of our coast, which is the dorse or variable cod, and which differs from the two species previously alluded to; first, in being a much smaller fish, seldom exceeding two feet in length, and frequently not more than half that size; secondly, in stoutness, being altogether of a more slender make than the common cod, and the belly less prominent; thirdly, in the snout being more projecting, and upper jaw being much more prominent than the lower one, which is only half as long as the head. The head, back and sides are also more spotted than in either of the two former species. The variable cod has precisely the same flavour as the common cod, and may be cooked in the same manner.

The common cod fish grows to a very large size. Pennant mentions a cod which weighed as much as seventy-eight pounds, and there are other instances on record of specimens which have weighed from sixty to eighty pounds, and reaching a length of nearly six feet; but from

fifteen to twenty pounds may be taken as the usual average of an adult and well conditioned cod fish, although thirty pounds is by no means an unusual size.

(To be continued.)

ALLEGORICAL COMPARISONS.*

AUTHORS and Projectors who launch their talents on the ocean of fame, frequently encounter much difficulty, obstructions, and hardships. Like mariners who fit out vessels for voyages of discovery, unless well backed with relays of assistance, the situations and courses pursued by Authors and Projectors on shore have a most striking resemblance to the situations and courses pursued by mariners afloat. Whilst their vessels are in dock, being fitted out for these intended voyages, no expense nor trouble is spared to make them as seaworthy as possible; and there are some that are lavishly decorated, so that they may please the eyes of visitors and speculators. Encouraging remarks to Projectors of any newly hatched scheme are always agreeable to the feelings, and so well do encouraging visitors understand this feeling, that they may be often heard to say; "Well, captain, really she is a noble looking ship,—she is beautifully rigged out, I shall augur well of your voyage, and wish you every success." The hopes of the captain and crew on board are now raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, they think of nothing but success; they look forward to the time when their discoveries will make a decided hit upon the public mind; they burn with anxiety until their undertakings be completed, so that they may receive the warm acknowledgments, approval, and applause, from an enlightened public, for the information they have added to literature, science, &c. All being ready to start from the roadsteads, (*i.e.* publishers,) a blue peter (*i.e.* advertisement,) which is a signal for sailing, is hoisted at the mast head; the top-sails are sheeted home—the anchor is weighed—and now the vessels are fairly adrift upon the ocean. The utmost vigilance of the captain and crew are now called into requisition, their duty being to take every advantage of the winds and currents that will lead them nearest to the point where they are bound. Once fairly off, there is never a thought arises to return in a hurry, before their enterprise be finished, unless some very severe stress of weather indeed impels them to do so. Oh no; that would never do, it would look cowardly—they would be com

* By the Author of the Great State Bark.

pletely laughed at; besides the public would blame, and say they were impostors. As these are the feelings that actuate and stimulate mariners afloat to research, so they are the feelings of Authors and Projectors ashore. They have given their ideas to the public—they are at sea; and unless they happen to meet with some ready success, or are furnished with relays of assistance, the backing, filling, box-hauling, and buffeting about many of them have got in consequence of variable shifts of wind, calms and tempests, &c., frequently put their most powerful qualifications to severe tests. It is no easy matter for vessels to return from sea, after they get well out, unless they have some extra propelling power to depend upon. The changes of weather in some climates cannot be depended upon, not even for a day; regular trade winds don't blow in high latitudes of the Southern and Northern Hemispheres, nor can the monsoons along the coasts of India always be depended upon as being steady to a point. High pressure steam engines will drive vessels ahead against strong winds, heavy seas, and contrary tides, and thereby laugh, as it were, at opposing storms, propelling ships safe to their destination in a considerably short space of time. Indigent Authors and Projectors, however, are not of that class to use such appliances, they have to be content with the airs from heaven to waft them along, their success or unsuccess depending entirely how those airs blow; they may be fair, they may be foul, they may be boisterous or otherwise.

There are instances on record of ships that were bound to distant lands, after leaving port, being fortunate in being favoured with fair winds, that carried them over a number of degrees of latitude and longitude into other fair trade winds, that again led them along the whole length of their journey, without ever experiencing much difficulty or hazard on their voyage. Examples such as this, however, are not common, they are of rare occurrence, and may therefore be looked upon as an exception to the general rule. We much oftener read and hear of vessels sailing from different points, that their passage has been long, tedious, often unpleasant, and at times destructive.

We have read of some vessels having encountered hurricanes, typhoons, and whirlwinds—some have lost every stitch of canvas in the breeze, whilst others have been totally dismasted. Some had foundered, others had sprung a leak, sunk, and went to the bottom. One ship has run on board of another ship, and either the one or the other, or perhaps both, had been totally wrecked. Fire ensues, and ships are enveloped in flames. Hidden rocks and sand banks, bring vessels up all standing,—their bottoms are knocked out and they become wrecks. A sudden gust of wind will capsize a light vessel, and swamp others, that are too deeply

laden; and highly charged electric clouds have done much mischief on board of ships at sea. There are various other casualties, obstructions, and dangers often occurring to vessels on the ocean that might be enumerated—for instance, pirates may heave in sight, give chase to vessels, overtake and capture them, although it may as well be added, that pirates at times have met with their match in making too sure of their prize. As to the havoc occasioned to parties by war at sea, of course that is well understood. Knowledge and science, certainly, is power where justice is given to their display; but superior brute force, gunpowder, and small arms, are very powerful arguments. There are many sailors on board of ship who are not at all opposed to honourable warfare at sea; in fact many of them enjoy it; they think upon gaining notoriety in action, and thereby preferment, whilst others are much enlivened by constant excitement. The most critical junctures we read of that sailors at sea are liable, have been caused by their being baffled about by long head winds and calms, &c., whilst they were far distant from any friendly port where stores could be procured. In situations such as this, privations of every description have resulted therefrom; the ship's sails and rigging have become scanty, tattered and torn, so that full advantage of a favorable breeze, when one does spring up, cannot be embraced; provisions become scanty, and the crew are put upon short allowance; the provisions at length become entirely exhausted, and no refreshing beverage on board to moisten parched lips. The situations of mariners, under circumstances of this nature are very deplorable; so long as they had a bit of provisions left, they would not condescend to ask a passing stranger for assistance, they hoped that to-morrow a fair wind might spring up, that would assist them out of their difficulty—to-morrow comes, and they are disappointed; their sails being now torn, their weather-beaten appearance keep strangers off, who otherwise might make towards them, and say, "Can I be of any service to you?" When ships on voyages of exploration, for some real useful public information, have been long out, and are observed to be short of stores, by educated and talented men, there are some who will make toward them, and give the exploring captains an opportunity of stating their position, whether they can afford to give relief or not. But even that much satisfaction is not granted by all, to suffering mariners. There are some commanders of lofty rigged vessels, that will pass by vessels of smaller structure, with most wonderful haughty airs of contempt; they have even been known to pass swaggering by small vessels at sea, that were actually in distress, with the ensign hoisted, Union Jack downwards; conduct that deserves no better name to be given to it than barbarous tyranny. Where can there

be more appalling scenes at sea than as follows? scenes that were brought about, not by any unskilfulness of the captains of the vessels, for embarking on voyages they were not qualified for, nor was it because they had bad vessels under their feet,—both were undeniable; the captains' qualifications were fit for the task undertaken, and the ships' capabilities were unquestionable; the real cause of all their miseries was brought about by long baffling head winds, and other obstructions; influences the exploring captains had no power to control. Their time was baffled away profitlessly, they were conquered by delay. Just picture in your mind for a moment, the scene of a vessel far out at sea where every particle of provisions had been consumed, and every drop of fresh water had been drunk; they may be thousands of miles from the nearest land, and not a vestige of life appears beyond the bark that bears them on the ocean. What must have been the thoughts, what the feelings of crews in ships so situated? few will be able to say, unless they themselves had been similarly situated. All eyes on board keep straining round the horizon, hoping to catch a glimpse of some friendly sail that may chance to heave in sight, so that they might make the signals to them—we are in distress—we want provisions, &c.; no certain sign of relief, however, makes its appearance. At times a fleeting cloud appears in the distant horizon that has the appearance of a sail. This raises a hope; but the cloud vanishes into air, or shows more plainly what it is, and again all becomes blank as before. The miserable crew are for hours and days kept in this forlorn and anxious state of suspense, until all hope has at length become deferred, and hunger can be no longer borne; their natures now becomes entirely changed, and there have been instances at sea of the crews of ships drawing lots as to who should die, that the others might feed on them, thus proving that hunger, thirst, and despair, are capable of turning man's nature into actual cannibalism. We will now turn from this extreme scene of necessity which has been witnessed by mariners on the ocean, and let us see how we can reconcile the idea, that such scenes can at all have any comparative connexion with the difficulties and obstructions encountered by authors and projectors on shore; and that the idea may be the more readily understood, we must again remind our readers, that the allegorical comparison is—when an author has once advertised, and given his ideas to the public—he is at sea!

It will be considered rather a far fetched comparison, to say that a man is at sea, whilst all along it is known he is in reality on shore. The idea however is not new. We often hear men in public office, whilst speaking in Parliament and otherways, metamorphosing the State into a bark: they call the prime minister the helmsman of affairs, and

the members of the House of Commons are looked upon as the crew of the ship. Authors, therefore, of certain projects, may just as fairly be Allegorically metamorphosed as what the State can be in this respect. An author's projects are his bark, his publications are his sails, and public opinion is the wind that he has to depend upon for propelling power. These opinions may be fair, they may be foul, they may be baffling, or they may be otherwise.

A complete public silence, or what we will here term a complete public calm, after the blue peter has been hoisted at the mast head, has sometimes had the effect of lessening author's aspirations ; because when they found they could not go to sea for want of wind, they have altered the project of their intended voyage of exploration, and turned their attention to something else. But when it does happen they leave port with a fair wind, that wafts them far out to sea, and when there, the breeze veers round, becomes baffling, and ultimately subsides into a calm; it is in situations of this nature that indigent authors and projectors find themselves fairly fixed, jammed, and locked up like the ship we last described. Their time has been delayed away profitlessly at sea, for want of wind, no relays of assistance having been brought and given them, they keep rolling and tumbling about, not much unlike a ship adrift without a rudder. Their pecuniary resources at length become drained—no friendly sail heaves in sight that will give heed to their hard case—week after week, and month after month pass by, in anxiety and suspense, untill all chance appears hopeless, that ever they will again be able to resume their former position. Their outward appearance now indicates a decided change going on in their feelings—their garments are not so well arranged as formerly—they do not seem to aim in the slightest degree in setting an example to the fashionable dressy world; on the contrary they act more with feelings of the Jews and Christians at Jerusalem ; they dress as ordinarily as possible, for fear of exciting the jealousy of the Turks.

When authors and projectors are reduced to this situation, they would fain retire to seclusion from all public life, if they only had the means that would make them a little comfortable. But here again is the rubb; where is the means to come from? All they had in the world has been spent upon their darling hobbies, projects that they thought were deserving of public encouragement and support. All they had now depend upon was from the sale of these ideas, but there was no demand their cargo of projects lay upon the shelf—a dead stock. Advertising only drained lower the resources, that were already at their lowest ebb.

The evil does not lie in the want of principle and practicability in the

projects themselves, these are indisputable: the arguments have been before committees of scientific men, approved of, and awarded premiums by them for ingenuity, &c.—their projects are complete.

Like a ship lying becalmed under the lee of a high mountain, authors and projectors must first of all try and tow themselves clear of all jealousy before ever they need expect to get into any sort of breeze that will lead them on their course. Some, with perseverance, have done much in this direction, by labouring with a boat ahead during calms, &c. Many however have not had fortitude sufficient to use every means in their power before giving up to despair and melancholy. The evils resulting from melancholy and despair are of course soon told: carelessness of behaviour—beggary—drunkenness—recklessness—and sometimes even suicide itself.

Here we will conclude our Allegory, the darkest sides of which are not of the most pleasing description to dwell upon.

That authors and projectors on shore, as well as mariners at sea, have got occasionally their sunny days, as well as foul ones, need not be doubted; their sunny days, however, are by far the fewest in number. They may rack their brains and search the world for treasures to add to the wealth of their country; they may sacrifice fortunes, and fight for a lifetime until they have conquered all opposition to their views; but when affairs comes to be wound up, and a settlement for peace is proclaimed, most of them will find, it is not those who fight the hardest battle, that always receives the most prize money.

THE AMERICAN SLOOP YACHT SYLVIE.*

THIS yacht like the America came over it was supposed solely to try her powers of sailing against the Britishers; and has suffered a defeat, which was far from satisfactory to yachtsmen generally. It is much to be regretted that another trial was not made, as during a former match† very light breezes prevailed which prevented her exhibiting the powers she was stated to possess, and must be credited, when the American journals assert that she has beaten all the crack vessels of the New York Yacht Club; and “I calculate that’s not a few.”

Besides we may be assured that they would not bring over a craft unless she had given such proofs of her superiority as would justify the attempt. She left with one trophy of her prowess but that was a second

* A print of this vessel is published by Foster, Fenchurch Street, City.

† See page 286.

prize;—and no one would have envied her spirited owner, L. A. Depau, Esq., had it been of treble the value, for it must be acknowledged that Jonathan shows more *pluck* in crossing the Atlantic than John Bull. She is gone and perhaps may never return, therefore we will insert from a contemporary the following description of her, which will in future be referred to :—

Having premised this I will proceed with her hull: in appearance out of water, she much resembles the *America*, and still more that of the *Swede*. She has the high stern, with quarters cut away, and the long hollow bow common to the *America* and *Swede*. Her decks amidships, is about four feet out of the water, and her bulwarks are very low. On coming on board the great beam is very remarkable; she is said to be twenty-four feet six inches wide, and seven feet deep, and if her length was measured to where the stern would be, I should think she was about eighty feet long on deck; but it is difficult to measure her length for the following reason, the bowsprit or bumkin, is formed of a stout spar entering the deck with a moderate steeve, and the waterways and top streaks of the outside plank instead of butting into the stem, are carried out along the bowsprit, and are bound together near the end with three iron straps; the deck also springs up to the top of the bulwarks, and goes out on the bowsprit, so that the bowsprit is in fact part of the hull, and this I conceive to be what they mean by saying that the bowsprit is hollow. Aft there is a round cockpit, like that of the *America*, about two feet deep and ten across, with a coaming about a foot high, and benches round it; and from this two or three steps lead by wide doors into the saloon, which is under a booby hatch, raised above the deck some two feet. The saloon has a table in the middle and fixed sofas on each side, and behind the sofa are two berths on each side, which can be concealed by letting down ornamental panels in a very ingenious manner. It is about twelve feet wide between the sofas and fourteen feet long. The reason of this arrangement of sofas and berths I imagine to be that immediately below the water-line she is cut away, like the *Una* and *Truant*, so that though the platform is narrow, yet there is room for these sofas and berths above the water-line. Forward of this, on the larboard side of the centre-board trunk, which will be afterwards described, is a small state room with sofa, and berth behind it; and this is the whole of the accommodation in the vessel. On the opposite side of the centre-board is a steward's pantry, forward of that is a large gallery, and there appeared to be a large forecastle, very handsomely fitted up; but, except under the booby-hatch, I do not think that there was anywhere five feet height below. The cabin fittings are handsome and

in good taste, the deck and deck fittings are rough, and the outside paint-work is coarse. The stern-post appears to rake out, or in the contrary way to that common in most vessels; and I believe that the rudder is very broad and barge-like. The centre-boards are concealed, and it was difficult to get information about them, but there appeared to be two. The fore centre-board is apparently about twelve feet long; it works in a trunk, beginning about two feet abaft the mast and extending to the saloon, where the end is concealed by a sort of sideboard; it turns on a pivot at the forward end, and is raised and lowered by a rack and pinion on the deck. The other centre-board is under the cockpit. The vessel is said to draw six feet six inches without the centre-board, and fifteen feet with it, spars and rigging. The bowsprit I have already described; there is a jib-boom about twenty feet out-fitted in the usual manner; the mast is an enormous spar, said to be eighty-two feet long, and not more than six feet of it are housed, it rakes very little more than the mast in our cutters; the top-mast appears to be merely a colour staff; the boom and gaff are very large and stout, the former seventy-two feet long, but the stories of their being hollow have no foundation. The rigging, blocks, ropes, and sails, as far as I observed, resemble those on board the *America*. The forestay is a very large rope, as thick as a small spar. She usually carries only a main-sail and fore-stay-sail, but can set a jib on the jib-boom; and can also set a gaff-top-sail. About three parts up the forestay, and across it is a short stick about three feet long, with lines from each end to the deck, forming, I believe, guides for lowering the fore-stay-sail; and lines for a similar purpose lead from the runners, on each side, under the boom, for the main-sail.

THE BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The second sailing match of the season for yachts of the first class belonging to the members of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club came off on Saturday, September the 27th. About two o'clock the steamer *Cato*, which had been engaged by the committee of the club, left the landing-stage, St. George's Pier, accompanied by a band of music, and having on board a number of gentlemen who take a lively interest in aquatic sports, and these were joined by others when the steamer touched the Cheshire shore. The weather was fine during the race, but the wind blew very freshly from the N.N.W., and at intervals swelled into a complete gale, rendering it exceedingly dangerous for the gentlemen who manned the boats; but notwithstanding this, we are glad to say that not the slightest accident occurred either to the yachts

or their crews, with the exception of the loss of a jib by one of the boats, and this did not occur in consequence of the weather.

The course was from Monks' Ferry round the northernmost powder bulk, thence round a flag-boat stationed off the Dingle, and back again round a flag-boat moored off Monks' Ferry; twice round. The race was to be decided according to time, the large boats allowing a minute and a half per ton to the smaller ones. The following took up their stations in a line opposite the Monks' Ferry Hotel:

Yachts' Names	Tons	Rig	Owners
Presto	7½	Sloop.....	A. Bower, Esq.
Breeze.....	6	Sloop.....	Edwin Haigh, Esq.
Sirocco.....		Cutter.....	W. Brown, Esq.
Kelpie.....	3½	Sloop.....	A. Sparrow, Esq.
Spirit.....	4	Sloop.....	T. Wilkinson, Esq.

Mr. F. P. Jones's sloop Cyprian was also entered, but broke away from her moorings just before the start took place. At 39min. past three they were started, the Breeze with the lead, followed by the Kelpie, Spirit, and Presto, but the Spirit soon obtained the first position. The Sirocco did not get her canvas spread for some time, and although in the rear of the others, got round the bulk at 4h. 2min., the Spirit at 4h. 2min. 50sec., Kelpie at 4h. 3min. 10sec., Breeze 4h. 4min. The Spirit was first to the Hulk, but her crew did not appear to know the course, and while tacking, was passed by the Sirocco, which continued the lead to the boat at the Dingle, which she reached at 4h. 16min. 20sec. The Presto had now become second boat, and her time here was 4h. 17min. 45sec.; the Spirit at 4h. 19min. 10sec. A great change in the race took place at this point, the fortune of the day being turned against the Sirocco. When off the Egerton Dock she was a great distance in advance of the other boats, but being too much to leeward she was compelled to put about, and before she could get round again, the other boats had left her very far in the rear. The race was now between the other three boats—the Presto, the Kelpie, and the Spirit. The two latter were close upon each other, and the Presto was about two minutes' sail in advance. Some slight mishap here occurred to the Spirit, her jib being idle for a few seconds, and the Kelpie, making the most of the opportunity, came up and passed her. A very smart race ensued for the second position, and the spirit keeping well to the windward, succeeded in repassing the Kelpie, and rounding the flag-boat at Monks' Ferry five seconds in advance of her. The Breeze, which had sailed remarkably well, considering the incomplete state of her rig, now put into Transmere, where she stayed during the remainder of the contest. The Presto still maintained the leading position, being about 300 yards in advance of the Spirit, which still continued ahead of the Kelpie, and the powder-bulk was passed the second time in the following order:—Presto, 5h. 8min. 45sec.; Spirit, 5h. 9min. 12sec.; Kelpie, 5h. 11min. 11sec.; Sirocco, 5h. 15min. 20sec. Very little

alteration took place in the positions of the boats between this point and the Dingle, the contest being close. The following is the order of arrival at the Dingle boat :—Presto, 5h. 21min, 50sec.; Spirit, 5h. 22min. 29sec.; Kelpie, 5h. 25min. 5sec.

The result of the race now appeared very uncertain. The Presto was the first boat which arrived at the winning point, but was followed too closely to be the winning boat; for, as we stated above, the race was one of time, and as she was $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons larger than the Spirit she had consequently to allow her six minutes. The Spirit arrived at the Monks' Ferry flag-boat fully four minutes before the Kelpie, but instead of passing between it and the shore ran outside, contrary to the understood rule of the club, though strictly in accordance with the course as printed on the cards. On being signalled by the parties on board the steamer to pass inside the flag-boat, she was immediately brought to windward, but in attempting to turn too soon she fell short of her mark and did not succeed in getting inside, being compelled to make a short tack. The Kelpie was in the meantime rapidly approaching, and the greatest interest began to be excited. The Spirit made a second attempt to round the boat, but failed to do so in strict accordance with the rule, and though she succeeded the next time, it was too late for her to be the winning boat, the Kelpie, to which she had to allow three-quarters of a minute, having passed the point in the correct manner nearly at the same time. The following is the order in which the three boats got round :—

	h.	m.	s.
Presto	5	47	28
Spirit.....	5	50	19
Kelpie.....	5	50	34

Mr. Hamilton Laird, Commodore of the club, was of opinion that the Spirit, which was certainly the fastest boat, had acted in accordance with the regulations, and was about to award the prize to the owner; but Mr. Sparrow, the owner of the Kelpie, protested against it on the ground that the Spirit had not passed the flag-boat on the larboard side, and a committee meeting was therefore held at the office of the secretary, to consider the matter, when the Kelpie was declared to be the winning boat. The prize was a handsome silver claret jug, value £20, and was manufactured in London by the order of Mr. Hausburg, of Church-street.

ANTWERP REGATTA.

THE ancient city of Antwerp was on the 4th and 5th September the scene of very grand aquatic sports, *fête champetre*, illuminations, and other rejoicings; rendered more enthusiastic and brilliant in consequence of the marriage of the Duc de Brabant with the Archduchess of Austria. The prizes offered for competition by yachts and rowing galleys of all nations, being larger in value than any before given by the Royal Belgian Yacht Club, as will be seen on reference to the

programme in our last publication. The aquatic sports commenced on Monday morning as early as nine o'clock, under most favourable prospects of a lovely summer's day, with a merry ruffling breeze from the E.N.E. The first day being set apart for the rowing matches, and a sailing match between the fishing schuytes.

A space was enclosed on the quay, and a pavilion erected for the royal party and members of the Yacht Club ; the platform was gaily decorated with festoons of flowers, and gleaming banners surrounding the central pavilion, which was occupied by the king and several members of the royal family during the greater part of the day.

Tuesday was the day appointed for the grand sailing match between yachts of all nations ; the English yachts therefore laid at anchor in front of the platform on the opposite side of the river, and made a pretty display of bunting ; the schooner yachts *Czarina* and *Aquiline* being literally covered with various gay flags, burgees, &c.

The result of the first day's sport was as follows :—

The *First Prize* of 100f. for Dutch fishing boats was won by M. Van Artevelde's boat, *Christina*.

The *Second Prize* of 75f. by M. Weyn's boat, *De Zwalm*.

These matches caused much amusement, a stiff breeze was blowing all the time, and the boats got away quickly with a good start, and under excellent management. They were sailed under the favourite Dutch *spiegel* rig, but the bluff looking bows and heavy appearance of the craft, with their enormous rudders did not betoken much quality for sailing to windward, the breeze, however, moved them about *right merrily*, they flitted from side to side, dropping their leewardmost lee boards as they tacked to windward and spun round in stays with surprising alacrity, to the admiration and amusement of the English yachtsmen, who appeared heartily to enjoy the struggle between the Dutchmen.

Next followed several minor rowing matches, and then the grand prize of 800f. and a gold medal for four oared gigs, open to all nations. Nine boats entered, but only three started,

Jeannette.....	English.
Colchette.....	Antwerp.
Mathilde.....	Ostende.

The *Jeanette* took a slight lead, but the *Clochette* won by about 200 yards, after a spirited race.

The first day's sports were concluded by several other rowing matches, gentlemen amateurs and others.

A splendid banquet was given to the Duc de Brabant and Comte de Flandre by the members of the Royal Yacht Club Belge, at which royal dukes, governor of the province, &c., and also the gentle-

belonging to the English schooner yachts, Czarina and Aquiline, were present. The day's rejoicings were concluded by a *Venetian fête*, and brilliant display of fireworks.

Tuesday the 6th, the all-important sailing match for the magnificent regatta cup, value 3000f., open to yachts of all nations, a time race of half a minute per ton. It was anticipated that several English yachts would be present, but owing to the heavy gales of previous days, only two strangers made their appearance. The Blue Bell and Phantom were entered, but did not arrive at the time fixed for starting. The only yachts therefore that contended for the cup were :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Rig.	Owners.
Victorine.....	18	cutter.....	G. Collings, Esq.
Mosquito.....	25	cutter.....	
Aquiline.....	55	schooner...	J. Cardinall, Esq.

The ceremony of drawing lots for choice of station being performed, they drew lots for pilots; the numbers and names of three of the best pilots of the Scheldt being put into a hat, the name drawn by each yacht owner was that of the pilot put aboard each vessel, a very fair proceeding, and one which English yacht clubs would do well to observe, as it frequently happens that some pilots are superior to others, and the yachtsmen who offer the most liberal fees secure their services, which sometimes causes dissension amongst others.

At 9 o'clock the yachts took up their stations in front of the royal platform. The course originally chosen extended over sixty miles, but to give the lesser yachts a better chance, the distance was shortened to thirty miles, and various were the opinions expressed by the spectators, some affirmed that the schooner could not allow the time to the cutters over a thirty mile course, others considered the breeze too heavy for the light canvas of the cutters; and the quaint native boatmen were generally in favour of the lesser craft, the river being in many places very narrow for turning the rakish looking schooner; but in this they were wrong, as the sequel will show. The cutters were determined to make a good start, and had clewed up their gaff-top-sails to the mast ready to spread on the instant of the signal for starting: not so with the lifeless looking schooner, she lay at her station with all her canvas down, and looked the very *beau ideal* of a racing yacht, as if intending to do the thing quietly, but in good earnest. On the signal being given, up went the canvas, and away flew the yachts before the wind for a distance of a quarter of a mile, when they had to round a station boat and beat to windward down the first short reach, the Aquiline was first round the flag-boat, and she then made three rapid tacks from side to side, which took her out of the first reach; the cutters making double that number of tacks, and careening under crowds of white canvas, whilst

the Aquiline was upright as a dart. It was soon apparent that the schooner never intended the cutters to catch her, for she gradually increased the distance already gained upon them, and rounded the farthest station boat half an hour ahead of her opponents. The Mosquito had become waterlogged, and a gentleman aboard received a bruise from the main-sheets, but not a broken leg, as was stated in newspapers. The Mosquito was therefore obliged to give up the contest and run back to her moorings. As the Aquiline returned up the river she was lustily cheered from two crowded steam boats, by spectators who had come to witness the match, and the band struck up "Rule Britannia," with much energy; but the utmost efforts of the steam engines could not compete with the powerful sailing qualities of the English schooner, which left the steam boats far behind, and made the best of her way up the Scheldt, finally passing the winning goal 1h. 11min. ahead of her opponent, which, after allowing time of half a minute per ton, left 55min. to spare; the owner was therefore presented with the cup in a complimentary and courteous manner by Mons. Francis Werbrouck, the vice-president of the Royal Belgian Yacht Club.

We take this opportunity of expressing our opinion upon the English schooner yacht Aquiline, this being only the second time of her sailing in a match: she was built by Harvey, of Ipswich, and made her *debut*, at Hull, in August last, where she clearly proved herself a *real clipper* in a stiff breeze, and had she not touched the ground, it will be remembered, would have won the cup at that regatta, being the leading yacht at the time, and was beating the new Swedish yacht, Aurora Borealis, 250 tons, besides several cutters of larger tonnage than herself. We could but admire the graceful manner in which she appeared to skim the blue waters of the Scheldt; scarcely any foam at her *knife-like* bow, and but little disturbance in the water; her deck is never laid under. The captain was heard to remark that he had never seen any water on her deck since she was launched, except spray in a heavy sea, and it is supposed she would bear a much greater pressure of sail than has yet been put upon her; but her owner seems to prefer a dry deck, which few racing yachts of her tonnage can maintain in a strong wind. The Aquiline is one of the handsomest schooner yachts afloat, and we intend shortly to give an engraving of her.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We have substituted for our usual engraving of a yacht, a sketch of Lamt and White's Life Boat, particulars of which may be seen in the *Sailing Boat*. It was our intention to insert the Czarina, T. F. Bailey, Esq., but the artist did not finish it in time. It will be given in our next, accompanied by the Gondola, W. H. Woodhouse, Esq.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual meeting took place on the 25th of August, at Carnarvon, which is a delightful place for yachting, the scenery of the bay being of the most beautiful description. The rival mountains stretching into the sea on the one side, and the romantic and wild looking shores of Anglesey on the other. Vessels frequenting this bay, and being too late or too early for the bar tide, will find in Porddinlain, at the southern entrance of the bay, good shelter from all but north-west or northerly gales, and the well regulated lighthouse, pilot, and life-boat station at the entrance of the bar (Llanddwyn) affords ample security for strangers wishing to enter the Straits, which are perfectly sheltered on all sides. Carnarvon Bay abounds with fish of every description, and the scenery of the straits and harbour is very beautiful. The following is a correct direction for vessels wishing to enter the bar, but a pilot should always be taken.

From Branchypool Head the shore lies nearly E.N.E. to Carnarvon Bar, and from thence, nearly N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. to Holyhead Island, forming the Bay. There are now two channels over Carnarvon Bar, the north and south, the entrance to each of which from the sea, is marked by a large black buoy. The south channel is the best; the northern being more shallow and intricate. A ball is kept hoisted on a gaff and pole, behind the pilots' cottages on Llanddwyn Point, so long as there are ten feet of water in the North Channel. Vessels going in are to leave the outer or black buoys on the port-hand, and the red buoys on the starboard-hand; the chequer buoys are placed in mid-channel; after passing the black chequer buoy the Perch beacon must be kept on the port-hand. Nun buoys painted green, denote sunken rocks. In the day time Llanddwyn point may be distinguished by two white towers, (a large and a small one), and in the night, by a fixed red light; it will be seen in clear weather, about five miles to seaward, between the bearings, (from Llanddwyn by compass) of N.W. by N. and S.W. by W., and is intended solely as a leading light for the entrance to the Menai Strait. The bar should not be attempted until daylight; and by vessels drawing more than ten feet, not before half flood. During gales from W. to N., vessels may find shelter on the S.E. side of Llanddwyn point; the proper anchorage is about a quarter of a mile from the shore, with the small tower a little open to the northward of the large tower. In running in, give a good berth to the sunken rocks; but it is much preferable for strangers to

heave-to outside sufficiently to windward of the fair way, or black buoy, and make a signal for a pilot, there being a station at Llanddwyn, with a life boat and Marryat's code of signals. Vessels wishing to communicate will be answered from the large tower.

The regatta took place under the presidency of the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, and the patronage of the following noblemen and gentlemen :—Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, Bart., M.P.; Lord-Lieutenant of the county; the Marquis of Anglesea, Commodore; Hon. Lord Newborough; the Hon. Colonel E. G. Douglas Pennant, M.P.; Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; William Bulkeley Hughes, Esq., M.P.; Major Nanney; Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P.; the Mayor of Carnarvon, &c. The arrangements of the committee for the occasion were most complete; and the Rear-Commodore, Llewelyn Turner, Esq., and the honorary Secretary, W. Kirkby, Esq., are deserving of praise for their indefatigable exertions.

Four pieces of plate were announced to be competed for—the Carnarvon Cup, the Prince of Wales Cup, the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Cup, and the Amateurs' Rowing Cup. For the first, which consists of a beautiful silver tea kettle, of the value of forty-five guineas, there were no entries, and consequently no race—the other three were a silver claret jug, valued at twenty-five guineas, a silver inkstand, value 18 guineas, and a silver bread basket, value eighteen guineas. These were severally inscribed with the crest of the club, together with the words, "Carnarvon Regatta, 1853."

Although the morning was somewhat cloudy, and several brisk showers fell, the weather about 11 o'clock cleared and the sun shone brightly. There was also a stiff breeze from the south, and altogether the day, throughout the continuance of the regatta, was everything that could be desired. At an early hour in the morning the broad expanse of the Menai, stretching beneath the old town walls, presented a scene of unusual animation—the flag ships profusely decorated with banners and streamers, the yachts displaying their distinguishing colours, and small craft in every variety studding the waters, or moving to and fro, the whole forming a *coup d'œil*, the effect of which could scarcely be surpassed. Nor was the town itself backward in its display. The Eagle tower of the Castle, Porth yr Awr, and Porth Mawr, the flag staff of the Pile pier, as well as other convenient positions, hoisted the Union Jack or other suitable colour. The twelve o'clock train brought an immense influx of strangers to the town, who assembled upon the Pile and Victoria piers, the promenade quay, the town walls, and every other available spot commanding a view of the Straits. The Fairy

steamer, the Menai, and other boats placed at the service of the public, had their decks thronged with passengers. The first-named vessel proceeded in the wake of the yachts competing for the principal cup.

Those on board the steamer were in the highest degree delighted with the skill and dexterity displayed by the crews of the various yachts, and "shouts rent the sky" as each executed some manœuvre to obtain the advantage.

As the principal sailing races were time races, it should here be stated, that the rules of the club provide that 30 seconds per ton be allowed where there is a restriction as to tonnage ; but in races where there is no tonnage restriction, 15 seconds only be allowed. The first race was for :—

The Royal Welsh Yacht Club Cup, value 18 guineas, to be sailed for by yachts belonging to any port in the Menai Straits, used for pleasure only ; a time race ; three to start, or no race. The following yachts competed, and took up their position in the order indicated :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners,
Queen Victoria	19	T. F. Maddocks, Esq.
Dart	10	J. G. Griffith, Esq.
Nautilus	8	H. T. D. Griffith, Esq.
Diamond... ..	17	Captain Iremonger.

The course was as follows :—Round the Chequer Buoy, leaving it on the port-hand, hence round the Flag Boat off Plas Brereton (about half a mile along the Straits in the direction of Bangor), leaving her on the starboard hand ; return and finish by passing inside the flag ship, leaving her on the starboard-hand.

The start was effected at 12h. 24min. 10sec. in a very pretty style, the Diamond shooting ahead, and closely followed by her competitors, with the exception of the Nautilus, which, getting between the Viola and the brig referred to, placed immediately ahead of her, had the wind taken out of her sails, and was full five minutes before she could extricate herself. When the vessels were about to enter the Gap at Abermenai, a series of very interesting manœuvres took place, in the successive and repeated tacking. The Queen Victoria was the first who resorted to this expedient at 12h. 39min. 30sec., followed by the Dart, which tacked at 12h. 43min, and the Nautilus at 12h. 44min. 10sec. The Victoria repeated her tacks several times, maintaining the lead. Meanwhile the Diamond kept close to the Anglesea shore, and did not tack until about 12h. 53min. In the space of three minutes this was repeated, and she was thus enabled very closely to dispute the lead with the Queen Victoria in passing through the Gap at 1 p.m. The superior seamanship displayed by the Diamond at this point

was much admired. The following is the correct time of passing the flag ship on their way towards Plas Brereton, and their arrival at the goal.

Yachts' Names.	Flag Ship.			Arrived at Goal.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Queen Victoria	1	44	30	2	12	40
Diamond	1	45	22	2	14	40
Dart.	1	52	27	2	25	20
Nautilus	1	58	33	not timed.		

It will be seen that the Diamond was two minutes behind the Queen Victoria; and as the maximum allowance would be a minute, at the rate of 30 seconds per ton, the former must be the winner. We understand, however, it had been mutually arranged that the rate should be 15 seconds per ton.

The Prince of Wales Cup, value 25 guineas, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding 30 tons old measurement, used for pleasure only; a time race; three to start or no race. This was the principal race, and the sub-joined five disputed the prize. Their relative positions at the starting point were :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Jilt	19	H. Bridson, Esq.
Kelpie	22	P. Dane, Esq.
Viola	25	S. Darcus, Esq.
Stanley	18	Thomas Wilson, Esq.
Stranger	11	E. Haigh, Esq.

The course appointed for this race (a distance of about 20 miles) was round the flag ship off the bar, leaving her on the port hand, thence round the flag boat off Plas Brereton, leaving her on the starboard hand, return and finish inside the flag ship, leaving her on the starboard hand. In going out, to leave the red buoy of South Channel on the port hand, and the black buoy on the starboard, and in returning, the black buoy on the port hand and red buoy on the starboard hand.

At 1h. 5min. 10sec. they were started. The Jilt and Stanley were off together, followed by the Viola, the Kelpie; the Stranger being last. That inconveniently situated brig compelled the Stranger to tack in order to get to her course. It was not long before the Kelpie overhauled her competitors, and stood in for the gap about 1h. 25min., followed by the Viola in beautiful style. The Stanley and Jilt still kept abreast of each other, and the Stranger was left far behind. The latter soon gave up the race and returned at 2 o'clock. At 2h. 45min, the yachts were observed at Abermenai, working their way back, the Stanley having changed position with

the Viola, and they passed the flag ship off Carnarvon, and arrived at the flag ship and goal in the following order and time :—

Yachts' Names.	Flag Ship.			Arrived at Goal.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Kelpie	2	58	0	3	24	12
Stanley	3	0	50	3	30	20
Jilt	3	16	0	3	56	57
Viola	3	8	23	not timed.		

The Kelpie was therefore declared the winner, having, in addition to the allowance for tonnage, nearly four minutes to spare.

The Sailing Boats' Prize.—The Razor Bill (H. T. D. Griffith) came in first, but the race was disputed, and we have not heard the decision of the committee. Nine boats started.

The Carnarvon Watermen's Prizes, for four-oared boats.—The Greaves (Owen Owen, coxswain) came in first, the Spitfire being second.

Amateurs' Rowing Cup, value 18 guineas, for four-oared boats; to be rowed and steered by gentlemen amateurs.—Two boats from Rock Ferry had been expected to contend for this prize with two from the Royal Chester Rowing Club, but the latter party only having arrived, they were permitted to run in opposition to each other. The boats were the Lady Constance and the Earl of Chester, the former of which bore away the palm at the last Carnarvon Regatta. The following are lists of the crews :—Lady Constance : E. B. Gibson, J. Huxley, E. Gardner, Edward Dixon (stroke), Horatio Lloyd, (coxswain). Earl of Chester : J. Grimer, R. W. Hardinge, E. S. Lloyd, H. Kelsall (stroke), Rowland Hill (coxswain). At 1h. 31min. 20sec. the signal for starting was given, and then followed a specimen of the accomplished performances of efficient and regularly trained crews, the issue of which was watched with no little interest. The beautiful regularity and precision of the rowing in the Lady Constance was the theme of universal admiration. The competitors rounded a boat on the Anglesea side of the Straits at 1h. 38min., the Earl of Chester being then more than a length in the rear. When off the Victoria Pier, on their return, both bows were nearly level, but the crew of the Lady Constance distanced their comrades, and won easily at 1h. 47min. 15sec. by a dozen lengths.

Second Class Sailing Boats Prize.—Two sovereigns to be sailed for by open boats, not exceeding 17 feet keel; the following boats were brought to the starting point under Porth yr Awr :—Menai, wherry, Robert Williams; Tourist, three masts, William Williams; Mary, dandy, Charles Poole.

The course was similar to that of the first-class sailing-boats, but shortened. The start was equally advantageous to the three, which slipped away in the above order, and the entire race showed that they were very equally matched. They came in thus :—Menai 2h. 40min., Mary 2h. 41min. 15sec., Tourist 2h. 41min. 40sec. We understand that a protest

was entered against the Menai, on the grounds that she exceeds the restricted length of keel.

Juvenile Amateur Purse.—This race, which was competed for by picked companies from amongst the respectable youths of the town, was looked forward to with real interest. At the appointed time two boats rowed into position, their crews being neatly dressed in light clothes, and distinguished respectively by their red and blue coloured caps. Each boat was manned as follows:—Blue caps—Greaves: William Turner (coxswain), Benjamin Smith (stroke), Samuel Smith, George Smith, Owen Roberts. Red caps—Spitfire: Richard Smith (coxswain), Charles Poole (stroke), Richard Rowlands, George Wright, John Poole. After two heats, some fouling having taken place, they rowed a third, when an excellent race ensued, red caps only winning by a quarter of a length.

A prize for four oared boats was won by the Mona (R. Jackson) beating the Spitfire.

The Gentlemen's Punt Race was won by Mr. C. Poole.

The dinner, with a ball and fireworks closed the regatta of 1853. With all the appointments to form a first-rate club, we regret that our Welsh friends do not show a-head, and try to *outsail* some of the clubs that have been more recently established. We fear the rear-commodore has the whole weight of the club on his shoulders, and his multifarious pursuits prevent his giving that time to resuscitate a club which is required. Where they to follow the example of our London Clubs, hold one or two meetings per month, their members would soon increase.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

More fortunate (as regards weather) than the last match, (July 15th), this club wound up its sailing on Monday the 30th of August, and the day being particularly fine the attendance was first rate, and a much greater proportion of ladies than gentlemen attended on board the Emmet steamer, which had been chartered for the occasion. "Do you know why there are so many ladies on board," says an old chum.—"No!" "They come for the purpose of seeing whether their husbands are really the sailors they profess to be. For on this occasion each yacht is manned by amateurs (except a pilot who understands the track, and whose only duties are to point out the course of the river)."

"Well, I shall be much disappointed if they do not prove A 1 on this occasion."

Eight yachts started for the Three Prizes, which, as we stated page 336, of our last number, consisted of:—*First Prize*, a silver goblet presented by the worthy treasurer (P. Turner, Esq.),—*Second Prize*, a very handsome and highly finished telescope, presented by N

Messer,—and the *Third Prize*, a silver snuff-box, the gift of Commodore Berncastle.

The day, as we before observed, was particularly fine, but the wind, which was very light from south-west, caused our amateur friends much anxiety in the run down ; balloon-jibs and top-sails being the order of the day, with the flood it improved to a steady top-sail breeze ; and each crew proved by the handling of their several craft, that they knew how to sail them, in a river match at least.

Commodore Berncastle having inspected the yachts, the following were at their stations when the gun fired at 11h. 50m. to start :—

Yachts' Names	Tons	Rig	Owners
Gnat.....	4	Lugger	Mr. Hewett.
Blue-eyed-Maid.....	4	Cutter.....	— Tuckwell.
Julia.....	7	Cutter.....	— Hutchinson.
Valentine	8	Cutter.....	— Wallis.
Irresistable	7	Cutter.....	— Gardner.
Britannia.....	7	Cutter.....	— Legg.
Idas	6	Cutter.....	— Knibbs.
Idea	6	Cutter.....	— Ceely.

The echo of the gun was still ringing in our ears when a cloud of snowy white canvas covered the taunt spars and the elegant forms of the long line of cutters that a few moments before were seen quietly riding at anchor. We do not remember ever having seen a better start, all the main-sails being hoisted simultaneously ; Julia and Valentine had their top-sails up first, Blue-eyed Maid having some trouble in setting hers properly. The Gnat took the lead through Blackwall reach, followed by Julia and Valentine, the Britannia and the others being some distance astern. Off Woolwich the Idea was first, Julia second, Gnat third, Britannia fourth, Blue-eyed Maid fifth, Valentine sixth. In Erith Reach the Gnat had passed the Julia, and the Valentine had crept up to her ; between these two a neck and neck contest took place, ending in the Julia shaking off her opponent and drawing gradually ahead of her. They passed Purfleet in the same order, and arriving in Long Reach the Idea was actually more than a mile ahead of the fleet, the Gnat coming well up with her. Greenhithe and Northfleet were passed in quick succession, when the yachts arrived at Gravesend, and rounded the steamer in the following order .—

	h.	m.	s.
Idea.....	2	29	30
Gnat.....	2	31	15
Julia	2	36	50
Valentine	2	37	5
Britannia.....	2	37	45
Idas.....	2	40	0
Blue-eyed Maid.....	2	41	30
Irresistible.....	2	42	0

The *Julia*, in the act of rounding close astern of the steamer, was obliged to bear away for the *Valentine* or be sunk by her, seeing her steering to pass between the steamer and the *Julia*, which could not be done without a fearful collision, had not the *Julia* immediately adopted the course she did. As it was, a collision occurred, the *Valentine* damaging the bulwarks, cross-trees, tiller, and rigging of the vessel she had thrown out of the course, and put in such imminent peril, contrary to all the rules of navigation, of yachting, of common prudence, and of fair play. The *Julia* immediately hoisted the protest flag, which was acknowledged by a gun from the *Commodore*. Great interest had been created in the run down by the extraordinary performance of two of the smallest boats, the *Idea* and the *Gnat*, which, favoured by the light wind prevailing, were more than a match for the larger yachts. In turning to windward the breeze freshened, and shortly the *Idea* fell astern, the *Gnat* maintaining her position equally well to windward, competing manfully with the *Valentine* (double her tonnage) the pride of place, to the admiration of every body, her sails setting like a board, and standing up to her immense spread of canvas in a manner that proved she was able to do all that had been expected of her. She seemed to

“Walk the waters like a thing of life.”

When, unfortunately, off Greenhithe, a crash, and her fore-mast went clean by the board, leaving her a helpless wreck to be taken in tow by the steamer, to the intense regret of all present, who were quite in love with the little *bijou*, and delighted with the admirable manner she had been handled by her spirited but unfortunate owner. The interest of the match had now shifted to the *Britannia*, *Julia* and *Blue-eyed Maid*, *Britannia* being far ahead, and showing powers which she was always known to have on a wind, to a much greater advantage than on any former occasion. *Julia*, crippled by the collision, was sailing under a disadvantage, her top-mast not being expected to stand to windward, and the little pet—the *Blue-eyed Maid*—would have done better with more of the “element.” *Idas* and *Irresistible* were both uncommonly well sailed, but, without a dead noser, cannot display their well-known qualities. *Irresistible* improves her position each match, and, we think, next year will have better opportunities of proving whether or not she has got it in her. They arrived at Blackwall and passed the flag-buoy as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
<i>Valentine</i>	6	18	20
<i>Britannia</i>	6	30	30
<i>Julia</i>	6	37	30
<i>Blue-eyed Maid</i>	6	46	30
<i>Idas</i>	6	51	0
<i>Irresistible</i>	6	52	0
<i>Idea</i>	6	57	0

In consequence of the protest, the decision was referred to the sailing committee, who met at the club house on Thursday, when the Valentine was declared unanimously to be disqualified, and the Britannia thus wins the cup, Julia the telescope, and Blue-eyed Maid the snuff-box.

As fair play is our motto we cheerfully comply with the request of several friends, and insert the letter which appeared in *Bell's Life*, September 11th :

" MR. EDITOR :—I beg to inform you that the statement respecting the Valentine yacht fouling the Julia in the last match of the Prince of Wales Club is entirely false. The Julia was in fault from the beginning of the match up to the time of the collision, crossing the bows of the Valentine many times in the run down, and preventing her going ahead, which she could have done easily, being a much faster boat than the Julia. There was great skill displayed with both boats, but at last the Valentine slipped past the Julia off Greenhithe, and kept her position till she got into Gravesend Reach. Then, at the time the Valentine's crew was taking down her balloon sails to make snug for turning up, the Julia shot ahead, but to leeward of the Valentine. Both yachts were then on their port tacks, and as they got near the rounding steam vessel, the Julia commenced taking in their balloon sails, which ought to have been done before, causing great confusion on board; and it appeared to me, and others, that they did not know what they were doing, for there was the worst of steering at the time they *rounded*, leaving a space of about thirty feet between themselves and the steam vessel. When they found their error, they immediately luffed up, and came broad-side on me and caused a slight collision. I hailed them to bear up, but their helm was hard a starboard when it ought to have been a port. I have had the opinion of several pilots, masters of sailing yachts, captains of steam vessels, and other nautical gentlemen, all of whom declare the Julia in fault, for they had an opportunity of getting out of my way when I could not have got out of theirs. If I had attempted to bear up to have gone under their stern I must have cut them in two about their runners and tackles, and if I had cleared them under their stern it must have thrown me on the starboard tack, and have shot me half across the water to the southward, before I could have recovered myself for the second gybing. This the gentlemen of the committee and the Commodore calls foul sailing of the Valentine's crew. Now I wish to draw your attention to the time the Commodore and the gentlemen take, which is stated in your paper to make the public believe the Julia is the fastest boat of the two; she rounds the flag boat at Gravesend 2h. 36min. 50sec., Valentine 2h. 37min. 5sec., making the Julia round 15sec. before the Valentine. If that is the case the Julia must have been nearly into Tilbury when the Valentine was rounding.

Yours, &c., BENJAMIN WALLIS.

Orchard-place, Blackwall, Sept. 6.

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In denial of the foregoing we have received the following :—

2, Brunswick Terrace, Blackwall,

September 14th, 1853.

SIR.—Thinking that some of the crew of the Valentine may send you their statement of their success in the last P.W.Y.C. match ; I, as one of the crew of the Julia, beg to transmit our version, which I have no doubt you will find coincide with that of nine-tenths of those who witnessed the transactions of the day, and moreover is substantiated by the statements chronicled in the various papers. Many will doubtless remember that Mr. Wallis received a warning on a former occasion, (when he also fouled,) that should a repetition of such jockeying be attempted, some notice must be taken of it. It now appears, however, that the well known liberality of the owner of the Julia upon that occasion (*when he could have secured the prize*) was entirely thrown away, for Mr. Wallis *again* had recourse to measures which were *as* contrary to the rules of fair sailing, as they were unjustifiable in the conduct of one gentleman to another. No better proof of the injustice of Mr. Wallis's proceedings, and of the *mauvais odeur* into which it precipitated him can be adduced, than the solemn silence in which he was received by all on board the steamer, from passenger to stoker, so contrary to the applause which invariably attends the winning boat. On the other hand, the enthusiasm which greeted the arrival of the Julia was as marked as was the *icy reception* of the Valentine.

Relative to the run down, we started very well, with the Valentine astern, and were not troubled much with her until we got off Barking, when she commenced her jockeying system, trying to get to windward of us the whole way down ; but which, to her annoyance, she was unable to effect, as Julia's powers of sailing were too great for her. Mr. Wallis in his letter to the Editor of *Bell's Life*, states that the Valentine being a much faster boat could easily have passed to windward ; why did he not ? I hold this assertion of Mr. Wallis an additional reason for his passing us to leeward ; a larger and a faster boat should certainly pass to leeward of a smaller and slower boat ; and no doubt he would have done so had he been able. The time the Valentine slipped a few feet ahead of us off Greenhithe, was, when she so unfairly used her fore-sail as a studding-sail, and we again shot ahead of her when she removed it. At this time the wind was dead aft, and we were on our *starboard tack*, and not *port tack*, as stated by Mr. Wallis. Subsequently, however, we gybed (putting us on the port tack) and gradually edged to windward of the Valentine, which course we kept till we rounded the steamer, when she so shamefully fouled us. So close did we round the steamer that we feared at one time lest we would have touched its stem which inevitably would have been the case, had we not *borne up*, and *luffed up*, as Mr. Wallis erroneously states.

The fact of Mr. Wallis, when some distance from us, calling out with a stentorian voice "To bear up," proves that there was not room enough for him to pass between us and the steamer ; and, fortunately for us, we di

bear up, or God knows what might have been the consequence, although at the same time we lost considerable ground by it, the *Britannia* and *Valentine* both passing us before we could recover ourselves. The slight collision Mr. Wallis speaks of cost us our cross-trees, damaged our bulwark and rigging, and broke a very handsome dog's head off the tiller.

In conclusion, I beg to state that it was with great reluctance the owner of the *Julia* protested against the *Valentine*. Had it been the first or second offence, I am certain he would, with his usual urbanity, have overlooked it; but, Sir, there is a limit to endurance, and we feel called upon to stimulate him to adopt the alternative of which these letters are the sequel.

Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable time and space,

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

THOMAS H. MAYNE.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

TORBAY AND ITS REGATTA.

THE following description of this celebrated bay, and the principal places on its shores, may not be uninteresting to many of our readers who are unacquainted with it except by name. It lies on the south coast of Devon, midway between two headlands,—Hopes Nose and Berry Head,—these points are situated about six miles from each other, and forming the extremes of the bay, which in itself pursues a route in the direction of the principal points of the compass—the eastern side being open to the British Channel, and the northern, western and southern sides are bounded by the coast. The depth of the bay, due east and west from the line through Hopes Nose and Berry Head, measures between four and five miles, and the length of the coast which connects these two headlands is not much less than twelve miles. The form of the shore is broken by small bays and inlets, diversified by rocks, and by firm and extensive sands.

From the sea, the country spreads itself to the foot of sloping hills, which, covered with a verdant hue, forms an admirable landscape. The village of Paignton, as seen from the western side of the bay forms an important feature in the landscape. The beach of the village will afford ample amusement to the conchologist and sea-botanist.

Torquay is the principal place connected with the bay (although Brixham is noted for its fish market), yet the former stands in the estimation of the faculty and invalids, as equal to Madeira for invigorating the frame and restoring health. Torquay consists of a small

portion of level ground bounded by three hills, and is sheltered from every wind except the south-west.

The neighbourhood of Torquay possesses many objects of high interest to the lover of nature, and most of these lie within a walk, which, combined with its health restoring qualities, gives a popularity to the place.

The regatta this year took place on the 27th of August, and was numerously attended.

The Torquay Fishing Bouts first competed for a purse of sovereigns. Eight entered, viz:—the Black Eyed Susan, Why Not, Deceiver, Dreaton, Vulcan, Little Goliath, Albion, and Star. Of these, however, only three started, namely:—the Star, Little Goliath, and Dreaton. The start was effected at 1h. 37min. 45sec. The course was twice round the inner part of the bay, and it was as good a match as was ever seen, and they ultimately came in as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Star.....	4	4	12
Little Goliath.....	4	5	4
Dreaton	4	9	50

The Ladies Prize of £20, for yachts not exceeding 30 tons, the property of gentlemen, and kept for pleasure only. Five yachts were entered, viz:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Rig.	Owners.
Annie.....	16	Bermuda rig.	S. Truscott, Esq.
Dolphin.....	20	Cutter.....	Captain Storey.
Snake.. ..	35	Cutter.....	T. Pearson, Esq.
Romulus	21	Cutter.....	H. H. Kennard, Esq.
Fleur de Marie.....	25	Cutter.....	J. Thierens, Esq.

The start took place at 2h. 31min. 45sec., and was indeed a most interesting sight. The yachts were at the starting boat with their main-sails only hoisted. No sooner was the gun fired than the Dolphin's head-sails were immediately run up, when her head was cast round to port and she ran before the wind, passing close under the Beacon Hill. From the favourable position the Romulus held at the starting boat she was now on the star-board bow of the Dolphin, the Snake on the Dolphin's port quarter, and the Annie close astern, while the Fleur de Marie, which was the last to get underway, was a considerable distance astern. The spectacle at this moment, as viewed from the Beacon Hill, was of a very brilliant character; the yachts were so close together, and changing their positions so rapidly, that it altogether presented an exciting scene. As the course was from the boat off the Pier round the Great Rock, and from thence to Brixham, it became necessary to haul closer to the wind to round Rock End. The Romulus

setting her gaff-top-sail was the first to pass Rock End, followed by the Dolphin, Snake, Annie, and Fleur de Marie. In working over to Brixham the Fleur de Marie was observed to be some distance ahead, followed by the Snake, Romulus, Annie, and Dolphin. When close up to the fleet the Snake, unfortunately, in the first round carried away her bowsprit, in consequence of which mishap she was compelled to give up the race and stand in for the harbour. The yachts passed the starting boat in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Fleur de Marie.....	4	3	53
Romulus	4	9	25
Annie	4	14	17
Dolphin.....	4	17	19

In the second round the Romulus carried away the throat halliards of her main-sail, when near the mark boat at Brixham, by which she was for a few minutes incapacitated from continuing the race. The Annie, in consequence, overhauled and passed her, coming in second. During this round, the wind having moderated, the yachts were enabled to set their gaff-tops-sails, with the exception of the Annie, which, from the peculiarity of her rig, was unable to set any additional sail to what she had on starting, and which in a great degree, it is believed, contributed to her failure. The boats arrived at the starting boat as follows, the Fleur de Marie being nearly one half the length of the course ahead of her competitors :—

	h.	m.	s.
Fleur de Marie.....	5	43	30
Annie.....	6	2	54
Romulus.....	6	3	52
Dolphin.....	6	9	24

In passing the beacon the third round, much amusement was afforded to the spectators by the expert manner in which the Romulus weathered the Annie, continued heading, and regained her original position. The three yachts, shortly after passing the beacon, gave up the race at different parts of the course, in consequence of which, the Fleur de Marie was allowed to run the remainder of the distance without a single competitor, which she completed at 7h. 21min. 5sec., winning the prize.

The Prize of £40 was sailed for by the Blue Belle and Lady Bird. Both vessels started at 3h. 28min. 45sec., to sail twice round the bay. From the well-known qualities of these two yachts, and the various matches in which they have both lately contended, much interest was excited, and the good opinions previously entertained were favourably confirmed by their subsequent performances. In this race the Lady Bird had the advantage of being first off, but was soon passed by the Blue Belle, the light breeze prevalent offering every facility for a display of seamanship, which was not lost

by those in charge of them. The Blue Belle maintained her position as the first to the end of the race, and came in the winner. The time of arrival at the mark boat was—

	1st Round.				2nd Round.		
	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Blue Belle.....	5	0	7	6	32	54
Lady Bird.....	5	3	15	6	37	30

The proceedings of the day were terminated by rowing matches. The first prize was for yachts' gigs, and was rowed for by the Gipsy Queen, the Revenue Cutter, and the Anaconda, and was won by the Gipsy Queen, the Revenue Cutter coming in second.

The crew of the Anaconda, considering that the cause of failure could not be attributed to them, but must lay in the qualities of the boats, challenged the Revenue Cutter to another match, which being agreed to they changed boats, but were ultimately beaten by their own boat.

THE EXMOUTH REGATTA.

This annual regatta took place on Thursday, September the 1st. The weather was fine, but the sea heavy.

The *First Prize* of £15, for yachts not exceeding 20 tons, was won by Mr. Wheeler's Vampire, 15 tons; the Swan, 14 tons, Mr. Brutton, being second.

Second Prize, £8, for yachts not exceeding 10 tons; won by the Fairy, C. W. Bricknell, Esq.; the Lily of the Valley, Mr. Shears, being second; Teetotal Star, Mr. Turner, third; and Pamella, Mr. Towing, fourth.

Third Prize, £5, for yachts not exceeding 18 feet keel, won by X.L., Mr. Tupman; the Julia, Mr. Bricknell, being second; Vision, Mr. Pyne, third; Little Wonder, Mr. Tapscott, fourth.

Fourth Prize, for boats not exceeding 14 feet keel, Henry, H. Pince first; Jane, J. Dixon, second; William and Caroline, T. Litten, third; William and Grace, W. Gray, fourth.

Fifth Prize, a silver cup value five guineas; Undine, E J.B.C. and Amateur, E.A.B.C. The latter gave up after the first round.

Other matches of minor importance took place.

KING'S LYNN ROADS REGATTA.

This regatta came off on Friday, August 19th, under very favourable circumstances. Owing to the bad state of the trade of Lynn, and other causes, the sport has for some years past been in a languishing

condition ; but the improvement of trade throughout the country, in which Lynn has of course participated, the improvement of the channel of the Ouze by the formation of a fine straight cut two miles in length, from the harbour of Lynn into the Wash, and above all, the presentation by the Norfolk Estuary Company (under whose auspices the New Cut has been constructed) of a handsome Challenge Cup of the value of 50 sovereigns ; all these circumstances combined to impart an interest to the present occasion, which it is to be hoped may be continued and increased in future years. The day selected was a delightful one, a brilliant sunshine prevailing throughout. The S.W. breeze, so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible on shore, was favourable for the start, but varied greatly in direction during the day. Thousands of persons assembled to witness the departure and return of the boats ; and the occasion was kept as a general holiday.

The course to be sailed over was from Common Staith Quay, Lynn, through the Estuary Cut, round the Lynn Well Light, returning to the Roads, and rounding the committee's steamer, which was stationed there, with a blue peter at her mast head, as the winning point.

The first match was for the Norfolk Estuary Grand Challenge Cup (to be won two years in succession), by yachts and boats not exceeding 25 tons. The following yachts were entered :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Rlg.	Owners.	Port.
Duranjee.....	11	schooner	F. J. Cresswell, Esq.....	Lynn.
Fairy.....	17	cutter ...	W. H. Lewin, Esq.....	Boston.
Maude.....	25	cutter ...	Capt. Andrews.....	Lowestoft.
Melantha.....	12	schooner	W. Robinson, Esq.....	Hartlepool.
Jenny.....	6	cutter ...	Capt. W. Wilkinson.....	Boston.
Wave.....	8	cutter ...	R. H. Philipson, Esq.....	Hartlepool.
Quiz.....	12	cutter ...	J. Jones, Jun., Esq.....	Hull.

But the Melantha and Wave did not arrive in time from Hartlepool. The lighter boats were underway almost immediately on the signal being given to start at a quarter to eight o'clock, and the breeze giving them a temporary advantage, they were soon in full sail down the Cut. Duranjeer took the lead, closely followed by the Jenny, the Fairy third, and the Maude and Quiz, which had become slightly fouled bringing up the rear. By the time the open sea was gained, the Maude shewed her decided superiority by gaining on and passing the other yachts, and rounding the Well Light first. The Fairy rounded in about six minutes after ; the Quiz holding the third place, but shortly exchanging it for the second. The Maude continued to

make way on her competitors, and rounded the committee's steamer in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Maude.....	2	44	40
Quiz.....	3	19	40
Fairy.....	3	29	48

The others were far "at sea" and were not timed. These yachts being handicapped at half a minute per ton, the cup was won by the Maude (for this year) by 28½min.

A purse of 8 sovereigns, first boat £5 ; second £2 ; third £1 ; was sailed for by the following :—

Boats' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Port.
Phantom.....	3	Mr. C. Anderson.....	Boston.
Arrow.....	4	— E. A. Hildred.....	Boston.
Waterwitch	5	— J. Pilley	Boston.

Two others were entered, but disqualified by excess of tonnage. The start, which took place immediately after the departure of the yachts was a pretty even one. They rounded the committee's steamer as follows :

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	3	44	9
Arrow.....	3	45	46
Waterwitch	4	9	50

The Third Match was for fishing boats of the port of Lynn, first prize £4 ; second £3 ; third £2 ; fourth £1. The following started, but several of them gave up the chase and went fishing in the course of the day.

Boats' Names.	Owners.	Boats' Names.	Owners.
Gipsy.....	J. Smith.	Gipsy Queen	J. Goodson.
John and Anne.....	J. Smith.	Livinia	S. Cousins,
Robert.....	R. Middleton.	Boldon.....	J. Lemon.
Wild Duck.....	H. Curtis.	John and Matthew...	W. Chase.
Hunter.....	J. Norris.	Thomas and Anne...	Thomas Ward.

The Gipsy Queen rounded the winning point first, followed in succession by the Wild Duck, Boldon, Robert, and John and Matthew, but owing those last named (except the John and Matthew) having either sailed of the course, or used unfair means of propulsion, such as oars and bow hooks, no third or fourth prize was adjudged ; the first prize being given the Gipsy Queen, and the second to the John and Matthew.

The day's aquatic sports ended about five o'clock, and the evening concluded with fire-works, music, and other entertainments.

Our Editor's Locker.**GUTTA PERCHA SAILS.***September 22nd, 1853,*

SIR.—Closeness of texture, strength, durability, lightness for handling, and whiteness, are essential requisites in sails. May not all these good qualities be found combined in sails of light canvas, the interstices of which are completely filled in with Gutta Percha? It has been said that the “America’s” sails are soaped before sailing a match; supposing them to be so, soap would bear no comparison with Gutta Percha, if the latter could be easily applied.

I should have written at some length upon the subject, but feared trespassing too much upon your columns at this season of the year, therefore content myself with saying,—yachtsmen, sailors, and sailmakers, think of this, the suggestion of

AN OLD CUTTER SAILOR.*To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.*

[We should be most happy to hear what further arguments our correspondent has to offer.—ED.]

Kennington, 26th September, 1853.

SIR.—At page 173, Vol. II of the *Yachting Magazine*, you say:—“There has been a method of construction introduced lately, in which timbers and other framing are dispensed with, the requisite strength being gained by repeated planking, &c.”

I beg to inform you that the *Vixen*, a yacht of 30 tons, built by Messrs. Highington, was so constructed, and sailed in the Royal Thames Yacht Club matches on the 16th June, 1845, 20th May, 5th June, and 4th July, 1846. On the 20th of May she carried away the second prize.

I had an opportunity of seeing her several times while she was building, and from her appearance I certainly did expect she would have turned out a very fine craft; that she has not done more, is not, I think, the fault of the vessel.

I should not have troubled you with this, but as you say, you are not aware that it has ever been adopted in a yacht, I thought you might like to know the fact of its having been done.

I do not know anything about the expense, but should I ever see Messrs. Highington again will make some inquiry.

Your's truly,

C. WHEELER.*To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.***NO. 7.—VOL. II.**

MILDEW IN SAILS.

September 19th, 1853.

SIR.—With reference to "GILL KICKER'S" question about Mildew; you would perhaps like to tell him that mildew proceeds from furling a sail, and leaving it for some days made up when not perfectly dry. And, moreover, if a sail has been much wetted with salt water and furled, (even although it has first been perfectly dried), it is apt to contract mildew, unless occasionally aired; because the salt left on the sail has the property of attracting moisture. It is very hard to obliterate the marks of mildew; but the sail should be brushed with plenty of fresh water, with a *little* sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) in it; enough acid to make it taste sour; and the sail should then be left on the grass for two days and a night, and put up when quite dried in the sun. In Bermuda the sails are made of No. 1 canvas, and they whitewash the sails (brushing the whitewash in on both sides) and when dry they roll them up two or three times and dust the whitewash out; the sails are then as white as cotton.

I am, &c., R. M.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

THE YACHT PET.

At Sea, September, 15th 1853.

SIR.—To the enquiry of your correspondent respecting the Pet, I am happy to be in a position to give the required answer. Her length, I believe, is 34 feet over all, by 8 feet 6 inches; her draught 6 feet 4 inches; her cabin is 10 feet long, abaft of which there is a small cockpit. The cabin is under a low booby hatch.

She has this year made but a short cruize, owing principally to the ill health of her owner: she has visited Portsmouth, Weymouth, Cherbourg, Plymouth, Southampton, besides intermediate ports, and she has weathered two of the most formidable gales of this unsettled summer.

Reduced spars and a new suit of sails by Eversfield have improved her much.

Yours, &c., A. V.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE SAILING BOAT.—By H. C. Folkard, Esq., R. H. Y. C.—Hunt and Son, 6, New Church Street West, Edgware Road, London.

No book was ever more needed in the nautical library than upon the subject which the author of the volume now before us has selected. Sailing boats

are a source of amusement, both to the old and young, and the pretty varieties of build and rig affords a wide scope for a man of talent to enlarge upon. Although we find some of the little craft of foreign nations noticed by Cook, Vancouver, and Ulloa, and also in "Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travel," there are many varieties and peculiarities never before described by an English author.

The volume commences with an historical account of ancient boat building, some excellent and scientific remarks upon sailing boats in general, and a detail of the canoes of various nations. The reader is then introduced to every description of native craft, from a man-of-war's boat to a dingy; then follows the varieties of rig, which are clearly and practically explained, and their merits commented upon with much judgment and apparent nautical knowledge. There is a curious rig noticed, termed the *Revolving rig*, the invention of an officer in the royal navy; and as far as we can judge from the author's description and engraving, consider it worthy the attention of yachtsmen.

The reader will also be entertained with a novel method of wild fowl shooting, and punt sailing, in which the author appears to have had considerable experience. His punt and method of punting is different to anything we have ever before seen or heard of.

With regard to the practical part of the work, "Management," the reader will observe that none but an accomplished boat sailor could have done justice to the subject; here, then, will be found every art and manœuvre explained in a spirited and intelligible manner; followed by the *Causes of Boats Capsizing*, from which we borrowed an extract in our last month's number. We strongly advise all young sailors to read this part of the work.

The history of Life Boats would form a volume in itself; the author has given an epitome of the subject, and illustrations of three of the most approved.

We particularly recommend to the notice of yachtsmen and yacht-builders, the article on "Boat Racing," in which the author condemns the abominable practice of shifting ballast, he says:—

"But during all this time what is going on below, in the cabin; let us peep into the mysteries and secrets, the infamy and deception there going forward! let us discover why, and how it is, that such long narrow boats can hold themselves up under such an amazing pressure of canvas; whilst the more sturdy, wide looking coasting vessel of the same tonnage, finds about half as much sail a sufficient quantum.

"In this cabin of deception are four men trimming heavy bags of shot—real shot, such as sportsmen use to wing the feathered tribe;—and these they shift from side to side, or from bilge to bilge to hold her up; or to keep her stiff as they term it: in the absence of shot bags, are long bars of lead, or iron, which are lugged from one side to the other, and secured from slipping by slides or shifting boards: the four men then cringe themselves over to windward, or lie upon the shot bags, until they hear the order "bout!" when the shifting

ballast is instantly trimmed to the other side, and again they coil themselves up on the shot bags, as if a lump of useless rope: when there is much turning to windward this is hard work, in fact the hardest work aboard the yacht."

The subject of foreign boats is rather curtailed, and here we think the author at fault. To the general reader this part of the work might be made very interesting, by enlarging on the varieties of foreign nations.

The nautical vocabulary appears very similar to that in "Dana's Seaman's Manual," but on comparison we acquit the author of piracy.

The whole work is prettily illustrated, and the etchings neatly finished; altogether forming a valuable and useful volume; it should be read by all persons fond of boating; every yachtsman should possess it. The general reader will find much that cannot fail to prove amusing. We will quote a passage from the author's faithful description of a gale:—

"Let us picture to ourselves a fine stately ship, which, as she lies motionless at anchor in the slumbering bay, looks as if the united strength of a hundred powerful horses could scarcely move her forward or backward one single inch; and yet that same noble ship when caught in a gale at sea, is tossed like a feather on the billows, and rolled in the abyss of the waters as if a mere football for the sportive waves. Few, who have not experienced the true fury of an ocean gale, can enter into a sailor's feelings at such a time; his heart, though noble, sinks with the ship in a threatening gulph of gaping waters; now rolling over the vessel like a fierce cascade, sweeping the decks, and threatening all her crew with destruction: and then the stately ship by the same irresistible power, is lifted high upon the curling waves to toss her down with greater fury in the gloomy shades of bursting torrents; striking terror to many a noble heart, worn out with cold, fatigue, and sleepless watches: the sailor seems resigned to fate, nor cares but little for such weary life. Then, after hours of sleepless toil, the lulling wind sounds less like terror through the air, and slowly sinks until the sailor feels it not; 'tis then his heart is glad: how quick his cheerful spirits light his face; though the sea is still rolling high as heretofore, and his vessel rocking in the mighty waves as if to burst her very hull to fragments: Oh! 'tis a grand but fearful scene, a test of brave men's courage, an emblem of Almighty power."

The work is also tastefully spangled with verse, a spirited scene is described where an accident occurs by the upsetting of a yacht, in which the author and his crew are clinging to the mast in despair, when a boat comes to their rescue.

"Who e'er then a scene of glad hope would enjoy,
Or paint with effect the true picture of joy,
Must feel as we felt when that boat came in view,
And must borrow a tint from the cheeks of my crew.

"Then we cordially shook our preserver's warm hand,
And thankfully sprang from the boat to the land:
Then if ever my heart with emotion was sad,
'Twas at that moment, when warmly with gratitude clad.

“ And now I’m afloat once again on the deep,
 That perilous shipwreck oft startles my sleep;
 But I slumber again in the hammock of hope,
 For whilst Providence watches I’ll cling to his rope.”

We could refer to many other equally exquisite touches both in prose and poetry, but space will not now afford us room for further extract.

Having followed the author through the whole volume, we candidly express our impartial opinion that he has ably and successfully completed a work of general utility, and which none but a sailor and a man of talent could have done; and we hail with a hearty welcome the well equipped “Sailing Boat,” fearlessly accepting the author’s invitation to a cruize o’er the waters, and through the picturesque scenery of his pages.

BENTLEY’S MONTHLY REVIEW.—Bentley, Brownlow Street, Holborn.

IN these fluctuating times, when a man finds it necessary to put his hand into his pocket twice to spend a shilling, the advent of a speculation, tending to enhance his amusement and profit in accordance with his means, should be hailed with double satisfaction, as it shews that there are men for all times, as well as time for all things; and that monopoly is not forged so well, as not to be broken through by the foresight and perseverance of individuals. It was, we believe, with a view of conducing to the benefit and pleasure of the majority of the reading world, that *Bentley’s Monthly Review* originated exactly six months since; and which, instead of deteriorating in interest or literary production, has, from its first number, been assuredly advancing in all the essentials requisite for a work of merit and respectability. Were it otherwise, its race would have been over long ’ere this. But now that it has taken its stand among the literary benefactors of our country, we may safely auger its success through an extended period.

We have not space to review strictly the different articles blended in its pages, nor for any extracts, beyond a glance at their character, as we could not, in justice to all, give one without the other. The best plan is to read them in their original form of publication; the expense of which is so trifling in comparison to the work, that no one could possibly raise an objection on so slight a ground. From the first there is a novel,—“Society,” translated from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, a work of great originality, conception, and pathos. A few papers on the Indian and Turkish question, which, if they instruct not politicians, are too big with fact to be disregarded by the community at large. There are likewise some amusing and well written pages on the adventures of Cocknies at Calais, and the various watering places on our own delightful coasts. Beside some original articles on the manifest abuses in the different “systems” pursued by the *vaunted* respectable adventurers, who throng both our country and metropolis. The reviews, both in the theatrical and other branches of literature, are impartial, sound, and just

For the first heat the following were entered :—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Levant.....	cutter....	Mr. W. Bundock.....	{ White, ground, blue square, red cross.
Nelson	lugger ...	— J. Whitehead	Blue, white letters.
Water Kelsie.....	schooner	— W. Biffin.....	White, and red stripes.
Nil Desperandum.....	lugger...	— R. Hunt.....	White, and blue border.

This heat was won by Nil Desperandum ; Levant second.

In the second heat were entered :—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Gannet	schooner	W. E. Flood, Esq.	Blue. yellow letters.
Weathergage	cutter....	Mr. J. Beetum.....	White, red cross and border.
Atalanta.....	schooner	— J. Gibson.....	Bright blue.

British fair, lugger, was entered for this heat ; but having broken from her moorings the previous night, and drifted ashore, most probably was stolen, as she has not been heard of since.

The second heat was won by Gannet ; Weathergage second. The Gannet had foundered a short time before the race, but was soon got underway again.

In the third heat, three started, the Nelson which was first, Water Kelpie, second, and Atalanta third.

In the grand heat, five started, viz :—Weathergage, Nelson, Gannet, Nil Desperandum, and Levant.

This was a most beautiful race, and without doubt the best of the season, the whole coming in nearly together, and the winning vessel only first by half a length. The Weathergage snapt her bowsprit, before the commencement of the race, which prevented her carrying so much sail as she otherwise would have done, and perhaps have altered her station at the goa. She is a very buoyant and tight little craft.—The Nelson came in first, Nil Desperandum second, and Weathergage third.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON, 1853.

October 13th.—Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, open to the Yachts of English Clubs also, (the Sailing Rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England will be adopted.)
London Model Yacht Club Match on the Thames.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The subjects mentioned by our WELL-WISHER at the R.I. Edinboro', shall be duly noticed.

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THE SCHOONER "YACHT" "CZARINA", (210 TONS) J. B. BAYLEY, ESQ.

Howe, Litch

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

THE DOOMED YACHT.

BY VINCENT.

CHAPTER I.

“The sea’s a kittle cast.”—(*Vide* Caxton in the “Antiquary.”)

THE regatta at L——, opened as regattas sometimes do, though not very often of late;—that is to say, with plenty of wind and occasional rain. There was the usual display of bunting on shore; flags, ensigns, burgees, and most aspiring and swaggering pendants of all sorts and sizes; with a variety that might by a fanciful mind be taken to indicate the correspondingly various strengths of the liquors retailed within the domiciles thus decorated. There was the usual waterman’s hurry and high prices. There was the usual briskness of the card-selling and bill-hawking gentry alongshore; each boasting the superior accuracy of his own medium of information. There was the usual throng (constantly increasing as rail and steamer constantly delivered their ever renewing crowds,) of gaily dressed people, most obstinately bent on amusement, and unflinchingly determined *not* to believe that the day was in earnest in raining. And finally, ’ere we quit the shore, let us note the important visages and the hurried movements of the officials of the yacht club, under whose auspices the regatta was to be conducted; not as in some

clubs, leaving everything to chance, but each in his station, working zealously and indefatigably to get things to rights, and make all go off well!

Here it is proper to forewarn all good yachting readers, that, having no inclination to bring a whole yacht club about our ears, we shall not specify aught to give a clue to the name of the club, whose *high festival* it has fallen to our lot to describe, nor to the whereabouts of their harbour, and as touching the latter, we advise no searching of charts nor coasting pilots, for bearings, distances, and leading marks; as Her Majesty's Admiralty, have not as yet had certified to them any of these important points, which must therefore for a time be taken on the strength of this history.

And now as to matters and prospects afloat.

Right between Harbour Island and Blackstone Strand the moorings are down for the great race of the day, the ——— cup; and at those moorings lie two fine small class schooners and seven cutters, straining like greyhounds in the slip, as the fresh puffs come down upon them from the range of hills at the back of the town, and make them sheer about and careen over now and then on either hand, according as their taunt and well set after sails now fill on the one tack and now on the other.

Aboard of yon tall cutter thereaway in a line with Rocksbill Head, a dispute is going on which the increasing showers are impotent to cool. An old post captain, with all the self importance of his class, and not a small measure of contempt for *amateur* seamen, is contesting a point of cutter sailing (of which in all probability he knows little enough,) with a testy, yet comfortable little body, the proprietor of the vessel, who seems by no means inclined to yield his opinion or hold himself cheap. If those two sail together in the race, there will be a *row* as sure as there are snakes in Virginia!

Next in line is a rakish schooner; her owner is one of your easy going yachtsmen,—very fond of solid comfort aboard,—ready to enjoy any luxury that does not give him too much trouble to think of,—not disinclined to the occasional excitement of a race; but profoundly, if not most deliberately ignorant of everything concerning the management of his own craft, or any other.

Next him again is a cutter, and one that has a look about her as she “meant mischief.” Her owner is a thorough racing-man, one who is remorseless about his own comfort or those of his men, provided he has a fast craft under him, and who would have himself struck down among the ballast under the cabin platform, if he thought it would hel

her trim. He is at this moment on the floor of his main cabin, in loving companionship with his best bower anchor, (stowed there for the race,) and as contentedly taking his breakfast from off its shank, as if the latter were the finest mahogany, covered with the richest damask.

Five other cutters and another schooner close the account,—all fine craft of their class and well keltered. Their owners are but repetitions with variations more or less in degree, of the self-satisfied, the easy-going and the smart racing-minded men, with whom the reader has already formed a “bowing” acquaintance.

“Head-sails down, if you please,—keep your head-sails down, sir, I must request!” was the cry of the important sailing committee-man of the Royal *Blank-ton* Yacht Club, as he pulled from ship to ship, giving the last orders; and sorely was the unfortunate wight assailed as he swept along, with fifty enquiries on fifty different subjects, with remarks, appeals, &c., &c.

“D——n it, sir! my head-sails are down, don’t you see?” cried the testy owner of the cutter we have first noticed; “d’ye want to see them right under the ship’s bottom; fothering her I suppose against the holes you expect me to knock in her in your confounded harbour?”

“Look here I beg of you! look here;” sung out a voice from one of the neighbouring vessels, just in time to call off the wrathful committee-man’s attention from the indignant vindications he had begun, not only of his own offended dignity; but of that which he conceived himself quite as much bound to maintain, the fair reputation of his harbour.

“One moment I beg of you to attend to me,” pursued the involuntary peace-maker; “really we have not room to cast clear of each other as the wind is! That schooner and two or three of us will be sure to be on board of each other. I beg of you to give us a clear berth, otherwise there can’t be a fair start!”

“In the committee boat there! will you have the goodness, sir, to come alongside! I can’t make out the course rightly as they gave it to me on shore, pray come alongside just one moment?”

“At what hour do we start, sir? I say, do tell me I beg of you if it is the hour stated in the bills, or if there have been any changes?”

“Committee-boat, ahoy! committee-boat, there! my pilot is quarrelling with all hands already; cannot you help me to another, or I have no business thinking of running at all?”

And so on all down the line, almost every man having something to ask or communicate, until the poor committee-man fairly bothered and wearied out, shook, not the dust off his feet against them, but the spray of his oars, and was pulled lustily back to the flag-ship, as if flying for his life.

Bang! went the signal gun preparatory, and the corresponding flags shook out at the mast-head of the flag-ship,—the commodore's fine schooner moored right abreast of the town, in-shore, and pretty well abreast the centre of the line of yachts. A blessed few minutes of cessation of talking and hailing, at least outboard, succeeded; and then came again the boom of the gun,—the signal for starting.

The commodore's yacht lying to windward of the racing craft, and between them and the town, the smoke of her gun for a moment impeded the view from the latter, of the start.

Presently all was clear again in one sense, but there was a good deal of fouling in another. The first three craft in our line, two cutters and a schooner, have fallen right aboard of each other in endeavouring to cast; and there they are, all in a mess. Of course it is *nobody's fault*, if the special denials of each in his own case are to be taken. But there are special accusations also, and each man charges the other with having caused the disaster.

Meantime the crews seem disposed to argue the matter in their own fashion. A very pretty boarding match has commenced, and handspikes and even ships' axes are beginning to come into play. A huge figure of a negro-cook on board the schooner, has jumped on the stem-head of one of the cutters as it knocked away several feet of the schooner's quarter-bulwark; and is slashing right and left among his enemy's head-gear with a ship's axe, not very regardful whether anybody's limbs came in the way; and cursing and swearing hard enough to blow a whole yacht club out of the water.

The schooner herself settled the matter and prevented all further bloodshed, than the cutting of one man's hand nearly in two by the negro giant. She drove ashore on Blackstone Strand in the midst of the confusion, and while her own crew were called away to tend her in her perilous situation, the other belligerents had their hands full trying to save their own vessels from a similar fate.

A bowsprit carried away and a man's hand cut on board of one of the cutters, a sprung bowsprit, and damaged head and head-gear aboard of the other; a smashed bulwark, rudder knocked away, five or six sheets of copper rubbed off, and some other damages aboard of the schooner, made the sum total of the casualties; if we except the subsequent dismissal of the valiant negro-cook as a peace-offering to the offended pugnacious owners of the cutters, who fairly bullied the negro's mast until he was ready to make them a present of the schooner herself, if would pacify them.

The starting-gun had been so timed as to give the signal exactly r

that period of the tide, or rather at that interval between two tides, which is known as "slackwater;" when as we may explain it for the benefit of landsmen readers, the waters under the influence, as the case may be, of the flood or ebb tide, having run one way for several hours, (varying at different points of the coast, but on a general average six hours,) seem to make a pause of ten or eleven minutes, 'ere they commence their run in an opposite direction.

This choice of time had been to facilitate the starting of the vessels clear of each other, by obviating their being subject in the start, to the action upon them of the strong current that set across the channel either way, where their moorings were laid down. It was slackwater "on the top of the flood," when they slipped, and accordingly they were not many minutes underway when the young ebb was aiding the merry breeze now blowing over their taffrails in impelling them seaward.

The spectacle at this moment presented, was one of much interest to the yachtsmen, and of great beauty to the ordinary spectator. Byron's vivid description of "the Convoy, *spread* like wild swans in their flight," could not exactly apply, for the common anxiety to shape as straight a course as possible for the harbour's mouth, kept the beautiful craft close aboard of each other. But if the poet had imaged the "wild swans" ruffling and clustering as they swept along, the likeness would be complete.

Fox hunters talk of the beauty of a pack of dogs lying so close together on a good scent, that "you might cover them with a sheet!" Now a "sheet" on shore, and a "sheet" at sea, are very different things; the first being the comfortable linen mediator between our bodies and the uncompromising roughness of the blanket; while the second being known and accepted as the designation of a rope, and in no other sense whatever.

But the contending yachts might well have been described by a fox hunter in his own phrase and his own acceptation of it. They covered a space wonderfully small, almost from the first; and as the course lay, it tended to bring them upon lines converging as closely as mutual safety would at all permit; 'till the little squadron became 'ere very long blended into one undistinguishable mass as seen from the shore.

On they swept then, close in company, towards the harbour's mouth; each heaving boom swung broad off, with the deep "foot" of the main-sail ever and anon kissing the feathery tops of the swells that coursed alongside; the spotless canvas bellying out forward in the broad armed square-sails, and towering high and far overhead in the swaggering top-sails; the taunt and brightly varnished spars vibrating with the long

and easy motion of the dark and glancing hulls below, while the clean and well ordered decks had their attractions for the eye not less in their neatness and general tidiness and "ship-shape" compactness of arrangement, than in the picturesque grouping of the seamen's figures, now standing all in a crowd, and now dispersed in knots at various points, according to the different ideas of "trimming ship" which chanced to prevail.

Half-an-hour at the rate they were going was sufficed to clear the harbour, and the square-sails being then handed, and the head and main-sheets got well aft, such of the yachts as had escaped all accident hitherto, stretched along the coast on the starboard tack, upon the appointed course outside.

We say such of them as had escaped accident, for the three that had been disabled at the start had got a companion in misfortune by this time. A shoal just inside of the point that defended the harbour from the westerly winds, had, to use the sea-phrase, "picked up" a yacht that had tried to shave it too closely, in the rash excitement of the race.

As it is with this yacht that the main business of our tale is to lie, we must allow her more fortunate sister-vessels to pursue their course unrecorded, while we "land" the reader upon the deck of the unlucky craft to enable him to see and hear what may be there going on. We reach her just as there's a chance of getting her off before the tide falls lower. Having taken the ground forward on the extreme point of the shoal, she had swung as on a pivot, round, nearly head to wind; afloat for three-fourths of her length abaft, and lay over on her starboard side, with spars, sails, and gear adrift in the water, till just now, when the main-sail is pretty well gathered in. But the gaff and half top-sails are all adrift still, and tearing and slashing away, together with the square-sail, which is split from clue to earing; the cross-jack-yard having gone in two pieces with the force of the shock when she struck. Some steady fellow forward has managed to trim the head-sails aback upon her, and now as the puffs come fresh, she makes a violent surge and scrapes clear of the shoal, heeling over tremendously as the bows take the water again. Just in time the same smart fellow has let run the fore and jib halliards, and immediately after an anchor plunges from the bow, and the rescued craft brings up with a good scope of the rattling chain, and rides in a disorder and wreck indeed, but in safety, in the clear water to leeward of the shoal.

"So much for *our* chance of the cup," said Harry Milton, the owner of the yacht, as he popped his head out of the companion-hatch again whither he had gone for refuge from the fall of blocks, gibing of spars.

and slashing and flapping of loose gear and torn canvas; "*we* may haul down our distinguishing flag at any rate."

"Well, well, sir! we must take things as they come, and be thankful they are no worse;" was the tart reply of Wilson, the "skipper," or to use a more pretentious phrase, the sailing-master of the unlucky Biondina. "What has happened to us might happen to any man in a strange harbour and in such weather; but it is not any man that would have so soon got the vessel off the ground, and with a falling tide too, and brought her safely to an anchor."

"Oh! that's true enough, Wilson," said the easy tempered owner; "that's true enough, it might be much worse; particularly if we lay on that shoal 'till the tide fell much lower. I never meant to say it was any fault of yours, and there is no doubt you showed us how to get out of the scrape. I think with you too that there are not many yachts where matters would have been better managed under such circumstances, than was Biondina; and I only meant it was a pity we have her damaged and lose our race."

"Well, well, sir, better luck next time; it's very unfortunate to have things in this mess aloft, but I'll answer for it she has taken no damage below. The pilot tells me the shoal here is all clean sand, and she only hung on it by her gripe, and went off astern as easy as the day she was launched. To be sure it is a disappointment to you, sir, and I'm very sorry for it, and the damage to the vessel whatever it be; but you see it is none of our faults, and we must only take the rough with the smooth when we go to sea."

It *was* his fault, and he knew it himself as well as everybody else on board, saving and excepting his employer, who like too many yachtsmen, was as little as possible "*captain in his own ship.*"

Wilson had taken the pilot's business out of the man's hands; and the pilot, a poor fisherman hired for the occasion, had not dared to remonstrate. When the natural consequence occurred in the grounding of the yacht, Wilson had most manfully cursed and swore, but rather impeded than aided the getting her afloat again. This would scarcely have been accomplished but for the disregard the crew shewed to his volley of orders, paying infinitely more attention to the quick but quiet suggestions of one of the gentlemen yachtsmen aboard, whose experience and skill had until the moment of danger been repressed by himself, in order to avoid fretting the querulous self conceit of the "skipper."

The immediate object of his interference being attained, John Wright, as the individual in question was named, shrunk back from further intermeddling, and left the craft to her original mismanagement.

Between the damages as they originally stood, and the lubberly manner in which "skipper" Wilson cleared the wreck, there was much to be done when the yacht came to be refitted. On being taken into dock it was found that several feet of her false keel (which was *scarfed* in three pieces) had to be replaced forward, and then came difficulties and delays of picking and choosing new spars for gaff and cross jack yard, mending sails, scraping, painting, reeving and fitting new gear, &c., &c., so that full ten days elapsed before the Biondina was all a-taunto again and ready for sea.

Meanwhile Harry Milton's heart was suffering greater damage than anything we have narrated of his vessel, for he had, like her, gone with a flowing sheet and a full sail, upon a worse shoal, the shoal of love; and had not been able, nor indeed had he tried, to back off into deep water again.

Great was the despair of his prudent and sage cousin, John Wright, and profound his malediction upon the lubberly skipper of the yacht. Had not the latter been damaged, the new calamity, as he considered it, would not have occurred, for, although the affair had begun previous to the regatta, yet the temptation of yacht cruising in the fine weather which had subsequently prevailed would have made Harry Milton easily manageable, and the young lady and he would in all probability have been parted with no great or very lasting injury to either tender heart.

Such had been the hope and expectation of prudent and considerate John Wright in his half-recognised capacity of mentor to the wayward Telemachus of the yacht. But accidents will upset the very best laid schemes, and particularly when obstinacy and self conceit have a finger in the pie. And thus Harry Milton's cruising was for the time put a stop to, and himself left at the mercy of his fair enslaver, and in short a thousand things done that, according to John Wright, should not have been done.

Yet there was still worse behind! by what lovers diplomacy it was brought about we have not time to say, (even if we knew), but to John Wright's extreme astonishment and entire botheration, he was made acquainted with the decided and inevitable fact, that Blanche Harville, chaperoned by her aunt and brother, was coming on board for a few days' cruise.

(To be continued).

A MARINER'S TALE.

(Continued from p. 350.)

CHAPTER II.

" Her vows of love were spoken,
Her ring was plighted too."

" Yes, sir," continued Sam, " we went out of Gorleston harbour at eight o'clock of the morning on the Friday after Christmas. It was a cloudy dull day, and we fared very down hearted (Walter and me) at parting with Mary, and my mind misgave me that this voyage would be an ill voyage to us three, and so it was; but we had got a fair wind and plenty of it, so we ran over the Knock for the North Foreland.

" Old Buttermusic was the best of sailors with a fair wind and fine weather, and we got on very well the first day. But we hadn't been many hours at sea before we found that we had but a poor ship under foot; her mast and spars were so large for her, that she couldn't scarcely wag with 'em, and she had got such a sight of iron in her, that it made her roll and labour in a sea-way, 'till I thought she'd burst herself, or roll the mast out of her. Hows'ever so long as the wind held fair we kept on, and we ran through the Gull Stream, and next day morning we was up with Dungeness.

" By that time the wind had flown round to the south'ard, and was working westerly; and we being unwilling to bear up for shelter must needs try to work down channel so far as Newhaven, where there's a fine roadstead, and a good harbour, now, likewise. So we let go off Fairleigh 'till the ebb made, and then reached off for the coast of France. ' Oh,' says Walter, ' I wish we'd got one of our boats here in place of this here tool of a thing, She's as bad as them greasy old pochards, swim a minute and dive an hour.' And this here change of weather did not suit our mate; for he soon slips down below and we saw no more of him.

" About sun down things looked worse and worse, the night came on dark and blowing fresh, with a deal of sea on, and the yacht we couldn't do nothing with at all; she wouldn't stand up under her canvas, and she was too lean aft to make a run of it, and as for heaving-to, there was such a sight of vessels running up channel, small and great, that we dare not lose steerage way off her dark as it was. So we just kept her gilling to the seas as well as we could. 'Twas about midnight, I reckon, when a heavy squall came up, and I says to Walter, ' We must get another reef.' ' Aye Dandy,' says he, ' you shall be captain

this time.' So I went down to fetch Richard to take the helm while we hauled down the reef, for, as I said, we durst not heave-to.

"Well, sir, down I goes into the cabin, and there I finds him lying full length in a berth as drunk as a monkey, with a naked candle, a bottle of gin, and a hymn book ; and the dismallest music he was making—singing and screeching like Satan and all his angels.

"'You infernal Jonah,' says I, 'if you don't stop your cussed howling blowed if I don't heave you over to the devil,—hymns, hymn book and all.' For I'd always been used to fear my God, sir, and I couldn't abide such ways.

"Well I takes away the candle and the bottle, and up on deck I goes, and there we made shift to get three reefs in the main-sail as well as we could. Presently Walter sings out, 'Here comes one on 'em smack into us and no mistake.'

"He hadn't scarcely spoke before a great line-o'-battle-ship came scudding past us as black as the devil, and as big as the world she looked—and we could almost touch her sides with a boat hook, such a near shave it was. But that warn't all, for right up in the wind, we saw another coming, and Walter says, 'Blessed if there ain't a dozen on 'em haling in each other's wake like a skein of old geese.'

"It wouldn't do now to stand for no repairs, so I jumps down and lights up a great bundle of oakum and tar, and claps it on the end of the boathook, and we held it up torching and blazing on the cross-trees ; for they kept steering after each other's stern lights ; and if they'd run over a hundred such as we, 'twould never have cracked a chicken's egg aboard o' them ; and blow me if we didn't turn as white as sheets as the great black Noah's arks came tearing down upon us. Seven on 'em we counted, sir, and the last was the biggest and gave us the nearest shave of all. An hour after that job the moon got up, and we got our top-mast down on deck, and the bowsprit run in, and reached back for Beachy under a close reefed main-sail and fore-sail. But we should never have got round Beachy if the wind hadn't come round to the east'ard with the sun, and sent us flying down Channel, rolling and wallowing 'till she put us in mind of the girls on One Tree Hill at Greenwich fair : and Buttermusic was all alive again, for he never bore no malice, no more did we, so long as we'd got him aw— from poor Mary. And a fine run we made that day through the Lc Stream, and brought up in Cowes Roads the night.

"'What sort of a spot is the Looe Stream, Sam?' said I. "W^e sir," answered the old fellow, "it's rather a critical spot for them a'int acquainted with it—it's very well in fine weather or with the wi

off shore, but if its blowing hard from the south'ard you'd find it best to hold off, for the wind and the tide drives such a sea into the stream as makes it very awk'ard. I went through once in a little yacht when a large pilot boat was forced to veer for she couldn't stay in the sea; but the yacht held a better wind and kept her reach straight through. There's a passage also between the Puller (Boulder) and the Light, but I don't rightly know the marks, and inside the Mixen there's eight foot or more when the tide first goes to the west'ard, very convenient for small craft.

"But the awk'ardest spot to go through in bad weather with a small vessel is St. Alban's Race. In general there's a passage inside the Race that small craft try for; but in bad weather the Race is often right on the cliffs, and through it you must go holy-bolus, sink or swim, for I'm blessed if you can get back if so be you're running for it with a lee-tide. There's some say there's a rock about half-a-mile off shore, and I've seen it marked in old charts; but I can't hear as any of the fishermen who lay their pots there ever hit upon it; and I should say, 'twas only the break of the sea deceived 'em into thinking about a rock. But I'll warrant the old *Destiny* gave us a ducking going through it that 'ere time.

"We had got the wind southerly and blowing fresh, so Walter says, 'We'll go outside, Dandy.' But the blessed old cripple of a craft wouldn't crawl out to sea, she held such a bad wind. So at last, seeing that was no go, we bore up for the inside passage, and when we got in, there wasn't fifty yards between the broken water and the rocks, and though the sea didn't break there, the roll was fearful heavy. 'Walter,' says I, 'this won't do;' for outside of us it was breaking heavy enough to swallow us up, and close under the lee were the great black rocks with the seas climbing up 'em, as high as a ship's mast. But Walter held on his course as true as a line, and though once the boom nearly scraped the rocks, and the back-wave half swamped us, we got through safe, and a few hours later we was brought up in Portland Roads, the same as we are now, sir."

By this time Sam's audience had grown more select than at the commencement of his narrative, for with the exception of myself, all the ship's company had taken refuge in sleep; and in various attitudes of listless discomfort they were lolling on the lockers, riding out the tale as well as they could; but somehow I could not help taking a strong interest in old Sam, and I was sure that there was some mysterious sorrow in the history of his life, with of course a woman at the bottom of it; so I was the only wakeful listener.

We now went on deck to see that the vessel had not driven, took the bearings, and found that we had not budged an inch; gave a long look at the dull hazy clouds that were coursing overhead before the gale, and then retired below to smoke another pipe and hear the yarn fairly out.

"Yes, sir," he resumed, "we lay pretty nearly where we are now, and surprising drunk Richard got that night, and of course as it was in harbour as you might say, we saw no objection: but we let him sing his hymns and drink 'till he was no better than a fool; for though we didn't like such doings at sea, we thought 'twas a sin not to let him have a bit of pleasure now and then poor chap.

"But we soon found something else to attend to, for about midnight in a heavy squall the wind flew round to the north'ard, and drove such a sea into the Roads, that we was forced to slip, and try to work over to Weymouth; but the Destiny's gear was none of the best, and she carried away the iron strop of one of her main halliard blocks and let the gaff down, and before Walter could get a temporary block stropped and the halliards rove again, the wind had gone back to the south-west, and we found ourselves drifting athwart the bay straight away for the Whitnose rocks. By this time there was such a furious gale blowing, and so much sea on, that we knew the yacht wouldn't look at it, and we had nothing to do but to run to leeward and keep her off the rocks if we could. But it was rather a dismal look out, running straight back for St. Alban's Race, that had so nearly done for us in the morning, and now twice as much wind and sea, so that even where we was, we expected every sea would have been the last, and it would have been 'Oh! death where is thy sting,' with us once and for ever.

"Well, sir, we had got very near the rocks, and as we were running along shore, keeping off all we could, and expecting nothing better than to be dashed to pieces on Kimmeredge Ledge, all on a sudden Walter caught sight of a light on shore, and in a moment I made out a vessel riding at anchor in a sort of cove; so neck or nothing starboard the helm, and in we went on the top of a high sea that tore us along between two rocks, and set us down in smooth water, in a little land-locked bay about as big as a London Dock, with good holding ground, and all safe and snug. We thanked God for his goodness, and happy hearted we went to rest that night, little guessing what the morrow had in store for us.

"The next day morning Walter knew the place to be Lulworth Cove in Dorsetshire, and a snug little spot it is. The gale had moderated but there was still a deal of sea outside, and the great breakers came tumbling through the narrow opening, and bursting over the rocks to

same as you may hear 'em now outside the beach; but in the Cove it was all smooth and quiet. There were a few houses on the west side of the bay, and people drying nets and mending lobster pots. The cliffs all around were high, and checked the wind back so that we rode with a slack cable; the rabbits were hopping about all over the rocks, and the whole place fared wonderful composed and peaceable.

"But, bless my soul, I'd almost forgot to tell you about the vessel we had seen at anchor. Well, sir," said the old mariner with a heavy sigh, "she turned out to be the Harpy tender,—'twarn't long, sir, before a boat came alongside and took us all three aboard, and carried us off to serve in the *Cenone* frigate that was lying short of hands, and wind-bound at Dartmouth, and by G—, sir, it was a cruel job and that's all about it."

"What did they press you?" "Aye, press!—by the Lord they did; and we that had just escaped the sea fell into the hands of them that was worse to us than wind and sea together."

"Well, Sam, but what did they do with the yacht?"

"Well, sir, for the matter of that, I believe they wasn't far wrong, for what with the French *Chasse-Maree* privateers, and what with our own cruizers, we never should have got round; and it was as well first as last, so they towed her up to Weymouth Backwater, and laid her up there for the present.

"What did they take Buttermusic too?"

"No, sir, the doctor wouldn't have him, so they let him go home as soon as he liked. And dismal work it was for us seeing him go away home to them we loved best, and guessing what he would be after when he got there.

"Hows'ever we thought 'twas best to trust him, for he could but deceive us at the worst; so we told him how Mary was promised to Walter, and how dear they loved one another, and all the rest of it, and he cried like a good 'un at parting with us; and swore he would tell Mary that we should soon get back, and to keep a good heart and true; and that he would be as kind to her as her own dear brother, and protect her from all danger and harm."

Perhaps a yawn on my part, or some mournful recollection of his own gave old Sam a hint to freshen his way, for he cut this part of his tale as short as possible, saying:—

"We hadn't been three weeks aboard o' the *Cenone*, sir, before we fell in with a French frigate off the Start, the *La Grisette* was her name. So in course we fought her, and the wind being light the two vessels got foul, and the boarders was called, but unluckily for us as soon as a

dozen or so of us had set foot on her the ships parted, and there we was like a rat in a gin; for three more enemy's ships hove in sight, bringing a breeze up with 'em from the south'ard, and it was time the *Enone* should look out for herself.

"We heard afterwards that with fighting and running she made shift to get clear off; but as for us our officer bid us lay down our arms, for what was thirteen against seven hundred, and we was nabbed and clapped into irons down below.

"Oh! Lord, sir, a terrible time we had of it in that blessed French prison up the country. Three long years we lay there with just food enough to keep a man's life in him, and nothing on 'arth to do except moping and pining, and longing for our own dear homes, that many of us were never to see again. We lived the most part of the time all in one room together, without furniture of any sort, except what stools and tables we managed to knock together out of bits of wood that we begged from them that brought our food.

"So long as they had got a little money left our mates kept up pretty well by buying brandy, but as soon as that was all gone they got worse and worse. After the first twelve months, one stout chap that had been boatswain's mate got into a melancholy way and grew childish, and the others gave up all care of themselves, and took no thought of mending their clothes, and got to live just like pigs—and small blame to them poor chaps, for it was the misery drove 'em to it. But Walter and me we never quite gave up the idea of getting away, and seeing our dear old Herrin'-boat Hall again; so we kept what money we had got quite snug, and we strove to keep our courage up, so as not to get into such helpless ways like the rest of 'em. One of our moves was larning to read out of a song book Walter had with him, and I'm blessed if we didn't make scholars of ourselves before we'd done; so that thank God I can read the almanac or the bible, or a ship's name, or anything like that, but writing hand I ain't up to. Another plan we had, was larning the Frenchman's lingo from them that fetched our food for us, and after a bit we got to *parley vous* with 'em thirteen to the dozen. But when two years were gone and no hope, we began to get desperate like the rest: the song book was wore up, and the rats eat it, and our keeper died, and another came who was hard o' hearing, and we lost all count of time, and thought of nothing but that we should die in that dismal place, and be chucked into a ditch like dogs; and indeed, sir, when two of our mates died before our eyes, we pretty nearly gave it up as a bad job, and wished our turn might come next.

"I can call to mind, sir, one night seeing Walter climb up on his

stool and look out into the night through the hole that served for our window, and I saw the poor chap was down-hearted, and so I went up to him softly, and when I got near I heard him saying,—‘Mary, dear Mary, be true to me,—be true, Mary, be true!’

“Cheer up, mate!” I said to him, “never fear her! Who is there she ever cared for but you?”

“‘True enough, Dandy,’ says he, ‘but ’tis Richard Wilder I fear. ‘Walter,’ says I, ‘If ever she takes up with such as him I’ll never call her sister again.’

“‘Don’t say that,’ says he, ‘remember she has no one to take care of her, poor little thing, and he is always by; and you know a woman is but a weak tender creature, and a little kindness with a dab of religion will make ’em believe the devil himself an angel straight from heaven.’

“‘Don’t talk like that, Walter,’ said I, ‘she’s staunch and true from stem to stern, trust me for it.’

“But after that I often noticed him in the evening climbing up to the window and looking out over land and sea, and sadly I feared his mind would leave him, poor chap, for he looked shocking wild at times.”

(To be continued.)

LINEs WRITTEN DURING THE PREVAILING SICKNESS IN THE WEST INDIES.

When forced in sickly Western climes to roam,
 Bereft of all that constitute a home,
 With what endearment does fond memory cling
 To those glad hours youth only once can bring;
 And those loved friends whose virtues but remain,
 To shew how hard to fill their place again.
 How true it is, none e’er can understand
 The sterling blessings of their native land;
 The smiles of friendship, and the proofs of love,
 Only surpassed by those exchanged above;
 The little acts of pure affection shewn
 So genial to the atmosphere of home;
 I cried, will teach the tempest sailor tost,—
 How oft to him life’s happiest hours are lost,
 When on the bed of fevered sickness lain
 Opprest by sleepless nights and days of pain,
 Perhaps some bright gleam of happier days gone by
 Will fleet across the sufferer’s drooping eye,

As if to shew him joys like those are gone,
And never, never can to him return.
But when within our valued native land,
Where health and beauty shine on either hand,
What tho' the fickle goddess chance to frown,
And our best efforts should refuse to crown,
Undaunted we will shout with heart and will,
"England with all thy faults I love thee still."

E.A.S.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

(Continued from p. 356.)

THE Cod spawning time is from January to April, and the fry may at first be found during the summer months, in company with shoals of small fish, as sprats or herrings, which they separate from as they increase in size ; they grow rapidly, and are often found to attain to a length of from twelve to sixteen inches by the month of October. When they do not exceed a foot or so in length, they are termed by the fishermen codlings, or skimmers ; and when they exceed that size, until they reach the weight of seven or eight pounds, tamlin cod.

As the cod fish recovers from the effects of spawning sooner than most other fish, and as some spawn even so early as Christmas, whilst others defer so doing until the early part of the month of May, some cod fish may be met with in tolerable condition at all seasons of the year. Still it seems that the cod is strictly speaking, a winter fish ; and never attains to its highest perfection except during the winter months ; coming in season in October, and going out in February, and being in its highest state of perfection about Christmas. Still it must be remembered that all cod fish do not come in season at the same time, as out of twenty fish you may catch on the same day, and on the very same ground, you will not fail, even at the most favourable seasons of the year, to find some very ill-conditioned fish, whilst at less favourable times you may be unable, out of the same number, to find a single cod fish that is in proper order for the table. It is therefore important that every caterer for a family should know how to choose a cod fish, which may easily be done if the following rules are strictly attended to. First, select a fish that rises high, and is thick about the poll, with a deep pit just behind the head, the body carrying its fullness well down towards the tail ; the sides should appear as if ribbed, and the fish ought to be perfectly stiff, otherwise, whatever its condition may be, it will eat less firm, than even a fish inferior in condition, which if it dies stiff and with its mouth distended, will shell out better in flakes than a

far better fish that has died with its mouth shut, and remains unstiffened after death.

The criterions for determining the freshness of a cod fish is the transparency of the skin, brightness of the eyes and redness of the gills, all of which assume a dull cast as the fish grows stale. Another mode of testing the freshness is to press your fingers on the body of the fish sufficiently hard to make an impression, which will remain if the fish be stale, but if fresh, will rise again upon the removal of the pressure.

When out of season the cod assumes a lanky appearance, particularly towards the tail, the colours on the upper side become of a dusky hue, and the whole body frequently becomes covered with a species of sea lice ; and the worse the fish, the more lousy and emaciated does it become. At such times it is utterly worthless for the table ; and when taken in such a condition ought to be restored to its native element, there to remain until its improved health shall render it an object worthy of capture.

As a general rule, the larger cod, if in good season, are the firmest and best flavoured fish ; the smaller ones being apt to be soft and watery, and the smaller they are, to the greater extent does this defect prevail. Still this may be in some degree removed by sprinkling salt over them for a day or two before they are cooked. A sprinkling with salt previously to being dished, is indeed an improvement to most cod fish, particularly to those which are not in the best condition ; but a cod in prime order may be eaten in perfection without any previous preparation in the salt way, when a firm and delicious curd will be found between the flakes. But before we say anything about the cooking this most excellent fish, we must follow Mrs. Glasse's advice with respect to the hare, and must first catch our cod, or at any rate proceed to show how this can be most readily done. But as the hare must be found before he can be caught, so must we ascertain the proper haunts of the cod fish before we attempt to fish for him, as also the proper tackling for the occasion, otherwise all our labours will be thrown away.

The largest number of cod fish, at ordinary times, are to be found in the open sea, and in deep water, of from twenty to forty or fifty fathoms deep, where they usually feed near the bottom, but towards the latter end of autumn they follow the shoals of herrings, sprats, pilchards, and other small fishes, not only in bays and estuaries, but also far up into harbours and even small creeks where the water runs salt ; whilst codlings may at all times be found in shallow, as well as in deeper water.

Cod fish, both great and small, are exceedingly voracious, and may be taken with almost any kind of bait. Such indeed is the voracity of these fishes, that they will often devour muscles, whelks, and other shell fish whole, and Mr. Yarrell mentions that Mr. Couch, of Polperro, has taken as many as thirty-five crabs, none less than the size of half-a-crown piece from the stomach of one of these fishes; and such are their powers of digestion that their gastric juices are sufficient to dissolve the greater portion of these crustaceous substances, and what they cannot thus get off, they have the power of rejecting whole. The best bait for cod fish is herring, pilchard, or sprats, sand launce, garfish, mackeral, and a species of cuttle fish which the fishermen term squid, although there are few kinds of fish they will not take. Codlings will also bite freely, not only at fish baits, but also at muscles, cockles, lug, and rag worms, as will also the adults occasionally; but as the latter baits are usually attached to fine tackle, adapted only to smaller fishes, a large cod fish generally succeeds in marching off with the hook, leaving the disappointed fisherman to conjecture as to what manner of fish he may be, as well as the probable dimensions of the heavy monster he has felt tugging away so lustily at his line. But, sometimes with skilful management a large cod fish may be secured with very slender tackling, and when this can be managed, the excitement of the sport is considerably enhanced, for the pleasure is far greater in catching one large fish in this way, than taking a dozen such with the stout tackling properly adapted for the purpose. Cod fish may be taken either by day or by night, but usually bite best towards dusk. Codling, hake, and other large fish are often taken with the same lines and tackle that are employed for catching whiting, and not unfrequently by seizing on the very whiting themselves when hooked, and in the act of being hauled up from the bottom. When this occurs it may easily be discovered by the increased weight and struggling at the line, and at such times, particularly when the increased resistance is first felt, you ought to haul your line very gently, not only for the purpose of not endangering your tackle; but also to enable your opponent to gorge the bait, which, if you allow him sufficient time, without making a "pull devil pull baker" affair of it, he will generally contrive to do in a minute's time or so, when, if the hook has come through any part of the whiting, it will be pretty certain to fix itself somewhere in the cod's capacious stomach, or stick fast in his throat somewhere or other. If, as more frequently happens, the hook is fixed in the stomach or throat of the whiting itself, then, although master cod will suffer himself to be drawn well nigh to the surface

rather than give up the delicious morsel he has managed to swallow amidst so much resistance and difficulty ; still before he comes within reach of your gaff-hook, he will decline to dispute the matter further with you, and give you back your mutilated whiting, as an acknowledged, but very worthless, trophy of your superiority. It often also happens that your weighty opponent takes his departure before you have succeeded in drawing him sufficiently near the surface to ascertain what kind of fish he really is. This, however, may generally be ascertained by an examination of the mutilated fish, which, if it has been in the mouth or maw of a cod fish, will be found to be merely bruised, with the skin little, if at all, scarified ; whilst, if seized upon by a hake or a ling, it will be marked with lines of deep scratches or furrows from the sharp teeth which these latter fishes possess.

The latter kind of fish, particularly hakes, as also dog fish and sharks, are often found very annoying to the whiting fisher, by seizing on the whiting as he is hauling them up, which after holding on till drawn near the surface, and mangling in such a manner as to render worthless, they reject at the very moment the fisherman has begun to hope he should make a prize of the assailant, which he would probably have done if the hook had not been stuck fast in the mouth or throat of the whiting, so as to prove entirely innocuous to his more formidable antagonist. At such times a small fish, with a good sized hook stuck through its head, lowered down to the bottom, and drawn up gently, or even in the ordinary way of hauling up a whiting, will sometimes be found to catch the rapacious intruder ; but it too often happens that this is only so much time and labour thrown away, for it almost seems as if the large fish knew the bait that is laid for them, as oftentimes, whilst they continue to mangle and tear away at every fresh fish you hook, they will leave the bait you strive to entice them with, either altogether untouched, or they bite off or mangle the hinder parts only, leaving the head, to which the hook is fixed, untouched ; and which alone you have sometimes the mortification to haul on board. Under such circumstances, the best plan we know of, although by no means an infallible one, is to have two hooks of just sufficient size to project beyond the cheeks of your first bait, fixed back to back, leaded in the same way as the ordinary gorge hooks employed in fishing for the fresh water pike. These should be baited in precisely the same way as the trolling gorge. The snood of the hook, which must be strong, should, by means of a bent needle inserted at the mouth and coming out at the tail of the bait be drawn through it, until the leaded shanks

of the hooks are concealed in the body of the bait, and the two hooks project, one on each side of the jaws: the tail of the bait must be fastened neatly and firmly to the snood with a piece of strong thread, to keep the bait in a proper position, the snood should then be attached to a strong line, and a lead of the ordinary whiting line, sufficiently heavy to keep the line nearly up and down, should be fixed to the line, about three or four fathoms from the hook. This should be sunk to the bottom and then hauled up four or five fathoms, then sunk rather suddenly down a few fathoms, and hauled up again, and so continue sinking and hauling at different depths, which will cause the bait to sheer and dive about in a very natural and attractive manner, and thus prove a very enticing lure for a hungry hake, ling, or codfish. When a bite is felt, which may readily be done by the heavy tugging at the lines, it will be the better plan to give way to the fish a little at first, and allow him a little time to touch the bait, which, if he remains tolerably quiet for a short time, and then makes a fresh struggle, you may safely presume he has done, and that he has already found it disagree with his stomach; upon which you may venture to pull away upon him, taking, of course, into your consideration the resistance of the fish as proportioned to the strength of your tackle; but, however strong the latter may be, do not dispense with the assistance of a gaff-hook in hauling your fish on board; for even should your snoods and hooks hold on, the hold upon the fish may break away, and thus you may lose your prize between wind and water; a position in which ten to one more lusty fish are lost, than with all their tugging and struggling manage to effect their escape in being hauled up to the surface; and frequently from no other reason than by trying to dispense with the gaff-hook, under the erroneous supposition that the fish, apparently without a single kick left in him, and lying all but lifeless upon the surface, may be safely lifted on board with the simple snood, because it is capable of supporting a dead weight of twice the heaviness. But a codfish, although he should thus slip off, is by no means irretrievably lost, for if not too much exhausted, as he often is, to make a struggle to get beneath the surface, he has so inflated his air bladder as to be unable to sink, and if you have your gaff at hand, he may be generally secured before the tide sweeps him away; and even then, in spite of all his exertions, he will be unable in nine times out of ten to get his body under water, so that if you have a boat at hand you have nothing to do but to take to it and give chase, when you will be certain to secure your prize, unless, as sometimes happens, some

enormous blue shark, or some other of that voracious tribe, should be prowling about in your neighbourhood, and forestall you in the pursuit.

Cod fish usually feed near the bottom, and therefore the line must be sufficiently long to reach it, allowing at the same time for the stray line that will be carried away by the current. The bait should be close to the bottom if not actually resting upon it. If, therefore, there is little or no current, the lead, after reaching the bottom, should be hauled up about the length of the snooding; but if there is much current it should be hauled up a very little way, as a very slight current will carry out the baits in nearly a horizontal line with the sinker. The sinker must be proportioned to the strength of the tide and the depth of the water, and where the sea is very deep, the line should be of tolerable stoutness, not only on account of the additional strain there always must be as the line increases in length, but to bear the weight of the sinker, without the latter untwisting the line, which a heavy lead attached to a slight line will never fail to do when sunk in very deep water, by continually running round and round, and twisting the snoods of the hook around the lines, in a manner that not only gives considerable trouble to clear again, but renders catching a fish under such circumstances all but hopeless. The same consequence of the line twisting is also certain to occur with the new lines before they are properly stretched; a precaution that should always be taken before the lines are called into actual use. The best way we know of stretching a new line is to tow it astern with some weight at the end, whilst a boat or vessel is sailing at a rapid pace through the water; and the best thing to attach to the line for this purpose is an empty wine bottle, the line being fastened to the neck, which, whilst it stretches the line, will at the same time take out the turns and kinks in the most effectual manner we know of; although this will not often be done until the process has been two or three times repeated.

Two hooks should be used in cod fishing, attached to a stout piece of snooding, or couples, the latter of which should be fixed to the lines; the upper hook reaching about half way between the line and the lower hook, which should be between two or three fathoms from the sinker. The proper plan seems to be to have a stout piece of snooding, almost, or quite as thick as the main line, of about a fathom in length, tied to the sinker, with a loop at the further end to which the couples with the hooks are attached; for then the upper part being so much stouter than the lower, will the better keep all clear from twisting round the line. The form the of sinker is sometimes of a boat shape, and

should have a stout piece of iron wire inserted at each end, with a round turn at each extremity to fasten the line to, as in figure 1, the line being

Fig. 1.



attached to one end of the lead, and the snoods and hooks to the other. Sometimes sinkers of a conical form are used, in which case a yoke stick will be requisite to prevent the twisting of the line. This yoke stick is either of whalebone, brass or copper wire, or a strong piece of stick, and is attached to the line by a couple of half hitches above and below the sinker, as in figure 2.

Fig. 2.



Sometimes a preference is given to chop sticks, which consist of a stout piece of whalebone thrust through or attached to a conical sinker, the snoods being fixed to each end of the whalebone, as in figures 3 and 4.

Fig. 3.

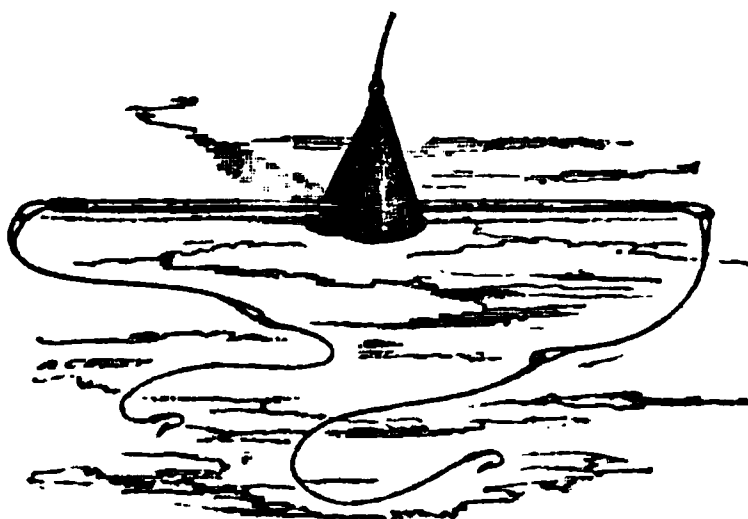
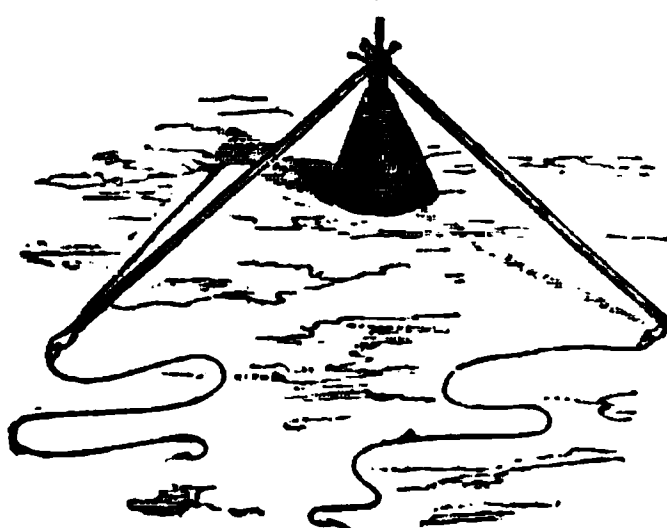


Fig. 4.



But these last mentioned patterns, though admirably adapted to waters of a moderate depth, do not appear to be so well suited to deep sea fishing, as sinkers of the former kind, in consequence of the cross pieces offering greater resistance to the water in being hauled up, every additional half pound of which, where a fisherman has to haul up from twenty-five to forty fathoms or more, would increase his labours to a degree that no inexperienced person would believe possible.

In fishing in the deep sea therefore, particularly for large fish, the boat shape lead, as in figure 1, will be preferable; but in shallower waters, and where such large fish are not to be expected, then the conical lead, with the chop sticks, as in figures 3 and 4, will be most likely to insure success. The snooding and hooks must be in proportion to the kind of fish you are most likely to meet with. We have before noticed, a cod fish, if skilfully managed, may be secured with very slender tackle, but in fishing in the deep sea, you have not only cod fish to encounter, but also hake, ling, conger, rays; skate, halibut, and many other powerful fishes, to say nothing of a large variety of British sharks, all of which are sad enemies to fine tackle; and therefore your snoods must be of sufficient stoutness to give you at least a reasonable chance of securing any of these you may happen to get hold of; for though ordinary cod snooding may haul up a hake, ling, or a large conger or two, still the sharp teeth of these latter fishes will soon cut through the threads of the snoods; and the next fine fish you happen to get hold of, will make his escape with your hooks. This subject, however, we shall discuss more fully when we come to treat of hake and conger fishing.

The snooding for cod fishing should be of two strands only, as being less likely to twist up and kink than where three strands are used, in the act of hauling up a fish rapidly from the bottom; or when a conger happens to get hooked, all these fish having a knack of twisting up snoodings in a surprising manner, which in a three stranded snood it is often impossible to set to rights again. The best snooding is made of shoemaker's twine, which when new, is of a green colour, but turns of a light brown upon being, used. The best of the kind I have seen, I accidentally met with at Davis's, a shipchandler in South Street, Plymouth, where it is sold at the rate of 9d. a ball, containing about 80 or 90 yards, and I have found it answer better for ordinary snooding, both for hand lines and bolters, than any I have before or since met with. Being unable to discover that any precise name has been given to the article, I have termed it Davis's Snooding.

If cod are the principal fish you are fishing for, the hooks should be of large size, though this must be regulated in some measure by the baits you employ, for if the baits are small the hooks should be reduced to a proportionate size; hence when herrings, pilchards, or baits of that kind are made use of, a hook sufficiently large to take one half of these fishes should be used; but when sprats, sand-launce, or squid, are so employed, the hooks must be suited accordingly. Either tin or steel hooks may be used, but we give a preference to the latter, as being much stronger. The hooks are usually attached to the snoods by two half hitches, and the upper part of the hook being flattened, it does not readily slip off; but we prefer whipping on the hooks to the snood, which is not only a safer and neater plan, but possesses some other important advantages, which we shall point out hereafter.

The best bait, take it for all in all, for cod fish, is the squid cuttle fish, an uncouth kind of marine monster, with a body like a soda water bottle, having a huge head where the neck of the bottle would be, large glaring eyes, and arms and legs proceeding from its nose, armed with suckers and cups, which enables them to adhere firmly to anything it embraces. The mouth is of a singular form, being shaped like the beak of a parrot, and placed at the base of the feet which they so far conceal that its strange appearance is rarely noticed by casual observers. These creatures are remarkably quick and active in their movements, swimming with the head backwards, and crawling in all directions with the head beneath and the body above. They are generally procured from the trawlers, who sometimes haul up great quantities in their nets, which they dispose of to the hook-and-line fishermen at a reasonable rate; but at certain times they become scarce, so that occasionally there is a great difficulty in procuring any, either for love or money. These animals are remarkably voracious, and often seize upon pouting, and other small fish as you are hauling the latter towards the surface, holding on upon their prey with their grasping appendages, until you draw them to the very top of the water, where they will continue to hold on and struggle for the prize, when, if you are quick and ready with the gaff hook, they may easily be struck and hauled on board. The latter proceeding, however, requires some skill, and to prevent disagreeable consequences, no small degree of caution, for the moment the squid finds himself struck, he squirts an inky fluid at his foe, to the utter amazement of a novice in the art, who, if he attempts to draw the cuttle towards him, is sure to have a inky volley in his face and eyes, with a plentiful sprinkling of the same sable excretion over his whole person. The way to avoid this is to keep the cuttle under water,

and there let him spout away as furiously as he pleases, until his entire inky battery is exhausted. This inky fluid is supplied to these creatures as a protection against their enemies, for if attacked they eject this black excretion, which, by fouling the water for some distance around, renders them invisible, and this allows them to effect their escape. According to some, it is stated that they cast the fluid in a form so like their own figures, that their pursuers, grasping at the shadow, permit the substance itself to escape ; but as far as our experience has gone, though we have taken many, all of whom have squirted their very utmost in defence, we never witnessed anything to warrant the above statement. These animals have also the chameleon property of changing their colours in a remarkable degree, and sometimes render their bodies so transparent that you can see the whole of their interior. The prevailing colour is a pale brown, and this generally turns to an opake white after death.

To prepare a squid for bait the head should be cut off, and being disembowelled and the back bone, which is flat and thin as paper, and nearly as transparent as glass, taken out, the body should be split in two, and then the baits should be cut off in slices. The arms or legs should also be cut off from the head, as these are considered to make the most enticing baits of the whole. To bait your hook, insert the point at one end of the bait, running the whole hook through, until the bait reaches the snood, allowing the upper part of it to rest on the snood, close to the upper part of the hook, in such a manner that the projecting flat head of the hook may prevent it from slipping down the shank, then turning the hook round, run it in again through the bait, and bring the point out on the opposite side. By this means the bait will not only be kept firmly upon the hook, but also present a much more attractive appearance to the fish. And here is one of the advantages of having a hook whipped instead of knotted on to the snood; for if the latter plan is adopted, so large a hole will be made in the bait in drawing it over the knots, that the flat head of the hook will be insufficient to keep it in a secure position, so that upon the slightest resistance it will slip down over the shank of the hook, and the whole bait become drawn together, which should always, if possible, be avoided. If your baits are small, you should run another piece through to the point of the hook, which will add much to the attraction.

These observations are not only applicable to baiting squid for cod fish, but for any other kind of fish for which it may be employed.

(To be continued.)

THE WEDLOCK.

BY JACK JIB, (BOSUN'S MAIT.)

One HYMEN wur Captin dy'e see of this craft—
 The "WEDLOCK," the clipper wur call'd,—
 And a smarterer ossifer nivver they sed,
 Through a trumpet his orders e'er bawl'd.

Perhaps he wur tautish, or even seewere,
 But then it fell ownly on those;
 Who'd desarted thur prom-misses, sweetarts and luv,
 And sprung thur palavering vows.

A dashin yung chap—Mister CUPID by name—
 Wur fust of this werry same craft;
 And he *didn't* think small beer at all of hisself,
 As he swagger'd his shoulder-gear aft.

In place of gool'd swabs—though mayhap it mout be
 A noo righelation or so—
 He'd wings like a angel, and 'stead of a soord,
 He carried a arrow and bo.

It coodn't hav stud him mutch for his prog—
 That's his messin a-shore, or at sea,—
 As he liv'd all along upon kisses and smiles,
 And *they'd* be short wittels for me.

Then he'd nuffin to pay, for his newniform traps
 This dashin' and rollickin' luf,—
 For he nivver wur seed to have any think on,
 But owlways did dooty in buff.

Nor it warn't to be wunder'd as how as he did,
 Nor you can't the yung ossifer blame;
 Since his mother wun VENUS, I think she wur hail'd
 Used to scud under bare poles the same.

But the dodge¹ as most puzzled the croo of the craft,
 Wur, *how* knavygation wur dun;
 Since the skipper and fust nivver lunar'd the moon,
 No more nor they solar'd the sun.

But HYMEN the captin, and CUPID his fust,
 Sed they "know'd as the reckning wur rite,
 For they steer'd by the eyes of a woman by day,
 And wur con'd by a miss-mate at nite."—

THE SCHOONER YACHT AMERICA.

IN compliance with the request of several subscribers, we shall from time to time insert descriptions of celebrated yachts, both English and Foreign, and in order to carry out the project to its fullest extent, we solicit the assistance of yacht owners and builders;—with the latter it should be considered a matter of public interest, and will also be the means of creating a feeling of emulation among those interested in naval architecture. Proceed we now to recall to the memory of yachtsmen, the description given by the *New York Spirit of the Times* of the clipper America.

She is ninety-five feet on deck from stem to stern; eighty feet keel; twenty-three feet amidships; and her measurement 180 tons. She draws eleven feet of water in sailing trim; her spars are respectively seventy-nine and a half and eighty-one feet long, with two seven-eighths inches rake to the foot; her main-gaff is twenty-six feet long; her main boom fifty-eight feet. She carries a lug foresail with fore-gaff twenty-four feet long; length of bowsprit thirty-two feet. Her frame is composed of five different species of wood, namely, white oak, locust wood, cedar, chestnut, and hackmatack, and is supported by diagonal iron braces, equal distant from each other four feet. From stem to midships the curve is scarcely perceptible, her gunwales being nearly straight-lines, and forming with each other an angle of about twenty-five degrees. The cutwater is a prolongation of the vessel herself, there being no addition of false wood, as is usual in most of the sharpest-bowed craft of similar description.

The fore cabin is a spacious and elegantly fitted up apartment,—twenty-one feet by eighteen feet in the clear, on each side of which are six neat lockers and china rooms; it contains six commodious berths. Adjoining the cabin are two large state rooms, each eight feet square, with ward rooms and water closets attached; between these and the fore cabin there are two other state rooms, joining which are a wash room and pantry, each eight feet. The fore cabin is ventilated by a circular sky light about twelve feet circumference, and it contains fifteen berths. Directly under the cockpit, which is thirty feet in circumference, and which forms the entrance to the after cabin, there is a tastefully fitted up bath room on the starboard side, and opposite on the larboard side a large clothes room. Further aft under the cockpit is the sail room. She has a plain raking stern adorned with a large gilt eagle, resting upon two folded white banners, garnished with beautiful carved flowers of a green colour; her sides are planked with white oak three

inches thick; the deck with yellow pine two inches and a half thick; three streaks of the clamps are of yellow pine three inches thick; the deck beams are also of yellow pine; all the combings are of the finest description of mahogany; the rails which are composed of white oak are fourteen inches high, six inches wide, and three inches thick. She is copper fastened throughout, and copper sheathed from the keel to six inches above the water line, making eleven feet and a half in all. Her sides are painted of a uniform lead colour, and her inside pure white. There is an open gang way extending the whole length from the extreme points of the after and fore cabins.

The tonnage of the yachts of the New York Yacht Club is regulated by their displacement,—in this there can be no mistake, a yacht when fitted for sea, or entered for a cruise is weighed, which is quickly and accurately done by scale beams, and her tonnage determined by her weight. This leaves the builder free to put the materials he uses in any shape or form he may think best adapted to strength and speed, and without any inducement to increase or diminish her length, breadth or depth, with a view of getting an advantage from some particular measurement. The one mode of ascertaining the size seems to us a certainty, the other the reverse of it. The *America* measured by the English rule would be over 200 tons,—by the rules of the New York Yacht Club probably 150 tons.

THE SWEDISH YACHT AURORA BOREALIS.

THIS yacht presents at first view what may be termed a slightly hull, and a more favourable appearance than what the *America* did on her *entrée*; but the distance between her masts appears to be more disproportionate than we have been accustomed to witness. By bringing the foremast a few feet further aft would remedy this seeming defect, but whether that would improve her sailing qualities, we cannot say, but we bow with submission to the superior judgment of her designer. In other respects, all who have seen her have expressed themselves astonished at her workmanship; as well as the accommodation, comfort, and strength of the vessel. No expense appears to have been spared to render her a perfect gem of art; we therefore feel justified in stating that she floats unrivalled, and as the production of our Scandinavian friends, she is not excelled in those qualities by the western continent. They appear to have entered the field of rivalry with a spirit of emulation which does them credit, and with the confidence of obtaining the championship wrested from us by that dreaded antagonist of 1851.

Having satisfied ourselves with her outward appearance, we proceeded on board, through the kindness of Captain Beckman, and were forcibly struck with a clear deck of red pine. The skylights, combings, and companions are of mahogany, which relieve the eye, and give the whole a chaste appearance. On going below, we were much pleased with the arrangements of her cabins and internal fitments, which are so widely different from those presented to us in the *Sverige*. Those of the *Aurora Borealis* partake more of an English character, and are fully adequate for any nobleman's establishment; in such it is evident that a lesson has been taken from us. The main cabin or saloon is superbly furnished, the cabinet work being composed entirely of mahogany and varnished oak; on each side are two sofas, and over these, fore and aft, are four lockers, with double doors in the gothic style, with fluted silk panels—in case of necessity they might be converted into berths; the sofa was covered with dark crimson Utrecht velvet; a beautiful velvet pile carpet covers the floor; and on the starboard side of the saloon a door opens leading through a serpentine passage to the galley and forecastle. On the port side, another door leads to a large state cabin, with bath and every convenience, and thence to the pantry, &c. On either side of the companion, which is abaft the main saloon, there are two state rooms, leading to the ladies' saloon, which is fitted up in a most costly manner in rosewood, the panels being embroidered in Berlin wool, wreaths of flowers, birds, &c. Further aft are two state rooms for the ladies, also exquisitely fitted up, and from thence leading into another cabin, for the *demoiselle d'honneur*, with all the requisite conveniences, bath room, &c., &c. In short, it would be difficult to convey to our readers a minute description of her fitments. Aft the latter bulk-head is the master's cabin, which is approached by a companion on deck, and in the extreme end is the sail room. The dimensions of this yacht are as follows:—Length of deck, 112ft.; over all, 120ft.; beam, 22ft. 10in.; hold, 8ft.; English measurement, 250 tons; draught of water, 10½ft. and F 8½ft.; in all she has 70 tons of ballast. We were favoured with a sight of her lines, and we can therefore testify that there is no similarity between her and *Sverige*, and certainly none of the *America's*. We had almost forgotten to state that she has a raking stern-post and no drag. Her masts are rather short from the designer's original intentions by 12ft.; but such were the spars obtained that the required length could not be procured in time, and the idea of tonguing them was not approved of. She was built and launched at Gothenburgh on the 28th of May, 1853.—*Bell's Life*.

THE SCHOONER YACHT CZARINA.

The Property of T. F. Bayley, Esq.

THIS beautiful specimen of English yacht building was launched from the yard of Mr. Camper, of Gosport, on the 30th of May in this year, and, as usual, whenever a yacht is turned out of the hands of this artisan, she is worthy of the skill and attention bestowed on her construction. She sits the water with all the stateliness of the swan; and although her powers of sailing have not, we believe, been tried, yet the knowing ones augur well of her. Her dimensions are as follows:—

								FT.	IN.
Length over all from figure-head to taffrail	...							116	0
On the water line		96	6
Keel for tonnage		95	0
Breadth extreme		22	0
Depth		11	6
Draught of water forward		8	3
Ditto	aft	11	2
Measurement	210	tons

We did intend adding the Gondola in the plate, as there are so many yachts we wish to give in our Illustrated Gallery; but on going over the subject again with our artist, we decided on continuing the plan we have already carried out, viz. giving to each yacht a separate plate; therefore the Gondola is ready for launching in our next.

THE MARGARET.

ARRIVAL OF THE MARGARET.—Our Colchester readers will rejoice to hear of the arrival of Mr. Mann's new vessel, the Margaret, from the Levant. It appears from the subjoined letter that she has made a most successful trip:—

"DEAR SIR.—I have just come ashore from the Margaret, and am glad to say she is safe at her mooring off East Lane, where her cargo is to be discharged. The account of her sailing is very gratifying, the captain says she will go three times as fast as she did with us; she is the first ship in with a cargo. I see nothing amiss with either mast or bowsprit; the iron tiller broken, and the wood one in use; but they say she steers remarkably light and easy—the iron bent. The captain has reported and entered protest, all that is needful to be done to-day is done. It is very wet, and Davis settling with his crew; to-morrow I shall get particulars. One captain has been to Footner's office; he saw her in the Channel; he had some American

on board, and they said they were sure it must be the devil after them, for they never saw a ship go like her.

“ I am, dear Sir, your's truly,
“ G. R. TOVELL.”

Mr. MANN presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Essex Standard*, and encloses extract of letter received from the captain of his vessel, the *Margaret*.

Hythe, October, 21, 1853.

“ London, October, 18, 1853.

“ We encountered the heaviest gale of wind that I have experienced at sea for many years ; in fact, it was a complete hurricane. The vessel behaved most nobly, and I am satisfied there is not a sailing vessel in England able to sail to the wind with the *Margaret*.

“ The *Flora*, a fast sailing schooner, was despatched from Smyrna for London to compete with the *Margaret*. The persons who loaded her hired a steam tug to tow her down the Gulf. She was towed 200 miles from Smyrna the day before we sailed, and I fell in with her three days afterwards, passed her like a bird flying through the air, and lost sight of her astern in three and a half hours, and

“ Where, and oh ! where, is my charming *Flora* now ? ”

She is not in London yet, and the *Margaret* has arrived first ship, proving herself to be all that was expected of her. She would carry her sails all aloft until it would take twenty good men to get it off her.”

A CRUIZE ACROSS TO HOLLAND IN A FIVE TON YACHT.

MR. EDITOR.—I doubt if many of your readers have ever crossed the Channel in a five-ton pleasure boat. In company with three other members of the Deven Yacht Club I have lately done so; and I think a few particulars of our trip may probably be interesting. Our little yacht, the *Helen*, which was built at Woodbridge, measures exactly twenty-one feet on her keel, eight feet nine inches her greatest beam, with an overhanging stern of about seven feet; she is half-decked and cutter-rigged, her bowsprit being fifteen feet out-board; and she towed a dingy of fourteen feet. We started for Flushing on Tuesday evening, July 12th, with a light breeze blowing from the S.S.W., which barely enabled us to lay our course. Throughout the night the wind was light and variable, followed in the morning by a nearly dead calm, so that it was 4 P.M., before we sighted land. The point we made was Brank-

enburgh, southward, about eighteen miles from Flushing; and the wind then blowing from the E.N.E. We had of course this eighteen miles to beat. Before, however, we had halved the distance, we were caught in one of the severest storms I think I ever witnessed. It came on from the land; and I have rarely seen the sky so quickly overcast. It seemed scarcely five minutes from the brightest sunshine to the blackest night. For nearly two hours the rain was incessant, and the hail stones fairly bruised us through our thick pea coats. The lightning also was so close upon us that we thought more than once the boat was struck. We had alternate squalls and calms until nearly ten o'clock, when the tempest ceased, and the wind, after trying all points of the compass, settled at length into south-west for the night. We were then within a mile or two of West Capel light, (Island of Walcheren,) having drifted in a lull along the Southland Pass, and the night was so dark, and the sea so heavy, that we thought it so dangerous to attempt beating up through so narrow a channel until daybreak. We therefore reached the light, and there lay to—or rather *didn't*, for you might as well have tried to keep a monkey quiet as little Miss Helen in a breeze like that. She would only lay-to at the rate of rather more than four knots an hour; not a very pleasant activity to us, for there was barely half a mile clear water by the chart, with the Scylla of a sand ridge on the one side, and the Charybdis of a lee shore on the other. A nice position for our five-ton cockle-shell, the wind hourly rising and the sea with it! She behaved, however, wonderfully; coming round every ten minutes like a top, so quick apparently that the seas couldn't catch her; certainly, at least, she never shipped one inboard. The day did not fairly break until nearly four o'clock, and the sea was still so high, and so strong an ebb-tide running, that we thought it advisable to run for the eastern entrance of the Scheldt. More than once we feared the dingy would be swamped, and it was no joke jumping in to bale her out. However, in an hour or so we rounded to the nor'ard of the island, and there found a pilot cutter and a smoother sea. At seven we anchored in safety at Camp Veere. I wish I could have sketched the pilot who came to us in a boat, by the way, rather larger than our yacht, in fact he literally *descended* on board of us. His overalls were at least a yard wide at the ancle, and proportionately bigger as they approached his rearward. Truly Dutch this, and truly Dutch the way in which he ate tobacco, stuffing it by handfuls into his capacious jaws. At a moderate computation he consumed at least a peck in the half hour he was with Truly Dutch, also, was his stolid silence, partly owing, doubtless, to ignorance of English, his acquaintance with our alphabet being ap

rently confined to the liquids, for the only word he uttered was the monosyllable "rum," repeated, at, I must say, rather frequent intervals, and with always a smart sternward kick by way of emphasis.

At Camp Veere we were annoyingly detained some days, waiting for the governor's permission to proceed inside to Flushing—an indulgence pretty nearly as expensive as a Pope's. Indeed, in port dues generally our five-ton pleasure boat seemed to cut as large a figure as a first-class ship. One item, by the way, was somewhat curious, being a distinctly written charge for "fire and bacon." This sadly puzzled us at first, as we had revelled in a rasher Soyer-cooked, each morning, and wondered by what principle of law or equity we could be made to pay again in Holland for what we had bought in Suffolk. Upon interpretation, however, it turned out that the words "fire and bacon" were the Anglo-Dutch for "lights and beacon." We had a rattling fifteen hours' sail up to Antwerp, and frightened our old "loots" (Dutch for pilot) out of nearly half his senses by it; for there was a stiffish breeze, and a nasty short swell on, and in beating up to Flushing she dipped her nose so into it that we were soon wet through, and "loots" especially. The quantity of tobacco he consumed in his excitement was really something marvellous; it took us quite a week to sweep up the tea-leaves; and from the variety and intenseness of the Dutch oaths he muttered he seemed clearly very far removed from equanimity. He had a pretty tale to tell when he got back to Camp Veere, of the cruize he had with the "English dyvils," as they call us. The Sapphire arrived while we lay at Antwerp, and her owner, Mr. Milner Gibson, came on board to look at us. I think he was scarcely less surprised to hear of our crossing in such weather than most of the Antwerpians; among whom, indeed, Miss Helen found so many admirers, that we might readily have made a profit had we felt inclined to part with her. From Antwerp we had a two days' sail to Rotterdam, and left it Friday morning, August 5th, reaching harbour the next evening, after a sail that a cockney might have revelled in; the sea like a millpond all the way, and we slipping through it as serenely as a duck. A pleasant ending to a pleasant trip. With regard to the storm, which was its most important feature, I find every one says hereabouts, that we couldn't have felt half the gale they had blowing here that night. Of course I cannot speak with any certainty on this point, for it is not humanly possible to be on two coasts at once. But as a sufficient proof I think of what a sea we were in, the pilots who were in the cutter said that when they sighted us they thought at first we were a sunk ship on the sands; for all they could see of us at half a mile distance was a Jack at the mast head, and some

men clinging to it; of the yacht itself they couldn't see a vestige. And there wasn't a man of them but said if he'd been with us, he'd have run the yacht ashore and only tried to save himself. But it shows what a sea a small boat will go through, if she have but a little English pluck to back her; with which national reflection, I am, sir, your obedient servant,
D.Y.C.

[We thank our Subscriber for directing our attention to the above, and think the *writer* did not know that the *Yachting Magazine* would have inserted it if it had been sent.]

SONG.

Where would I be
An exile from thee?
Ever disconsolate, ever despairing,
Day after day:
Onward and onward, recking nor caring
Whither away,
Far o'er the sea where the wild winds are clashing
Frantic with glee,
Out in the gloom where the dark waves are dashing
There would I be.

Where would I be,
Far, far, from thee?
Reckless, insatiate, ever repining,
Ever in vain.
Wreathing sweet memories, twisting and turning
Thoughts full of pain.
Sad in night's solitude, hopelessly, cheerlessly,
Dreaming of thee:
Calm in the ocean gale carelessly, fearlessly
Clearing the sea.

Where would I be
Lady with thee?
In the bright isles where the palm trees are waving
There would I stray,
Far from this weary world chiding and raving—
Far, far away.
Never, ah! nevermore recklessly faring
Over the sea:
Ever, ah! evermore peacefully sharing
Sorrow and glee,
There would we be, oh! there would we be!

A. V.

MEASUREMENT.

As every yachtsman is, or at least should be, anxious to ascertain the method of measurement for tonnage, we have availed ourselves of *Peake's Treatise on Shipbuilding* a cheap and truly useful work, in which much is "set down" to enlighten the tyro in the construction of ships. Our present article embraces that portion designated by the author:—"Measurement of the Tonnage of a Ship, or a supposed approximation to her capacity for carrying cargo, by the old system of ascertaining what is termed the Builders' Tonnage of her."

The general terms of this rule are these:—that Burthen in tons = *Length of Keel for Tonnage* \times *Breadth for Tonnage* \times $\frac{1}{4}$ *Breadth for Tonnage*, divided by ninety-four.

These terms are determined on the draught of the ship, or taken off from the vessel when built, according to the following apparently arbitrary considerations:—

Length of the keel for tonnage.—The capacity of a body is comprised under three dimensions; length, breadth, and depth. It would thence seem, that in forming a rule that was to ascertain the capacity of a ship for cargo, a length was taken that might fairly be considered to comprehend that portion of her which could be occupied by her lading, which length was called "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage." This dimension by the rule is ordered to be taken as follows:—the fore extreme to be at the fore side of the stem, at the height of the upper deck in two-decked ships-of-war, frigates, single-decked vessels, and merchant ships, and the middle deck of three-decked ships; and the after extreme to be at the back of the main post, at the height of the wing transom in square-sterned ships; and in ships with elliptical sterns, where the same height of the upper deck of two-deck ships, &c, or the middle deck of three-decked ships, cuts the line of the counter; these points to be squared down to the line of the lower edge of the rabbet of the keel produced, and the distance between these intersections to be the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage." This length, if taken as a measure of the length for capacity, would manifestly be doing so without regard to any contraction of the length in the lower part of the hold of the ship, which might arise from the rake given to the extremes, or that of the stem and stern-post; but the rule, with a view to meet this consideration, diminishes the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage"—first, for the rake of the stem, and, secondly, for the rake of stern-post. The deduction to be made for the rake of stem is to be obtained by taking three-fifths of the "breadth for tonnage;" while that for the rake of the stern-post is to be the result which arises from allow-

ing two inches and a-half for every foot that the upper side of the wing transom at the middle line, in square-sterned ships, is above the lower edge of the rabbet of the keel, or the same ratio per foot in ships with elliptical sterns, for the height of the intersection of the counter line with the back of the main post above the same base; and the sum of these two estimated deductions is to be taken from the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage," to give the "length of the keel for tonnage."

Breadth for Tonnage—A dimension to be obtained by subtracting from the extreme breadth of the ship, at the height of the wales, the excess in thickness of the wales over the thickness of the plank of the bottom; thus a ship is in breadth from outside to outside of the wales sixty feet—the wales being ten inches thick, and the bottom plank five inches; the excess of the wales in thickness over that of the bottom plank would in this example be five inches on each side, which gives ten inches to be deducted from the extreme breadth of sixty feet for the "breadth for tonnage," so that the "breadth for tonnage" would be fifty-nine feet two inches.

The "keel for tonnage" and "breadth for tonnage" of a ship having been thus estimated, the builder's tonnage of her as shown by the equation will be known, by multiplying the "keel for tonnage" by the "breadth for tonnage," and that product by "half breadth for tonnage" the last product being divided by the number 94, the quotient thence arising will be the number of tons the ship was formerly registered as being able to carry. This rule, used as the test of the quantity of cargo that a vessel can carry, is absurd, one dimension which is so essential towards ascertaining the real capacity of her being left out in the calculation, viz., the depth; so that two ships having the same length and breadth, but the one being double the depth of the other, would nevertheless bear nearly the same nominal tonnage: in fact, the deeper ship would be the lesser one in tonnage, from the greater height of the wing transom in her above the lower edge of the rabbet of the keel, causing a larger deduction to be made for ascertaining her "keel for tonnage," giving thereby a less length for it and consequently for calculation; while it will be easily understood, that the double depth, all other things remaining the same, could not fail to give to the smaller registered tonnage vessel by rule, the power of carrying double cargo. It was this anomaly that tied the hands of the British merchant shipbuilder from making an effort towards any improvement in the forms of the mercantile navy of this country, and made the ships for commerce square and deep boxes with the ends rounded off for steerage: attempts

have been made to dispel this bugbear to good properties in the ships forming the mercantile navy of this country; and having given a practical example of this ancient method—for it is still perpetuated in the navy, where it is used as forming a standard of comparison only—another rule will [be given, authorized by act of Parliament, by which it has been endeavoured, through the means of a series of internal measurements, to form an approximation to the cubical contents of the internal space or hold of a ship which it is intended should be occupied by the cargo or lading.

Example of the Old Measurement of Tonnage on a Vessel of the following Dimensions.

	Ft.	in.
"Length between the perpendiculars for tonnage,"	180	10
Breadth, extreme, from outside to outside of wales	49	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
Wales in thickness	0	8
Bottom plank in thickness	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Excess of the thickness of the wales over that of the bottom, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches or both sides	0	7
From which the "breadth for tonnage" for using the rule will become as follows.—		

	Ft.	in.
Breadth from outside to outside, as above	49	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
Excess of wales over plank of bottom	0	7
"Breadth for tonnage"	48	10 $\frac{1}{4}$

Whence, for rake of stem, $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of the "breadth for tonnage" equals $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of—

$$\begin{array}{r} 48 \quad 10\frac{1}{4} \\ \times \quad 3 \\ \hline 5)146 \quad 8\frac{1}{4} \\ \hline 29 \quad 4 \end{array}$$

Which is the deduction that is to be made, according to the rule, from the "length between the perpendicular for tonnage" for the rake of the stem of the vessel.

The deduction to be made in feet and inches for the rake of the stern-post will in this example be found, by the height of the wing transom above the lower edge of the rabbet of the keel, as, being taken by measurement; and supposing it to be 22 feet 9 inches, the ratio of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches for every foot of that height will give the sum to be subtracted—thus

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Ft: in.} \\ 22 \text{ ' } 9 \\ \times \text{ ' } 2\frac{1}{2} \text{ inches} \\ \hline \text{inches } 45 \text{ ' } 6 \\ 11 \text{ ' } 4 \end{array}$$

divided by 12)56 ' 10=

The deduction to be made from the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage" for the rake of the stern post } = 4 ' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

Whence, adding these two together, viz:—

						Ft.	in.
Deduction to be made for the rake of stem	29	4
Ditto	ditto	ditto	post	.	.	4	8½
						<hr/>	
						34	0½
						<hr/>	

Will give the total reduction in feet and inches that must be made in the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage" to obtain the "keel for tonnage" of the rule; or the "keel for tonnage" in this particular example will be found by taking from—

Ft.	in.	
186	10	Or "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage."
34	0½	= Deductions for rakes of stem and post as above.

Leaving 152 9½ for "keel for tonnage."

Whence burthen in tons=

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \frac{\text{"Keel for tonnage"} \times \text{"breadth for tonnage"} \times \frac{1}{2} \text{"breadth for tonnage."}}{94} \\
 & \quad 152\text{ft. } 9\frac{1}{2}\text{in.} \times 48\text{ ft. } 10\frac{1}{2}\text{in} \times \frac{48 \quad 10\frac{1}{2}}{2} \\
 & \text{By substitution} = \frac{\quad}{94} \\
 & = \frac{152.76 \times 48.9 \times 24.45}{94} = 1942\frac{3}{4} \text{ tons.}
 \end{aligned}$$

In schooners, cutters, and open boats, the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage" is taken, from where the line of the lower edge of the rabbet of the keel is intersected forward by the squaring down of the fore-side of the stem at the bed of the bowsprit, and measuring the length from this point to where the lower edge of the rabbet of the keel, if produced, would cut the aft side of the main post; the deduction from this length for the length of tonnage being only that arising from taking three-fifths of the "breadth for tonnage" for rake of stem; the rake of post being considered as accounted for by the above measurement; the rest of the rule the same as for other ships.

That the perpendiculars placed on the draught or drawing for a man-of-war may not be mistaken for the "length between the perpendiculars for tonnage," it is ordered that the former shall be taken from the aft part of the rabbet of the stem to the fore part of the rabbet of the post at the height of the upper deck.

WEYMOUTH* AND ITS REGATTA.

IN the inner curve of a spacious and beautiful bay, formed on the coast of Dorsetshire, by the promontories of St. Alban's Head and Portland Bill, and at the mouth of the little river whence it takes its name, stands the ancient port of Weymouth, now better known as a favourite autumnal watering-place than a sea-port.

Sheltered by hills, the fine beach round which it spreads, forms a gradual descent of firm and level sand, rendering it a delightful promenade for the lovers of the sea-side, while, at the same time, they can enjoy many of the advantages of an ocean climate in true perfection; for so equable and temperate are the seasons, that many plants which in other parts of England require protection from cold, flourish at Weymouth throughout the winter in the open air. The geranium grows luxuriantly, and the large and small-leaved myrtle are out-of-door plants; in fact, the salubrious climate, in every point, justifies the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, who came in his early days to settle at Weymouth, and remarked, that "a physician could neither live nor die there."

* The town of Weymouth was formerly a distinct borough, but in the reign of Elizabeth it was united with Melcombe Regis, a town so called from being built on the demesne lands of the Crown, and both places are now known by the general name of Weymouth. They are divided from each other by an estuary or arm of the sea, which forms the harbour, and united by a bridge thrown across the narrowest end of the piece of water, which widens in an irregular form, somewhat in the shape of a bottle. The lower part is called the Backwater, and from this, a considerable portion of the land on which Melcombe stands has been reclaimed, a process which is still going on.


The admirable situation of the harbour did not fail to render Weymouth a place of considerable trade at an early period; and its commerce with France, Spain, and Newfoundland, long sustained the maritime importance of the town; and in the time of Edward III. (1347), the quota of men and ships which it furnished was much larger than that of many ports which have since risen into importance.

Weymouth offers great facilities for sea bathing, as the fine expanse of sand around the bay of Weymouth descends so gradually that at a distance of 300 feet from the shore, the water is not more than knee

* The Watering Places of England.—*Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*

deep, while at the same time it is so firm and level that horses and carriages may be driven close to the water's edge. The semi-circular bay, with St. Alban's Head in the distance, and Portland Isle towards the south-west, lies on the east of the esplanade, while terraces of fine houses lie on the west. Skirting the beach, and having flights of steps for ascending at convenient distances, is the esplanade; raised above which is an embankment of masonry, forming one of the finest marine parades in Europe. On one side is a noble terrace of houses, on the other the ocean itself.

Distant from Weymouth, between four and five miles, is the mass of freestone called Portland Isle, though, in reality, it is but a peninsula, connected with the main-land by a ridge of pebbles, called Chesil Banks. This bank extends nearly seventeen miles in a north-west direction along the coast of Dorset, from which it is separated by an arm of the sea called the Fleet, thus forming one of the most extraordinary ridges or shelves of land in Europe, and perhaps the longest, if we except that of Memel, in Polish Prussia. Its average height is from fifty to sixty feet above the level of the sea, and its breadth varies from a quarter to half a mile; the pebbles of which it is formed, consist chiefly of a white calcareous kind, but there are many of jasper, quartz, &c. They gradually diminish in size from the Portland end of the bank, to that which attaches it to the main-land, and are throughout so loosely thrown together, that the legs of a horse sink almost knee deep at every step. Several ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the formation of this curious work of nature, but they have been hitherto considered unsatisfactory. The *consequence* of this self-raised barrier, from the depths of the ocean, may be imagined, when its summit is reached, for it is capable of opposing the most furious tempest, and the neighbouring country probably owes much of its security to this wonderful bulwark of nature. Near the projecting peninsula of Portland, where these stones first touch the shore, they are the largest in size and least rounded in form; but as the drift of the currents, and the pressure of the ocean, continually drive them further and further in towards the bay, they become smaller and smoother, and are so reduced by constant attrition, that in a series of years, masses of ten or twelve pounds will become little pebbles of an ounce each; and this diminution of size is so gradual, that the smugglers can, it is said, when landing upon the beach in a dark night, tell the relative distance from either extremity of this long neck, by the size of the pebbles alone. During a storm the breaking of the sea, and the commotion of the pebbles, form together an imposingly magnificent sight and sound. When a north wind prevails, the pebbles are washed away.



“It is a grand and interesting sight,” remarks an old traveller, “to stand upon the topmost ridge of the isthmus and look to the western edge, where the waves roll in with such force as to wash the largest stones up to the farthest limit that the water reaches, keeping the whole mass in a constant state of attrition; and as far as the eye can reach, the surf having a line of snow-white foam in unbroken continuity: then turning to the eastern side of the ridge to mark the even sandy slope which borders the perfectly smooth and tranquil bay.” Occasionally, though, during a terrific gale, the waves have been known to ride over the whole ridge, and during the great storm of the 23rd of November, 1824, a vessel of ninety-five tons, in the service of the Ordnance, laden with heavy iron guns, and bound to Lough Swilly, was saved in a most extraordinary manner, by being carried over the beach in a tremendous sea, at the period of high water, and ultimately, by the exertions of the hardy islanders, the vessel was finally launched into the Swannery-fleet on the Weymouth side.

This Swannery-fleet receives the waters of several rivulets, and runs into the open sea at its south-eastern extremity, by a narrow channel, called Small-mouth. At its north-west extremity it forms a swannery, (whence it obtained its name,) which contains sometimes seven to eight hundred swans, and is, with the ruins of the old abbey at Abbotsbury, a great object of interest to strangers.

The want of a safe roadstead, or harbour of refuge, in the vicinity of Portland, led to the commencement of the breakwater now in progress, by which the beautiful bay included between Portland, Lulworth, and Weymouth, will soon be as effectually protected from the influence of the south-easterly gales, as it is already guarded by nature from every other quarter of the compass.

The breakwater, which extends a mile and a quarter in a north-east direction from nearly the western point of the island, in about 7 fathoms of water, has an opening of 150 feet at a quarter of a mile from the shore, and shelters an area of nearly 1,200 acres. The cost is estimated at about £500,000, an amount which would be utterly inadequate for the purpose at any other part of the British coast, and, when compared with the cost of the one at Plymouth, appears but inconsiderable. This, however, is owing to the employment of convict labour, and the proximity of Portland Isle, which affords ample materials for the work in the “Capstone” from the quarries. This far exceeds the good building stone in quantity, and has hitherto been almost considered as rubbish. It is now found to be admirably calculated for the purpose of a breakwater, and thus the engineers have at hand an abundant supply of

material which has scarcely any mercantile value, and which is taken from that part of the island constituting the property of the Crown.

The foundation stone of this important structure, was laid by Prince Albert in 1848; and when His Royal Highness visited the spot in the summer of last year, (1852,) the breakwater had not only made a considerable appearance above the water, and well withstood the gales of the preceding winter, but had proved its usefulness during the long prevalence of the stiff east and south-easterly winds, which were so severely felt in the early part of the season at other parts of the coast; for, during this critical period, the water sheltered by the Portland breakwater was quite smooth, and the harbour rendered as safe as it is commodious. A squadron stationed at this spot, will in future, have under its protection, jointly with Dartmouth, all the intervening coast; and these places, with Plymouth, will complete the chain of communication between Dover and Falmouth, a distance of 300 miles.

"Weymouth Roads is safe only with north-west and north-east winds, that is from west to north-east, and is principally frequented by yachts or revenue cruisers, and they are frequently compelled to leave it during the night when the wind blows hard from the southward of west, or eastward of north-east. Anchor within three-quarters of a mile of Weymouth Pier Head in six fathoms, Jetty Head E.S.E., north part of Melcombe open to the northward of the North Pier, clears the Mixon lying E.S.E. from the signal staff."—*Channel Pilotage*.

The regatta was commenced on Thursday the 4th of August but only one race took place on that day, the schooner match for a prize of sixty sovereigns not filling, the only entry made being the Vestal, B. Rowles, Esq., 74 tons.

For the second prize of thirty sovereigns, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding fifty tons, three yachts entered, and at 11 o'clock the committee proceeded to the official boat, which was moored in the centre of the bay. At twenty-three minutes to one, the following yachts slipped their moorings and started for the prize:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
Mosquito	50	Lord Londesborough	Maltese Cross
Phantom.....	25	S. Lane, Esq	White, red border
Elfin	20	— Tomlinson, Esq.....	Red, white border

The Mosquito took the lead, closely followed by the Phantom, both of which left the Elfin a long way astern. The wind having died away, the first

round was not completed under two hours and a half, when they passed the committee vessel in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	3	15	50
Phantom.....	3	32	20
Elfin	4	0	0

The Mosquito having virtually won the race, the Phantom and Elfin withdrew, leaving the Mosquito possessor of the prize.

Numerous sports on the land, consisting of foot races, quoits, throwing the hammer, &c., afforded much amusement.

Friday.—For the Town Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, the gift of Colonel W. L. Freestun, M.P., to be sailed for by yachts of ten tons and upwards, open to all the world, and to be won twice by the same yacht, only the Mosquito, fifty tons, Lord Londesborough, entered; consequently this match was not sailed for.

A purse of fifteen sovereigns, postponed from Thursday, to be sailed for by pleasure boats of Weymouth, and yachts of any port, not exceeding fifteen tons. The following vessels were entered. (Time race, thirty seconds a ton.)—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Surprise.....	10	— Bound, jun., Esq.
Vesper	15	P. Roberts, Esq.
Enchantress.....	10	T. Atkinson, Esq.
Foam.....	8	C. Stone, Esq.

This race was started at 11h. 25m. A.M., but before the first round was completed the Enchantress resigned the contest, and the other three passed the committee vessel on their first and second rounds as under:—

	FIRST ROUND.				SECOND ROUND.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Foam.....	3	25	0	7	0	0
Vesper	3	37	0	6	44	0
Surprise.....	3	37	30	6	47	30

The Surprise therefore carried off the sovereigns.

A purse of £15, for trawlers and pilot boats, belonging to the port of Weymouth. The following started, and arrived in the second round as under, the Nancy having given up:—

Boats' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Close.		
			h.	m.	s.
Charlotte.....	49	E. Way.....	7	33	0
Turk	44	N. Way.....	7	35	0
Liberty	42	W. Scott.....	7	45	0
Nancy.....	34	W. Hellier	gave up		

They started from the Committee's vessel at 11h. 5m. A.M., and Charlotte was the winner.

A purse of £25, for yachts not exceeding forty tons, was entered for by the following vessels:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Phantom	25	S. Lane, Esq.
Fleur-de-Marie	25	J. C. Thierens, Esq.
Lady-bird.	35	R. Carey, Esq.
Blue Belle.....	30	Captain Roebuck.

There was a dispute in this race; the Fleur-de-Marie, Lady-bird, and Blue Belle entered, supposing that the Phantom would not sail, but the owner of the Phantom having claimed to be entered, took up his position and started with the other yachts. They were started at 12h. 22m., and completed the two rounds as follows:—

	FIRST ROUND.				SECOND ROUND.		
	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Phantom.....	4	24	30	7	40	0
Lady-bird.....	5	7	0	8	37	0
Fleur-de-Marie.....	5	38	0	Not arrived before sunset.		
Blue Belle.....	5	53	0	ditto		

We have stated above that there was a dispute respecting the starting of the Phantom, which appears to have struck terror among some yacht owners. A difference of opinion had arisen as to whether the Phantom was legally entered. It appears that on Thursday night the owner of the latter vessel (S. Lane, Esq.,) had not fully decided upon sailing for this prize; but on Friday morning he commissioned a member of the Sailing Committee (Captain Cosens) to enter his yacht, which was partially complied with, the name of the yacht being entered upon the book, when it was decided to complete the entry on board the ccmmittee vessel; but during the absence of Captain Cosens upon regatta business, it was stated by another member of the com- mittee, that he had been empowered by Mr. Lane to withdraw the Phantom from the contest. This statement was made in consequence of the other yacht owners refusing to sail with the Phantom. Upon the strength of this declaration the name was accordingly withdrawn. Upon Captain Cosens return to the vessel he insisted that the entry should be retained, and that the Phantom should sail, and, as will be seen above, she was the first to arrive in both rounds. The matter was argued at great length by the Sailing Committee on Saturday morning, and the question, "Was the Phantom legally entered on Friday morning previous to ten o'clock?" was proposed by the chairman, J. A. Devenish, Esq., and put to the vote, and the following was the result:—

Ayes:—The chairman, Sir W. Thomas, W. Furton, Esq., Lieut. Atkinson, A. R. Cornelius, Esq., Captain J. Cosens, and Mr. J. Drew.

Noes:—Captain Prowse, and Mr. J. Randall.

On the decision being communicated to Mr. Lane, he very handsomely placed the amount of the prize (£25,) at the disposal of the committee, merely deducting the sailing expenses of his yacht for the day.

The owners of the other yachts claimed the right of contesting the prize again, which was conceded, and they started at two, P.M., on Saturday, but in consequence of the calm which prevailed, they were unable to complete the race by sunset.

Various sports took place during the day, which were of a similar character to those performed on Thursday, comprising athletic exhibitions by the soldiers of the 42nd Highlanders, boat racing, &c., &c.

The following subsequently appeared in *Bell's Life*:—

Fleur de Marie yacht, Exmouth, August 16th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR :—Allow me to correct some errors which appeared in the report, relative to the late Weymouth Regatta ; and to do so I must trespass a little on your space, and relate the circumstances exactly as they transpired, in order to give the public a clear understanding of the way in which things were managed at Weymouth, and leave it to judge whether or not such treatment is likely in future to draw yachtsmen together to compete for their prizes. On the morning of the second day's regatta, at ten minutes to eleven I repaired on board the committee vessel, accompanied by the owners of the Lady Bird and Blue Bell, to ascertain whether there were any entries for the prize of £25, open to yachts under forty tons. We had previously arranged between ourselves that, should there be no entry, we were to make up a class to afford amusement, as we imagined there would otherwise be no race for that prize, at the same time, having agreed among ourselves that (as neither of us was in racing trim, but fitted for general cruising) we should not shift ballast, nor set balloon sails, nor sail with any but our accustomed crews.

On our arrival, however, on board the committee vessel we found the Phantom alone entered, upon which we declined, under the above-mentioned circumstances, entering our yachts, which, when it became known to the gentlemen of the committee on board, one of them stated that he had been authorised by Mr. Lane to enter the Phantom, or not, as he thought proper ; and as there would be no race unless the Phantom was withdrawn, he accordingly directed her name to be erased, which, when done, the three yachts, viz, Lady Bird, Blue Bell, and Fleur de Marie were entered, their money paid, and they alone drew for stations, which they proceeded to take up ; but, a few minutes before starting, the Phantom brought up abreast of the Fleur de Marie, and upon our repeated inquiries of the committee boat, which had been appointed to start us, we were distinctly and severally told that the Phantom "was not in the race, and had nothing to do with it." Upon the faith of this assurance we started, and, at the same time the Phantom, which vessel considerably obstructed the progress of the Fleur de Marie, and at one time all but run into her just before rounding the first mark, and thereby caused the latter vessel a loss of some distance, although I repeatedly assured those on board the Phantom that we were not sailing against her, and requested them to give us fair play ; she, however, persisted in pursuing her course and, setting her balloon sails, was enabled to complete the

distance before the time limited. The racing yachts did not come in until after time as it fell calm, and continued so for more than an hour.

These are the facts of the case, and to my unbounded astonishment I heard it announced, after a most protracted discussion on the following morning, that the Phantom was to have the prize awarded to her ! This decision, I believe, was arrived at upon a division by a majority of seven to two ; one of the minority being Captain Prowse, who, it appeared to me, had the whole onus of the management of the yacht races, and was thus left in that most unpleasant predicament of having done all that a yachtsman could do to afford sport, and finding his arrangements upset by others who had been on shore, and had left those duties to his (if I may presume to say it) most able management. Upon Captain Prowse pledging himself to hold himself responsible for the £25 the committee agreed to grant that sum to be raced for by the deluded yachts ; and, for that purpose, started us at 3 p.m. in almost a calm, to go two rounds before sunset, although Captain Prowse stated that he considered one round enough. However, I need not say the course was not completed, as the Fleur de Marie, which was the only vessel to get once round, arrived at 9h. 10m. p.m. and thus terminated the Weymouth Regatta of 1853. Of course I need not say that the three racing yachts received nothing for their two days racing, not even their entrance money returned. Hoping in common fairness to all parties, you will not fail to give this publicity in your next number.

I am, &c.

JOHN C. THIERRIN.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

On the 23rd of August a numerous assemblage attended from Exeter and the surrounding country to witness the sailing for the Challenge Cup and other prizes ; but in addition to these there was another attraction. The bard says "what's in a name?" In this instance it is easily answered ; it has a charm—a talismanic power—and when the renowned name of the "Mosquito" meets the eye, all wonder ceases. Her appearance this year at this delightful place caused great sensation, as it is not every yachtsman that will go to the expense of preparing his yacht for racing with a certainty of defeat. The Mosquito must have sufficiently embellished her owner's sideboard with her trophies, that he can now spare to others the chance of "doing likewise." We much admire the craft, and although in herself she is a racer, yet to the immortal Jack Nicholls great credit is due. He is on the ocean where Nat Flatman or Frank Butler are on the turf, alive to every move and land a winner.

The public buildings of the town, on this occasion, were gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and on the Den, which was thronged with spectators, there was every appearance of a general rejoicing. T

exhibitions were numerous, and of the usual description. The refreshment booths occupied a considerable space of ground, and received extensive patronage. The regatta was under the stewardship of the Hon. John Harboard, Jones Parry, Esq., Capt. Travers, John Ingle, Esq., R. S. S. Cary, Esq., and J. Whidborne, Esq., and the committee was composed of gentlemen. who did everything in their power to carry out the sports satisfactorily.

The *Challenge Cup* (a magnificent gilt cup, weighing 120 ounces) to be sailed for by yachts, *bona fide* the property of members of a royal yacht club ; entrance £1 ; twice round, about 30 miles.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Rlg.	Owners.
Mosquito.....	50	cutter.....	Lord Londesborough.
Snake.....	25	cutter.....	S. Pearson, Esq.
Vestal.....	74	schooner ...	B. Rowles, Esq.

The cup becomes the property of the gentleman who wins it twice with the same yacht ; and the owner of a yacht, or the member of a royal yacht club, is required to be on board during the sailing. The race proved a hollow affair, as there were great objections to enter the list of competition with the Mosquito. She beat the Volante last year for the cup, and her chance to win this year was put down as a "dead certainty." After the start was effected the Vestal retired, there not being wind enough for her. The others continued on their course, and so slowly as to make the sailing uninteresting ; but half-way round an accident happened to the Snake's rigging, which did away with any chance she might have had for the prize. The Mosquito ran her course, and carried off the cup, and her success was hailed with delight and loud cheers.

A *Prize* of £20, given by the committee, open to all yachts.

Fleur de Marie, J. C. Thierens, Esq.....	1
Lady Bird, R. S. S. Cary, Esq.....	0

Blue Belle was entered, but gave up. Fleur de Marie took the lead at starting, kept it, and won by about 20 minutes. She goes over the water like a swan.

A *Prize* of £5, for four oared boats not exceeding 36 feet, was won by the Lalla Rookh (Mr. Watson, Torquay), beating the Sylph (Mr. Mansfield, Teignmouth), and Amateur (E.A.B.C.) The Lalla Rookh took the lead at a slashing pace, and the other boats never came within fifteen yards of her, by about which distance she came in a winner.

A *Purse* of sovereigns was rowed for by women, and caused the most amusement of any race of the day. The crews were composed of "fair dames" from Dittisham and Shaldon, the former of whom rowed in the Lalla Rookh, and carried off the prize.

A punt chase and other aquatic amusements followed, and rural sports took place on the Den. There was a ball at the Subscription Rooms, which was attended by upwards of 150 of the "beauty, rank, and fashion" of the town and neighbourhood.

SEA VIEW REGATTA, ISLE OF WIGHT,

The romantic and picturesque "land and sea views" of the Isle of Wight have so often been attempted to be described in the various guide-books of the island, that it would seem almost impossible for the visitor to add anything new to the general stock. To ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who visit the isle, the name of "Sea View" is unknown to them other than what is everywhere to be seen at the foot of a "lodging-bill." The village, bearing this modern name, forms rather an important place in the island geography, inasmuch as it is the chief abode of the well-known "east end pilots," the yacht sailors of the Wight. It was originally called "Old Fort," but of late years known as Sea View, since it has been selected by many "illustrious names" as a summer and winter retreat, and the result is, that the locality has afforded to the proprietors a handsome investment, and a host of villas bearing aristocratic names, mark the site of the abode of pilots and fishermen, as is the case in the neighbouring villages of Nettlestone, Bembridge, St. Helen's, Shanklin, Bonchurch,* &c. If

* In the village of Bonchurch was born the celebrated Admiral Hobson, who flourished in Queen Ann's reign: he was brought up a tailor, but his predilection for the sea service, and his great bravery and conduct, raised him from the lowest station to the highest rank in the navy. The following biographical sketch, it is hoped, will not prove uninteresting to the reader:—

"As he was one day sitting alone on the shop-board, casting his eyes towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men-of-war coming round Dunnose; and following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work, and ran down to the beach, where he cast off the painter from the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the Admiral's ship, where he entered as volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning, the Admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time, Hobson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours, he became impatient, and enquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending. On being told the action must continue till the white rag at the enemy's mast-head was struck; he exclaimed, 'Oh! if that's all, I'll see what I can do.' At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero, taking advantage of this circumstance, determined either to haul down the enemy's colours or perish in attempting it. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main yard, gained that of the French Admiral, ascending with agility to the main-top-gallant-mast head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he retreated; and at the moment he gained his

there were nothing else than the walk on the sea shore to render it delightful, we might be content, for on leaving Ryde Pier "if we only keep to the left we shall go right;" we then pass along the Dover—once "a plain covered with grassy hillocks—the silent resting-place of the departed mariners who perished in the Royal George," now built upon and covered with elegant mansions and villas, but without any pillar to inform the traveller, or any monument to record the catastrophe, or embalm the memory of the brave departed. Passing along the once famed shores of Appley, with its overhanging woods, "when Worsley wrote and Drayton sung," we arrive at St. Clare, the seat of Colonel Harcourt, the member for the island; thence passing Puckpool and Sea Field, we reach "Sea View," and a more appropriate name could not have been selected for it. Here the sea opens with great sublimity, while the boldness of the view is softened by the eye falling on the distant shores of Sussex. To the westward we observe Hayling Island, Portsmouth, Spithead, and the Motherbank in succession. The

ship, the British tars shouted 'Victory!' without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion in consequence of the loss of their colours, ran from their guns, and while the Admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavouring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. Hobson, at this juncture, descended the shrouds, with the French Admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action reaching the quarter-deck, Hobson was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by ill-treating and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the Admiral, on hearing of the exploit, observed a very opposite conduct:—My lad (said he to Hobson,) I believe you to be a brave young man: from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection." Hobson now convinced his patron that his countenance shewn him was not misplaced. He went rapidly and satisfactorily through the several ranks of the service till he became an Admiral. He had the command of the Torbay, as vice Admiral of the Red, in the celebrated affair off Vigo, and for his bravery in that action was presented by the Prince of Denmark to Queen Anne, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and afterwards settled a pension of £500 a-year upon him, with a reversion of £300 a-year for his wife, in consideration of his eminent services. Nothing further is related of him after this period; but the following incident is said to have occurred:—Being at Spithead after his return from Vigo, he resolved to visit his native place, left his ship, and landed at Brading. In the course of a short time he arrived at his old master's house, and found both him and his wife still alive. Having asked the old lady several questions relative to the fate of their lost apprentice, she said she supposed he was drowned, as the boat in which he went off to the ship was found some days afterwards without any person in it. The Admiral asked her for some refreshments, and while she was busied in providing a something for her illustrious guest, he began singing a song which the old lady well knew was the favourite song of her apprentice; she rushed into the room, and recognized Jack Hobson in the person of the gallant Admiral; and it is needless to relate how overjoyed she was in once more beholding him who she imagined was long since dead."

broken pieces of rock and cliff which lie at the base all add to its romantic appearance. The village is situated on a gradual steep from the cliff, and possesses some very elegant villas, and there are many resident gentry about the immediate locality. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that this place, like every other fashionable rendezvous on the seaboard, should have its regatta; and we find among the patrons of the regatta the following distinguished names:—Colonel Harcourt, M.P., Thomas Gardiner, Esq., P. Percival, Esq., A. Gray, Esq., and Le Marchant Thomas, Esq., of the R.Y.S. Aurora, F. Thynne, Esq., of the Wildfire, and many other yachtsmen, with a donation each of £10 to the regatta fund. Had the sailing matches been contested for by yachts, it probably might have been of more notoriety; but this much we must say, that the principal match was between the East End pilot boats, manned with those “time honoured” names of Greenham, Caws, Matthews, Wheeler, &c., so celebrated for their “superior skill” in handling those “slick craft” of our own waters, viz: Marina, Gipsy Queen, Wildfire, Julia, and other clippers.

Monday, September 26th.—First Sailing Match.—Pilot boats, for prizes of £8, £6, £4, and £2. The following were the entries:—

No.	Boats' Names	Tons	Owners
16	Jane.....	32	Mr. George Caws.
	Midas.....	29	-- Charles Caws.
9	Neptune.....	29	-- Anthony Davis.
32	Gratitude.....	33	-- Thomas Davis.
27	Ariel.....	25	-- James Midlane.

The course was to have been twice round the Nab Light, and S.E. buoy of the Stourbridge, passing outside the buoy of the Noman; but, in consequence of the situation of the wind, the course was subsequently altered as follows:—From the starting vessel round the Warner and Noman buoys, thence home—thrice round; the course, in fact, being about an equilateral triangle, the starting vessel forming the apex. There was a strong breeze throughout the morning from the N.W., but it was nevertheless a “fine weather day,” and the result was a numerous assemblage of visitors from Ryde and the East End retreat. The celebrated Alarm pilot vessel, belonging to Capt. Greenham, was the station vessel on the occasion, which was gaily dressed with signals, presenting as she always does, a yacht-like appearance. In the vicinity were the yachts Marina, Aurora, Wildfire, and Peri. The sailing committee comprised Capts. James Greenham, Georg Greenham, jun., B. Walker, James Caws and Capt. Matthews, who reserved to themselves the power of deciding any dispute which might arise; but, as none took place, their “burthen was light.” At one p.m. the gun fired, and

the vessels slipped from their moorings with a strong breeze from N.W., and proceeded on the port tack to pass outside the Warner, thence they had a beating wind to weather the Noman, in which some considerable tack was displayed; after rounding the Noman they kept away for the station vessel, and performed this course in similar order three times. It was an excellent match between the Neptune, Jane, and Gratitude, such was their equal sailing; the latter, however, unfortunately carried away her peak halliards, which caused her to labour under a slight disadvantage and loss of ground, which she did not eventually recover. The Midas, though entered, did not start. The following is the order in which they arrived at each round of the course :—

	1st Round.				2nd Round.				Arrival.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Neptune.....	1	55	0	2	40	0	3	27	15
Jane.....	1	56	0	2	40	30	3	28	10
Gratitude...	2	0	0	not timed			3	36	35
Ariel.....	2	4	0	„			3	39	54

By this it will be seen that the Jane recovered herself half a minute in the second round, but lost fifteen seconds in the third round, and the Neptune was the winner by fifty-five seconds only. A more exciting match in blowing weather could not have been sailed. A little error in judgment (with due respect to the skill of those in the Jane) was manifest in the last round, after passing the Warner, by allowing her to be too long on the port tack; had such not been the case, she might have made “a tie” with the Neptune.

Second Match.—Wherries and yawls; £6, £4, £2, and £1. The following started, and came in as numbered :—

	h.	m.	s.
1. Oakapple.....Mr. B. Walker.....	3	29	0
2. Prince of Wales — James Caws.....	3	31	2
3. Squirrel..... — Thomas Wheeler	3	31	25
4. Jackdaw — James Greenham.....	3	48	0

The course was from the station-vessel, round a boat moored off the Priory to the eastward, and one off Spring Vale to the westward, and back; twice round; which was well contested under a strong breeze. Four o'clock had now arrived, and the wind decreased considerably, just sufficient for the small fry; they were consequently started.

Third Match.—Sailing boats under 18 feet; prizes, £3, £2, £1; course round a boat off Sea Grove, and another off the Salterns; twice round. The following started, and came in thus :—Wildfire, A. Matthews, 1; Alarm, R. Greenham, 2; Little Squirrel, T. Wheeler, 3; Star, J. Matthews, 4; and Acorn, J. Walker. 5.

The next match was between yachts' gigs, but only two entered, the Wildfire's boat, manned by Ryde men, and another boat, pulled by Sea

View men. After an excellent and well contested match twice round the course, victory was declared in favour of Ryde.

A duck hunt, pole dances, (Squire Gray's pigs being captured by a lad named Osmond), and other sports terminated a most excellent day's amusement.

THE BABBICOMBE REGATTA.

THIS aquatic *fete* came off on Tuesday, August the th, and proved one of the best which has taken place on the whole coast, from Portland to Plymouth, during the season. No one who has paid a visit to Babbicombe can deny that it possesses the greatest advantages for a regatta, the view of the sports being uninterrupted, and the scenery around truly delightful. It is now twenty-nine years since a regatta took place at the above spot, if we except a few minor boat races which came off some ten or twelve years ago. The idea of holding an aquatic *fete* this year originated with Mr. Henderson, the local steward for R. S. S. Carey, Esq., of Tor Abbey, and most satisfactorily has the event passed off under his superintendence, aided by an active and energetic committee. The day was delightfully fine, and hundreds of persons from all quarters flocked to the "scene of action." The hill, from which a charming and most extensive view of the bay is obtained, was occupied by numerous booths and stalls, and we were pleased to notice that the neighbouring aristocracy, in handsome carriages, honoured the occasion with their presence. The hilarity of the scene was greatly enhanced by the attendance of a good band of music, which played at intervals during the day. The stewards were—R. S. S. Carey, Esq., R.W.Y.C.; Captain Story, R.N., R.W.Y.C.; S. Pearson, Esq., R.W.Y.C.; and George Thorne, Esq., R.N.

A purse of £20, (time race,) for yachts of from fifteen to forty tons, *bona fide* the property of gentlemen, and kept for pleasure only; three times round, about twenty-seven miles; entrance £1.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Vampire.....	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.
Fleur-de-Marie	25	J. O. Thierens, Esq.
Fawn.....	25	H. Fillis, Esq.
Blue Belle	30	Captain Roebuck.
Snake	20	T. Pearson, Esq.

The start took place at 2h. 8m. 50s., and the result was as follows:—

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Vampire	3 10 0	4 11 3	5 11 55
Fleur de Marie ...	3 12 0	4 14 20	5 15 25
Fawn.....	3 12 33	4 15 2	5 18 52
Blue Belle.....	3 18 25	4 15 50	5 19 45
Snake.....	3 23 0	4 35 0	gave up

This was one of the most beautiful races ever witnessed, and excited the most intense interest. There was an excellent breeze, and the crews of each yacht made the most of it. At one or two points of the course it appeared any one's race, but by dint of good nautical tactics the Vampire passed the winning boat first, amid the cheers of the assembled hundreds and the loud firing of cannon. Mr. Wheeler was highly complimented by his friends on his success.

A purse of £6, for sailing boats. not exceeding thirty feet over all; open to all; distance, eighteen miles.

Boats' Names.	Owners.
Racer	William Somers.
Nautilus	Robert Harris.
Eliza	William O'Nias.
Pamela	John Sowning.

This was a capital race between the first and second, Racer winning by two minutes. Pamela carried away her bowsprit, and had to retire from the contest.

A purse of £5, for fishing boats belonging exclusively to Babbicombe; distance, about twelve miles.

Boats' Names.	Owners.
Neptune.....	John Matthews.....
Jane.....	John Thomas
Louisa.....	Robert Harris.....
Principal	William Gasking
Black-eyed Susan.....	Jonathan Thomas.....

There was a capital race between Neptune and Jane, the former proving victor by about a minute. The others were "tailed off."

A purse of £4 for four-oared boats, belonging exclusively to Babbicombe.

Boats' Names.	Owners.
Butterfly	R. Matthews.
Ocean Queen.....	Robert Thomas.
Speedwell	T. Mills.
Dove	S. Pearse.

This was a very exciting contest, and each crew pulled like "Turks." Butterfly, however, took wing, and flew on at a rapid rate, the Queen keeping closely in her wake. The Dove was out of feather, and occupied the above unenviable position, and Speedwell had something to do to obtain a third place.

A purse, for two-oared boats, belonging exclusively to Babbicombe; won easily by Speedwell, (Thomas Mills), the Brightsides, (William Gasking,) being second, Mineral, (William Gasking,) third, and the Sarah, (John Matthews,) fourth.

A prize, for four-oared gigs; won easily by Waft, (W. Hodge), the Sylph, (Mansfield,) being second, and Rattler, (S. Matthews,) third.

A punt chase, minute time, created considerable amusement, from the artful dodging of the "duck," who kept his pursuers at bay for a length of time, but he was eventually captured under the stern of a yacht, whilst partaking of a drop of gin, which was handed to him by a person on board. The "duck," however, having only had a free swim for about fifteen minutes, lost the prize.

Rural sports afterwards took place on the hill, and the day's proceedings passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

LOUGH ERNE REGATTA.

Thursday, September 22nd.—The handicap stakes entered into at the late regatta on Lough Erne were sailed on or on this day. The following yachts entered.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Eagle.....	21	William D'Arcy, Esq.
Banba	20	James Johnston, Esq.
Banshee	12	Robert Johnston, Esq.
Halcyon.....	8	Henry D'Arcy, Esq.

Weather broken; wind hard from the south-west, with squalls, and a heavy lake; course, six miles dead to windward, six miles of a haul half-a-point off land, and ten miles of a run home.

The yachts took up their moorings under close reef with the exception of the Banshee under single reef. The Eagle did not start for want of a helmsman. The Halcyon after rounding the first buoy gave up and returned home leaving the Banba and the Banshee, the latter winning with ease, having carried her canvas well, with only the loss of the whiskers of her bowsprit shrouds which were carried away in the pitch. This little yacht was originally built by Marshall, but was this year lengthened by the bows, by Purser of Dublin. The lines of the American bows were not strictly followed

the alteration. The *Banba*, the winner of the first prize at the regatta, was built altogether on the lines of the *America*. The *Eagle*, the winner of the handicap stakes at the regatta, was also lengthened by the bows this year by Purdy.

[In our report of this regatta of Wednesday, 14th, we in following the account of our respected friend *Bell* were led into error, and the match stated to have been sailed on the above day took place on Friday the 16th.]

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The closing trip took place on the 15th October, Commodore Berncastle hoisting his flag at three p.m. on board the *Undine*, and soon after got under weigh from Blackwall, with a fair wind, followed by the *Blue-eyed Maid*, *Alice*, *Fawn*, *Traveller*, and others, the Vice-Commodore bringing up the rear in the *Idas*. Each yacht took down many members of the club, who had availed themselves of the hospitality of the yacht owners on this occasion. On arriving at Erith the admirable little fleet came to anchor, and "all hands" repaired to the club house, the Crown Inn, where an excellent dinner had been provided for them by Mr. Dean. About thirty sat down to the entertainment, and on the removal of the cloth the usual loyal toasts were drank with due honours. The Commodore then gave "Success to the Prince of Wales Club," and ably gave an account of their "doings" during the season, from the first match, when an American yacht, sent over on purpose for the club, displayed the stars and stripes on the waters of the Thames. This, in itself, illustrated sufficiently the celebrity of the club, which in the space of two years, embraced a list of 600 members and 10 sail of Yachts, from 300 tons to the modest four-tonner. In conclusion, the Commodore observed, that now was the season, for improving, refitting, devising the lines for new vessels, laying down on their keels, and hastening their construction on superior scientific principles, to enable them to enter into honourable competition with the victors of former years. The Vice-Commodore than gave the "Royal Thames" and "Royal London" clubs, and made some excellent remarks upon the fraternization of yacht clubs, all having but one object in view, viz:—the advancement of yacht building and sailing. The health of the Commodore was then proposed, followed by that of each officer in succession. The treasurer, in returning thanks, spoke with confidence as to the prosperity of the funds, adding that, on the 1st of January 300 guineas would swell the balance he had now in hand. Messrs. Gordon and Chubb, the hon. secretaries, received well-merited praise for their very active services, which were evidently duly appreciated by all. Harmony prevailed until a very late hour, when the Commodore announced that, as he should get underway at two o'clock, and proceed down the river on a cruize, members had better turn in "all standing, and that two guns would be fired as a signal to start. Accordingly, at that hour, several yacht got underway.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting was held on October 17th, at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi Terrace, at 8 p.m. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Eagle, the treasurer, in the absence of the commodore, who, we regret to hear, has just met with a family bereavement; Mr. Short occupied the vice-chair. About fifty members were present. Mr. Crockford rose to bring forward his motion on "yacht measurement," and here we may take the opportunity of inserting a "report" made upon the subject to the club, and which was frequently referred to during the discussion that ensued after Mr. Crockford's opening speech:—

"The committee appointed by the Royal London Yacht Club to inquire into and collect information as to the best system for the measurement of yachts, beg to report to the club that they have communicated with all the most eminent yacht and shipbuilders of the United Kingdom on the subject, and having given the information procured and the whole matter of measurement their best consideration, they are of opinion that the present system is highly objectionable, and would recommend that the following alterations be made, viz:—That in lieu of the length for measurement being taken along the rabbet of the keel, it should be measured in a straight line on deck from a perpendicular line from the foremost part of the main-stem to a perpendicular line from the aftermost part of the main stern-post. The committee would bring under the notice of the club the fact that yachts measuring by the present system 25 tons would—supposing the proposed alteration were adopted—be increased in nominal tonnage; and the committee would therefore submit to the club whether it might not be desirable that the maximum tonnage of first-class yachts be extended, so that yachts of the size now rated as 25 tons might be allowed to sail in the club-matches. In the event of the alteration recommended being carried into effect, the committee would suggest, in order to meet the interests of owners of yachts constructed at the time and belonging to this or other royal yacht clubs, that the length of such yachts be measured according to the present method and also by that proposed, the mean of these two lengths to be considered the length for tonnage. The committee consider that one general system of measurement is very desirable, and would therefore advise that the club should communicate with the other royal yacht club previously to coming to any final conclusion on the subject. Dated 17th January, 1853."

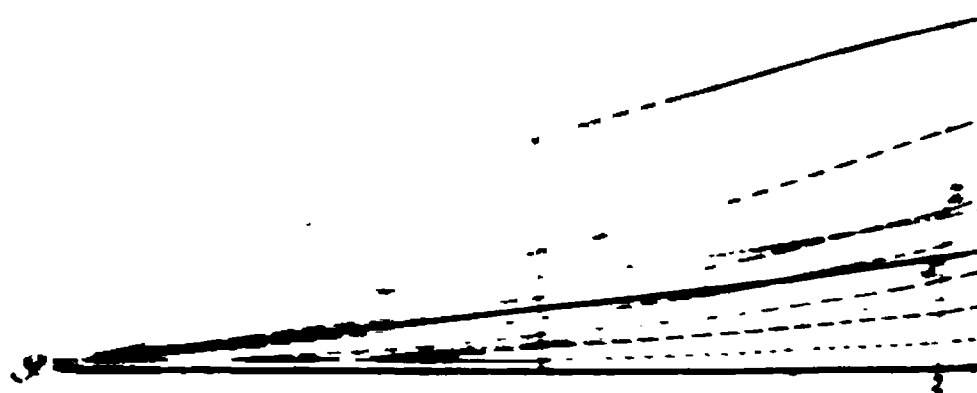
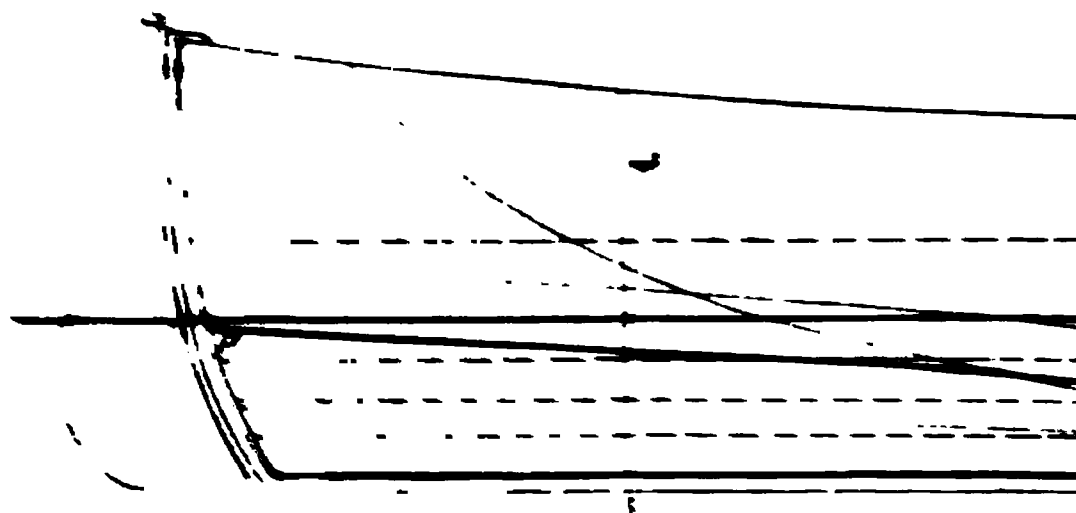
After a lucid speech by Mr. Crockford, the motion was carried.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Cuninghame's Book received; also the "Channel Cruizers," "Model Yacht Building," with Diagrams, "Old Dominion," Commodore Berncastle's Lectures, &c.

Answers respecting Punt Building, Eau Douce, Jack Junk, &c., in our next.

We purposely omitted the Royal Southern regatta, as we intend giving it entire with the correspondence in our next.



CASSA

HUNT'S SAILING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1853.

ON MODEL YACHT BUILDING.

In the September number of our Magazine, we inserted a short question to "Eau-douce," to which he thought, perhaps, that a short and simple answer might be given. It has received no notice in the last number, because all our readers and correspondents who were competent to give the required answer, were too busy to devote the necessary time to answering the question, or shrunk from the trouble which it would involve. Our business, however, is not at this time of year, of so pressing a nature as to make us refuse the time necessary for composing an adequate answer, and the help which, at various times, we ourselves have derived from others, induces us not to begrudge the trouble. In default of an answer from "a better hand," perhaps "Eau-douce" may be contented with the following solution of his difficulties.

It seems that "Eau-douce" is quite a tyro in the art of making model yachts; but wishes, nevertheless, to establish a miniature dockyard, himself becoming head shipwright, and owner and captain and all. The first step, therefore, is to invest a certain amount of capital in the necessary appliances, instruments, materials and tools. If "Eau-douce" wishes to be as rich as the *springs* of the Californian and Australian yachtsmen, he may of course furnish himself with a very large and handsome set of mathematical instruments, on which extra workmanship has been expended, and containing paraphernalia for making *ticked* lines,—others for making dotted lines, and every other kind of line and curve known

or unimagined; his tools may all have ebony handles, and be of every size and grade in succession. If, on the other hand, "Eau-douce" be working for his livelihood, and possessed with a love for nautical matters that makes him determine to stint himself a little, in order to buy tools, and chose to work after hours, so as, in course of time, to establish a young fleet of sailing vessels, then he may, by dint of ingenuity and perseverance, make very few instruments and tools perform a great variety of offices, and produce the most opposite effects. We will suppose, however, that this same Mr. Fresh-water can purchase all that he *should* have in order to do his work with convenience, but yet does not feel inclined to expend more capital than is absolutely necessary for the attainment of his object. Then, again, we will suppose that he is not going to attempt to rival Farley of Fleet Street, in completeness and execution. That would be difficult. Besides, Fresh-water is, we suppose, in too great a hurry to see his ships afloat, and is desirous, therefore, of producing the greatest effect in the least possible time, and with the least expenditure of patience or exertion. Good;—now we understand each other.

But we have yet another hypothesis to make. Let it be granted that Mr. Fresh-water has wasted shoe leather, or paid a certain amount of cab hire, in running or driving from shop to shop. He has gone to the optician and obtained a pair of compasses, small compasses with a pencil, a good sized square, a *very* long ruler, long parallel rulers, a few wooden moulds of various sizes and shapes for acting as rulers in drawing *curved* lines, and a bow pen. He has jogged to the colour-man and obtained a large sheet of drawing paper, (damaged sheets are quite as serviceable for all purposes, except making clean copies of lines as presents for friends, and they are one-third or half the price of good drawing-paper,) some Prussian blue, some green, some pink or vermillion, some yellow, some brown, and some Indian ink; or he may dispense with all colour and stick to Indian ink alone. He has visited the tool maker, and procured a steel spring of about a foot in length, a small hatchet, a large saw, a tenon saw, a lock saw, a large chisel, a carpenter's square, a large and a small gouge, a spoke-shave, a small smoothing plane, a large rasp with one side round—one flat, a smoother file, a large gimblet and screws, a turn-screw, a quantity of glass paper, some pumice stone, white paint, black paint, and copper bronze if he likes. Then he has put the carpenter into requisition; this useful gentleman has made him a drawing-board of the proper size, and has also chosen out some bits of pine, in which the grain runs straight and without knots, and has cut them into long thin strips about four feet long, a quarter of an inch broad, and

about one-eighth of an inch thick. These must be accurately straight on every side, and of equal thickness throughout:—they are called “battens.” Some people have battens which are thick at one end and thin at the other,—other battens thin at both ends and thick in the middle. But if “Eau-douce” wishes to make little *yachts* only, he need not mind all this. “Eau-douce” must also cast some little blocks of lead, weighing about half a pound each; and cover them with paper, and case them in wood, to prevent his drawing paper from getting soiled. These things are sufficient, but without all these he can hardly work with convenience or comfort.

We have now arrived at the point where a poet addresses his muse, the poetaster gets bombastic, and “Eau-douce” perhaps invokes his Naiad or Limniad; but as we have never ourselves experienced any real benefit to accrue from such a proceeding, we will leave nymphs, and muses, and deities, to amuse themselves, while with bended neck, contracted chest, reposing elbow, and creaking quill, we scribble away, unconscious of rumbling waggons and grinding street-organs, or any other nuisances which infest both town and country.

The paper is nicely stretched upon the drawing-board, the pencils finely pointed, our instruments lying around.—Now, Mr. “Eau-douce,” please to draw lines round your paper, about an inch from the edge, and take care you have them square. The body plan we will put at the top, the sheer plan in the middle, and the half-breadth plan below. “And pray what are these outlandish things?” you ask. True; you must know this, but we cannot stop to explain *every* thing as we go along; we do not profess to be nautical dictionary manufacturers, nor yet “mathematical coaches,” (as cantabs will persist in calling those useful gentry.) The “body plan” is that in which are represented all the vertical sections of a vessel transversely to her length. The “half-breadth plan,” the sections by planes parallel to the surface of the water. And the “sheer plan” represents a side view of the vessel. Now to return to our drawing; draw a line, *a b*, across the paper, and parallel to the ends of the paper;—draw *c d*, *e f*, *g h*, parallel to the sides of the paper, and in about the position shewn in the diagram, *c d* is to be the load-water-line in the body plan; *e f* the load-water-line in the sheer plan, and *g h* the middle line in the half-breadth plan. Now we must come to a stand still for want of sufficient data. Are we to be given the form of the midship section? or, the form of the chief “dividing line” in the three plans? And then, again, may we have the draft of water just as we choose? We will suppose the form of the midship section not to be actually given, but only the breadth and depth at the midship section to be fixed upon:

then we take our steel spring and weights, and adhering to the given depth and breadth, we give the spring what curve we like, and rule it on the paper, (as in the diagram.) The next thing to be done is to determine the chief dividing line;—that taken from the point o will most likely be the greatest; and the point at which it is to be made to cut the midship section, Φ , must be determined by experience. If that point be too near the keel, then this dividing line will have a greater curvature in the sheer plan; if it be too near the load-water-line, the curvature will be greater in the half-breadth plan. The latter would be better for long narrow vessels which require great floor; very little rise of floor, and great depth of hold, as coasting vessels for mud harbours, or steamers, or the long narrow merchant vessels now built. The other, however, must be chosen for shallow flat-bottomed vessels, and a medium for yachts. We will suppose, then, that k is the point fixed upon;—measure the distance from k to the line $a b$, and lay it off in the half-breadth plan as $b l$. Take the distance from k to $c d$, and lay it off in the sheer plan, as $m n$. Let $g h$ or $e f$ be the length of load-water-line determined on; p the point at the stern, to which it has been determined to take the chief dividing line; and there remains for us to sweep in the curve of this dividing line in both the sheer and half-breadth plans.

That part of the diagram which we are supposed to have *already* drawn, is in plane lines. We will now establish ticked lines from this stage of the proceedings, so as not to confuse our readers and thus render the preliminary part of our elucidation more obscure. Our next object is to determine the form of the load-water-line. If we instantly draw all the sections, we shall run the risk of much difficulty and confusion, and have to put our india-rubber greatly in request; the paper will get dirtied and marked, and we shall at last get puzzled with all the lines we have drawn, so as not to know which are the right ones and which the wrong. We must for the present, therefore, put in only two other sections, at equal distances from the midship section, (that is to say, from the line $a b$). These we have marked B , and 2 , respectively. Let them cut the chief dividing line at q and r respectively in the half-breadth, and at s and t in the sheer-plan. Lay these off in the body-plan; the distances $B q$, $B s$, on the *right* side of $a b$; and $2 r$, $2 t$, on the *left*. And let the two points thus indicated, be respectively u and v ; so that the distance from u to $a b$, is equal to $B q$; and the distance from u to $c d$, is equal to $B s$; and similarly for the point v . With centre O , and distance $O u$, draw an arc of a circle. Again with centre k , and distance $k v$, draw an arc. We may now lightly sketch in the

whole of these two timber-sections on the body plan, taking care that they be tangential to the two arcs respectively, at the points u and v . Let the lines thus sketched in cut the line $c d$ in w and x respectively. Lay off in the half-breadth plan $B y$ and $2 z$ respectively equal to the distances from w and x to $a b$; $b a$ being equal to the distance from c or d to $a b$. Take the batten, and bend it so as to take in the points $h, y, a z, g$; and sweep in this curve. This is our load-water-line.* We might possibly have to alter this line, or indeed we might like to save ourselves trouble subsequently, by altering the chief dividing-line itself. We must not, therefore, mark anything with ink at present. The next thing to be done is to put in another water-line $\Sigma \gamma$, at some distance below the load-water-line, drawing it both in the body and sheer-plans. For the half-breadth plan measure the distances from $a b$, (in the body plan) to the points at which the new water-line cuts the sections already traced; lay them off respectively in the half-breadth plan, and the curve may be swept in with the batten; and so on as before. Other sections between those already drawn may be inserted, and then other water-lines, both above and below the last one drawn, and even above the load-line also. Whenever contradictions occur between the body and half-breadth plans, and the sections get refractory, then we must put our india-rubber in request, and alter as our judgment directs. Our drawing has now assumed the form represented in the diagram by the plane and ticked lines. But our work, although more complete, and perhaps very pretty, is by no means terminated; there may be some "unfairness" in the draft, which has escaped our eye, or which cannot be detected by those lines which have already been used; this unfairness is most likely to occur about the stern. There may, perhaps, be also another fault; the *chief* dividing line may be a beautiful and easy curve, but those which may now be described below it, might turn out shocking, and as askew as Porson's butt. We must therefore describe other dividing lines upon trial. Thus—for one of these let us begin at δ upon the stem-post in the body-plan, and, opening the compasses to the proper length, let us describe an arc of a circle which shall touch, but not cut the first timber-section, and let it touch in the point e . With centre e describe, in similar manner, an arc which shall touch the next timber in the point ζ ; and so on until we arrive at the stern-post. These points δ, e, ζ , must be laid off in the half-breadth and sheer-plans, and a curve swept through them with the batten. If the batten will not

* Mr. Scott Russell makes the load-water-line of his vessels assume, in the bow, the form of a curve of sines. It is a pity that he has not given to the world a succinct account of his principle, for it is very deep, and well worthy of the attention of every scientific man.

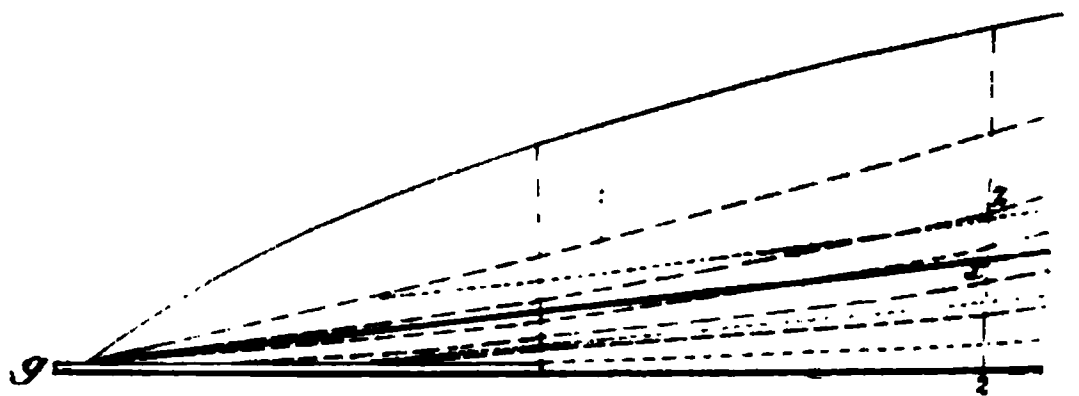
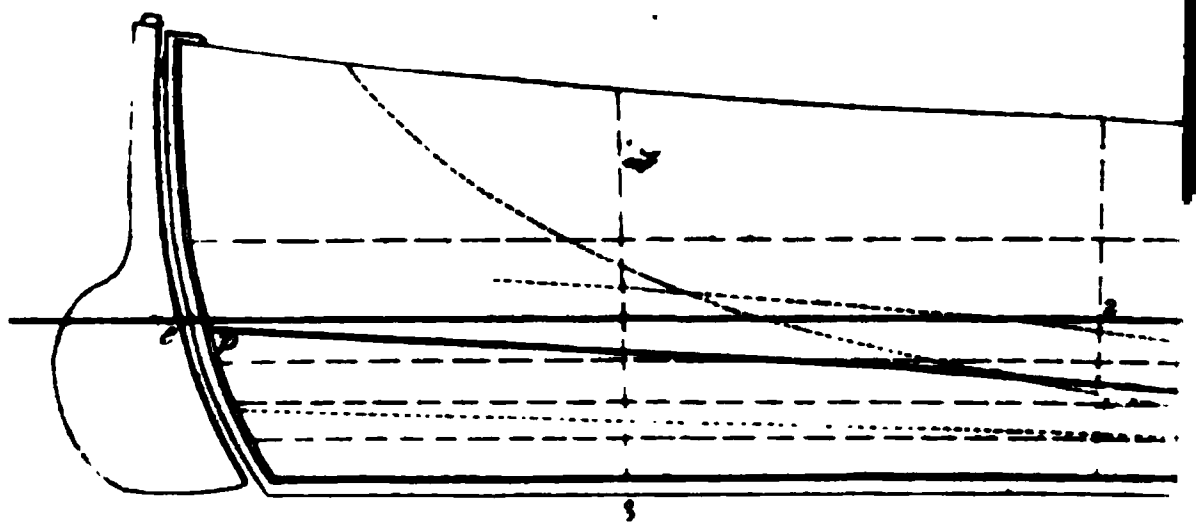
take in all these points, there has been some error committed. If the curve is an ugly one, an alteration must be made in the timber-sections. Another kind of line very useful for "fairing the body," is the buttock line; this is a line in the body plan parallel to $a b$, and at equal distances on each side of $a b$. The intersections of this line in the body plan, with the timber-sections, are laid off in the sheer-plan, and a curve swept through the points thus determined. If the body of the vessel be not fair, the batten will not take in all the points. Two or three of these buttock-lines are generally used; ribbon-lines are also employed; but as we have supposed three or four dividing lines to have been traced, it will be useless to trouble ourselves with ribbon-lines. Here then our copy of lines is finished, and may be inked in with the bow-pen; the sections, stem, stern, and keel, the top-rail, and such like, being usually in Indian ink; the dividing lines in red; the water lines green; those above the load line being sometimes done in blue; the buttock lines in brown; the yellow, being a light colour, may be reserved for marking the alterations made in future years, or for shewing the dead wood, bulk-heads, &c., &c. In the plate here given we have, however, done all in black, and the three stages of our progress being in plane——, ticked - - - -, and dotted lines respectively, for the sake of avoiding confusion to the reader, much as this was in our power.

We now lay aside the gentler art of designing, the colours, the ruler, and the bow-pen; we doff our coat and tuck up our sleeves, preparatory to a campaign with hatchet, gouge, and spoke-shave.

"Eau-douce" will observe that, in the sheer-plan, the vessel is divided into several distinct portions, by the water lines; he must provide himself with boards accordingly. The top bit must be thicker at one end than at the other, all the others are of an equal thickness throughout, (except the vessel be made to draw more water abaft than forward, in which case the bottom bit is thicker at the stern-end than at the bow). The length and breadth required for each of these bits can be determined by the sheer and half-breadth plans respectively. Nevertheless we prefer having all the bits below the load-line, of the *same* length and breadth; for this reason, when these bits are piled up, the product of the breadth, length, and thickness of all together, will give us their solid contents; and, by weighing the whole, we know the weight of an average cubic inch of the wood. When we have finished the model, we can, by weighing the same bits (which have since been fashioned down,) make a very good approximation at the volume, in cubic inches, of the water displaced by the model; from which datum the tonnage of the vessel (not the "measurement" or arbitrary rate of tonnage,) can be pretty accurately

calculated. "Eau-douce" must remember that the wood must be twice the breadth given by the half-breadth plan; because in the latter there is represented only that part of the vessel which is on one side of the middle line. The sections must be marked on each piece of wood at the proper distances apart, and squared across, and the middle line must be marked in each; on the top of the lowest piece is then described the lowest water line, *on each side of the middle line*; on the next piece of wood, the next water line, and so on. Our shipwright then saws them out with the lock-saw, (leaving a small margin to "come and go upon,") he claps them into a vice and takes his plane and spoke-shave until he has pared each piece separately down to the pencil mark; then he screws them together, and the model at this stage, will have the appearance of a flight of steps; but the edge of the steps is soon taken off by a diligent application of spoke-shave, chisel, and gouge, then the rasp; and subsequently the file, reduce it so as very nearly to obliterate all marks at the water lines, while the sand paper, and pumice stone with oil, will make it quite accurate. If "Eau-douce" has any doubt of the accuracy of his proceedings, he may now unscrew the pieces, and put the matter beyond a doubt; he can weigh them also as we said before; and, by poising upon the top of a pencil, all that part of the model which is below the load line, he can ascertain the position (longitudinally) of the centre of gravity of the displacement. Before screwing them up again, the inside of each must be cut out, leaving the sides as thick as fancy may direct; they are then accurately glued together; a keel, stem, and stern-post, must be fitted on; a deck also may be added, and the whole may be painted. Or the little vessel may be coppered by laying on some "crimson bronze" with a dry brush, on some gold size, which has been applied and then allowed to get "tacky" or half dry.

There still remains for us the troublesome operation of rigging. The first requisite is to write to Farley, of Fleet Street, for blocks, (single and double,) caps for bowsprit and mast-head, cleats, hoops for masts, anchors, guns, companion hatches, Archimedean screws, boomerang propellers, &c., &c.; all, any, or none of these, "Eau-douce" may write for, just as his fancy suggests. And while he is waiting for the return of post, he may determine the "point-velique" of his model. And "thus must he do;" he must step an upright mast at the point where he found the centre of displacement to be; he must place the model in water and ballast her with shot until she sits accurately down to her load-line at stem and stern; he must then tie a light string round the mast, and pull the model smartly through the water (not with a jerk however,) he will find on observation that, while he is pulling, either the



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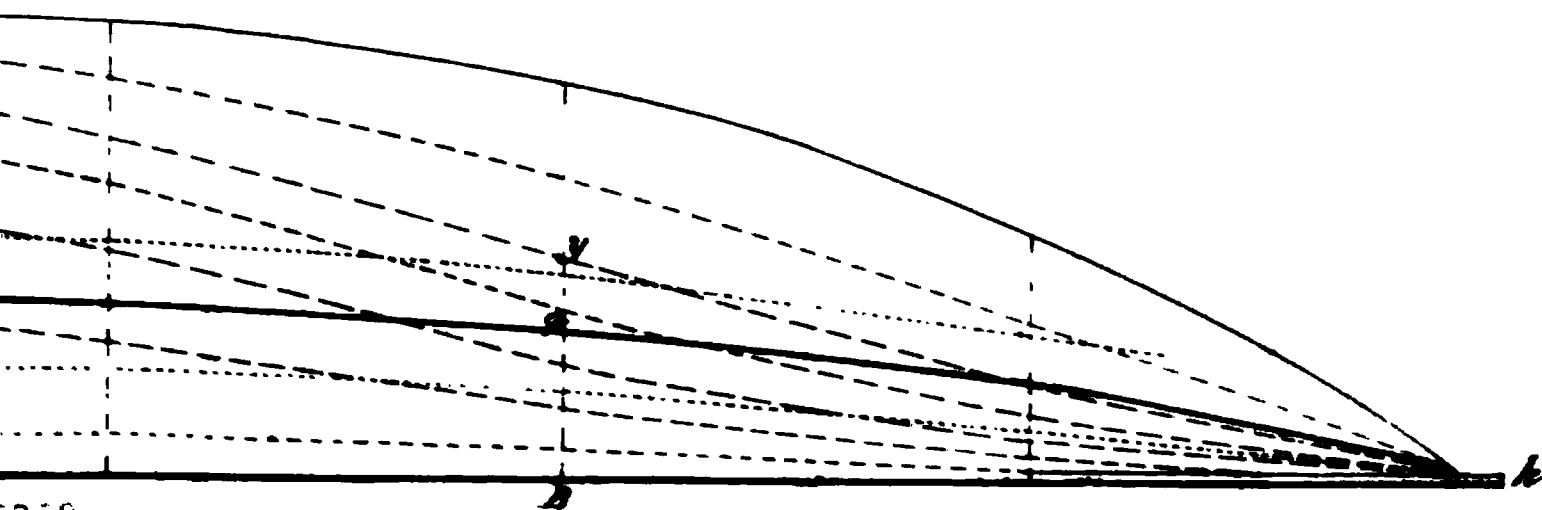
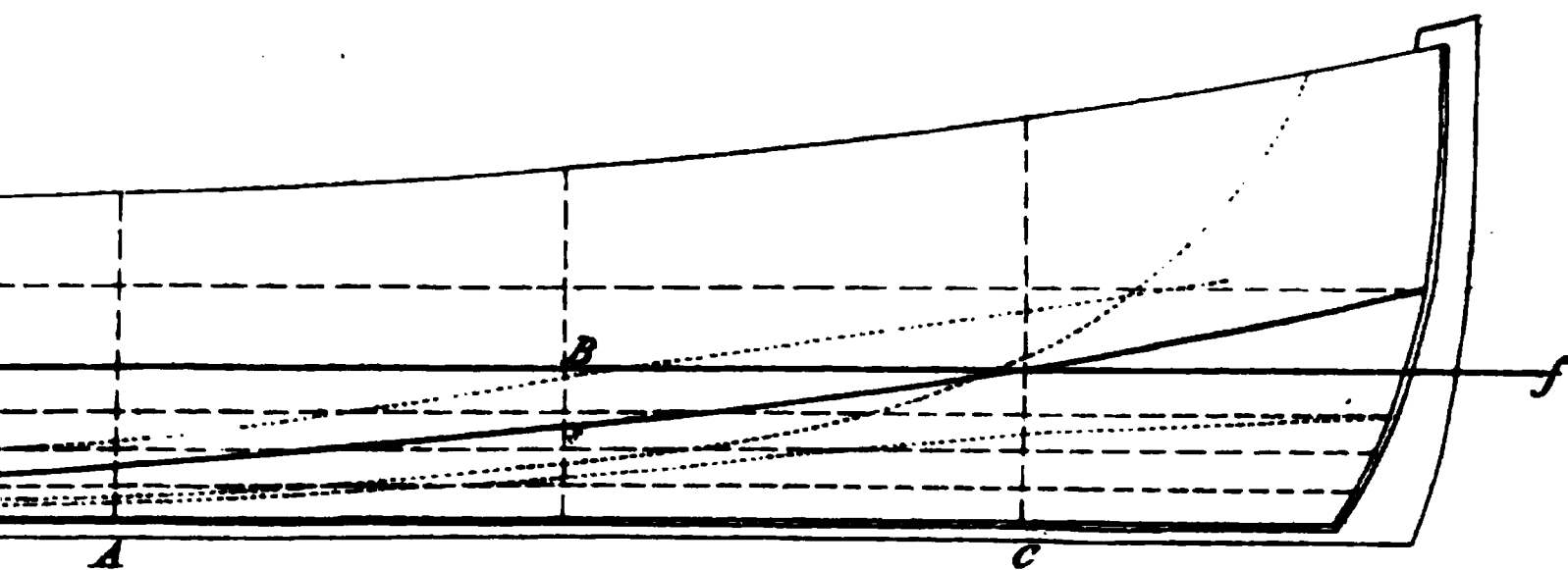
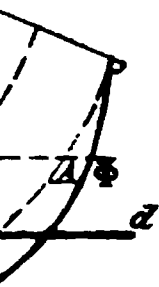
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ON MODEL YACHT BUILDING.

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It seems that "Eau-douce" is quite a tyro in the art of making models; but wishes, nevertheless, to establish a miniature dockyard, himself becoming head shipwright, and owner and captain and all. The first step, therefore, is to invest a certain amount of capital in the necessary appliances, instruments, materials and tools. If "Eau-douce" chances to be as rich as the *springs* of the Californian and Australian rivers, he may of course furnish himself with a very large and handsome case of mathematical instruments, on which extra workmanship has been expended, and containing paraphernalia for making *ticked* lines,—others for making dotted lines, and every other kind of line and curve known



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in the boat and undressing, and she was drifting off with the breeze, we drove right through the thick of all the gals,—some on 'em came scrambling into the boat,—some hung on to the sides, bobbing up and down like nun buoys,—some towed us this way and some that, 'till at last we jumped up and drove 'em away by splashing, and may I be sunk if ever I heard such a laughing and squealing before or since, and little they thought what we was that they were playing such frolics with, or I believe they'd have squealed worse than they did. After a bit something took their attention off us, and we shoved into the shadow of a little squall that came flying off the land, and then up sail and away for old England once more.

"Sailing and rowing the whole night we stood off to the northward, and never saw a sail 'till a little before sunrise, when it fell calm and came on thick, so that we could not see the stars, and we turned in under the sail 'till daylight. With the morning's dawn a little breeze came and puffed away the fog and woke us up: and the first thing we got sight of was a ship of war standing up channel, and close aboard of us. We knew her in a moment to be a French ship by the build of her, and we gave up all for lost. In a few minutes she was up with us, while we were heaving lines over and pretending to be fishing, but it wouldn't do—'twas a droll spot for two women to be fishing in, right away in mid-channel, and so they thought; for in a minute they hailed us."

"'Boat ahoy!' says they; 'Boat ahoy! Who the devil are you?'"

"'The Lord be thanked!' said I, as soon as I heard the blessed sound of our own dear mother tongue, and Walter was like a madman; and we soon rowed alongside, and up on the deck, petticoats and all, in a moment. And a rare game they made of us; for it was an enemy's frigate with a prize crew from the old *Ænone* aboard of her; and nice capers they was cutting with us, when I up fist and hit one of 'em a smack on the head, and then the officer ordered us aft and made us report ourselves and tell our story.

"Well, sir, the same evening the officer took us ashore at Portsmouth with him in his gig just as we was, petticoats and everything, for he wouldn't suffer us to change: and he got us our money paid down for three years servitude, and a present besides from Sir Richard, who was the admiral there at the time; and laughed the old man did till he cried at the comical figures we cut.

"And so, sir, the next morning we were off by the coach for Yarmouth with a new rig out and a pocket full of gold, and if we'd on' been sure to find all right at home, you wouldn't soon have found tw chaps more happy than we. But no doubt you have noticed, sir, ho"

the shadow of a squall will come driving over the sea when it's smooth and fine, before the foul weather catches you; and so I've many a time thought that bad luck sends its shadow before it and makes a man feel down-hearted before his trouble overhauls him; anyhow it seemed so with us, and we scarce spoke, Walter and me, till the evening when the coach set us down in Yarmouth market-place.

"Without a word we walked straight off to the place we knowed so well; where we had passed such happy hours together. It's true we didn't much expect to find anybody there that belonged to us; but the dear old cottage looked so waste and lonely that we both felt more out of heart than before. The window was broke; the sides were full of holes; and it seemed as dismal as the prison we had left; so we marched away to Uncle Sam's house with fear and trembling in our hearts; and there we saw lights in the windows, and we began to feel a bit more cheerful till I caught sight of a sign over the door, and a name written, 'Richard Wilder, publican.'

" 'Sit down here, Walter,' says I, 'till I go in and find out what's in the wind.'

"Well, sir, I looked in at the kitchen door, and there I saw the room where Mary and me had been brought up as children: and now a child's cradle was swinging before the fire, and a tall, pale, ill woman was sitting working by the side.

" 'Mary!' I cried; she looked up, gave a scream, and fell back in a faint. Walter was by our side in a moment, and that was the happy meeting that we had hoped for, prayed for, and wept for, through many a weary hour.

"Oh God! sir, I shall never forget that hour in this world, nor in the world to come.

By and bye Mary came to again, and grew quite calm, and told us all—that she had married Richard Wilder, and his son it was that was rocking in the cradle. Richard had come home and told her all that he had promised us, and she had hoped and hoped, till one day he came and swore to her that all he had said was a falsehood of his own invention, that we had both been washed overboard out of the yacht; he had seen it with his own eyes but had not had the heart to tell her.

" 'Oh Walter!' said she, 'I fell ill and very nearly died, and Richard was so kind to me, and paid for all I wanted; for Uncle Sam was dead: and when I began to get well I thought I never could repay him for all his kindness, and I was still very weak and ill, and he always begging me to be his wife, 'till at last I did, And now, Walter, I wish I was dead, and my baby too.'

"Well sir, after that they two never met, except by chance, just to

say, 'Good morning,' and so on, and Richard kept out of our way as much as he could, for he could not look us in the face, and we never offered to molest him, for he was Mary's husband, and so we lived on about six months 'till winter time. But Mary, poor girl looked paler and thinner every day: the doctors could do her no good, and I thought she was not long for this world; and Walter took to bad ways poor fellow, he that had always been so steady and true,—but now he kept the worst of company and spent his time in cards and drinking 'till it broke my heart to see him. I remember well it was one December night, Walter and I had appointed to meet some foreign chaps, that was to fit out a craft for smuggling, for I thought even that was better for him than living as he did. It was one of the worst houses in Yarmouth for play and drink and bad company, and we sat behind a screen in the room where the rest were a playing, and presently the others came and we began to talk about the job we had in hand. After a bit I heard some one outside cursing his luck and going on like a madman, and then a woman's voice that I knew too well begging him to go home. We jumped up like as if a shot had struck us in the heart, but before I could get to them, Richard, for it was he, had turned upon my poor little Mary, and once, twice, thrice, on her brow—on her cheek—on her breast—the cowardly brute struck her with the weight of his accursed hand. In a moment I had him by the throat, and the fury and hatred of years was squeezed into the gripe I gave him. Not a man interfered with me but they all held Walter back, there was that in his eye that meant mischief and besides there was no more needed, for I had thrust his vile hated head against the corner of the room and the blackness of death was upon his face, when I felt a woman's hand upon my arm and a woman's soft voice in agony begged me to spare him—for he was her husband. So I let him go, and before long he came round and shook hands with me for he never bore malice, and I walked homeward with them and he promised never to go to that vile house again and to be always kind to Mary; and I believe he was so after his fashion, except when drink or his curious fits were on him; and I told him that if ever I heard that he laid his hand on her again, the whole world should not stop me, but I'd have her from him and take her where he should never set eyes on her again. After all we parted friends, and next night Walter was to come and say good bye to Mary, for the lugger was to sail the morning after and Walter would never come to Yarmouth again."

The altered tone of the old sailor's voice made me regard him more attentively, and I was surprised indeed to see the change that had come over him. His eyes were fixed and fiery, his hand was clenched, a tear

streamed down his weather-beaten cheek, but he hastily dashed it away and hurried on with his tale. I pushed the replenished glass towards him, but he heeded it not, and spoke on with a voice and manner widely different from his usual rough sea style. It seemed as if deep emotion had the power to refine as well as intensify his whole nature.

"The next evening" he continued, "we were to go and say farewell to Mary, and a wild blowing murky night it was as I crossed the Yarmouth Denes for the last time with Walter; the scud came driving off the cold wintry sea, and the wind howled cheerless and dismal like the distant cry of a child or woman in distress.

"We did not go straight to the house, for Walter was so wild and excited that I did not dare to take him, and I thought the chill of the night breeze might cool and steady him; but as we were walking to and fro, and I was trying to comfort him a bit poor fellow, we took notice of a low dark figure that seemed to be following us, and Walter would have it 'twas some evil spirit that dogged his steps; presently we turned short round and met him face to face: it was a short dark mean looking man that seemed to skulk from us; I told him to go about his business, but Walter cursed him frightfully and bade him go home to hell and there stop till he was wanted. The man went growling away and we thought no more of him, but turned towards the house where we knew Mary was expecting us, and now as we drew nearer to the door we heard a sound that brought us both to silence in a moment.

"God in heaven! was it the wail of the wind? No, by the Eternal it was the shout of a loud coarse angry voice, and the stifled cry of a woman in pain and mortal fear.

"'For the love of heaven, Walter,' I cried, 'stir not from this spot till I come back;' and I started off, burst open the door, and brushing past a man whom I knew as he rushed by me to be Richard Wilder, I passed into the room; and there, stretched on the floor, her long hair streaming on the ground, and blood pouring from a wound on her forehead, there lay my poor Mary half fainting and sobbing as if her heart would break. I raised up the poor girl in my arms, told her she was safe, and that she should never leave me again. Poor little gentle thing, as I staunched the blood on her brow, she kept telling me that it was all her own fault; 'You know, dear brother, I am his wife, and I ought to submit in everything; but now to night I could not.' Then in a moment she started up with terror in her eyes, and shrieked, 'Walter, where is he? oh! go quick! quick! or there will be murder done to night!'

"In an instant the danger flashed upon me, and I rushed to the door. Too late, oh! God too late!" said the old man, and his hands,

which in his excitement he had raised towards heaven, dropped, and he sat the picture of dejection and despair.

"Too late! Two men I saw in the midst of the darkness; one knelt on the ground, his hair flying in the wind, his face and hands raised to heaven, as he prayed to God to strike him dead. This was Walter. The other stretched on the ground, silent, motionless, *dead*, this was Richard Wilder, who was now gone to his judge in the midst of his passion and his sins. God help me, sir, I can tell you but little more of that fearful night, for I was almost beside myself.

"Walter I sent off to fetch a doctor, though I well knew it was too late, and as he went I saw again the low dark figure in the distance.

"Poor Mary was calm and quiet, I believe she shed no tear; but the look of utter woe in her face rent my heart to see it: but she did everything as composed and collected as if she had been a stranger to all the misery that had fallen upon us.

"The doctor of course said that he could do nothing; and now Walter returned and told us all. Richard, as he came out wild with passion, had rushed full against him, cursed him, and asked him in the name of hell what he wanted there. Walter was in no mood for this, Richard struck the first blow, but stout and burly as he was, in Walter's hands he was but a child, a blow felled him to the ground, and as he had ever lived hard and free, a fit came upon him, and he died of apoplexy."

For a time the old sailor sat silent, unable to subdue the strong grief which his narrative had aroused: but the first dull streak of coming day was seen across the hazy winter sky, so he roused himself once more and proceeded with his story.

"Before dawn, sir, one or two of our mates had come in, and fain would they have persuaded Walter to take a boat off the beach, and drop her down as far as the Barnard where the lugger would take him off at noon: but he was not one to turn his back to danger of any sort.

"'No, Dandy!' said he, 'I'll see it through, come what may;' and away he went to the magistrates and gave himself up to be tried for the murder of Richard Wilder.

"'Tis little, sir, I can tell you about the trial; for I was so fretted and anxious that I scarcely know what happened, and what didn't. There was about three weeks before the assizes, and at first we all thought that Walter would be sure to prove his innocence, for of course we were well aware that he had never meant harm to the man; but when we spoke to the lawyers about it, they shook their heads and said it was an ugly business; and as the time drew nearer it looked worse

and worse. At last they came and arrested me to take my trial along with Walter as an accomplice, and this was the worst of all, for I was the only one that could have cleared him.

"God forgive me, sir, but I was a wild and a desperate man; and it seemed to be a horrid dream when we stood in the dock together, Walter and I, and saw the old familiar faces of those we had known in happier times. I tell you, sir, I could not believe that we who had always strove to do right, and who had been so proud of the decent way we lived with our dear Mary, should now be standing in the felon's dock; and that the pale, sad, careworn woman before us should be our bright happy Mary, this was the saddest dream of all;—for they had poor Mary up, and a sore lot of hard questions they put to her poor child! At last the lawyer asked her if Walter wasn't an old sweetheart of her's; but she made no answer, so they asked her again if there had been a love affair between her and the prisoner, still she said nothing till the old judge spoke kindly to her and said,—

" 'Did you love the prisoner, Walter Daring, in old times?'

" 'Yes I did, my lord,' said Mary, 'and I do now; and I shall love him 'till my dying day.'

" 'God bless you, Mary, for that,' cried Walter from the dock, and he looked as happy as a child, but it did him little good, poor fellow, and the lawyer laughed, and said, 'That will do very well, my dear, now you may sit down.'

"The next witness was the man we had met on the Denes, no one knew who he was, or where he came from: but he gave himself out as a travelling match seller, and there he was, true to his time, looking as spiteful and malicious as old Lucifer himself, and in truth, sir, we looked at each other, Walter and I, and surprised and frightened we were to hear the story he told, how horribly it sounded, and yet so true that we could almost believe it ourselves. 'He had seen two men prowling about in front of the beershop in such a suspicious way that he had watched them, but as soon as they caught sight of him they had cursed and threatened him, so he sheered off, but still,' said he, 'I tried to keep my eye upon them. Presently one went into the house, and then a man came out whom he knew to be the landlord, Richard Wilder. The moment he had got clear of the lights, the one who was waiting outside had rushed upon him, and a dreadful struggle with groans and cries had followed. In the midst of this,' said he, 'the man who had been indoors came out and joined in the fight. I then ran up, for I thought 'twas a murderous shame, and then I found Richard Wilder dead, and the two prisoners standing over the corpse.'

"Nothing could get over this, our lawyer shook his head and seemed

to think it was all over, and when at last it came to Walter's turn, he begged the lawyer to let him make his own defence: and then up he stood so bold, honest, and manly, and told his story about the dear old times, when first he and Mary were promised to each other, and then about his coming home from the French prison and finding her married. 'Then' said he, 'hard as it was I made up my mind to see her no more, and I tried to hope that she might be happy with him; but I lived to see her beaten and bleeding under his hand, and thank God I was held back, or I might have done worse than I have now: but never have I spoke a word, much less raised a hand against him 'till that fatal night when I had resolved to leave Yarmouth for ever, and see her no more. With a heavy and sad heart I went to say good bye, for it is hard to give up to another, the woman one loves dearer than one's own soul, and him too unworthy of her; but I went', said Walter, 'with his permission to see her alone, and to say farewell, and who could hear the woman he loved, crying and wailing; who could hear the heavy blows falling again and again upon her, and not be mad with rage? I was mad, but I held back, and then in the middle of my fury some evil demon sent the unhappy man cursing and blaspheming full in my face. Can you wonder? he struck me and in my anger I returned the blow, we fought in our passion, and he fell. I have no more to say; if this be murder, I am guilty, and I suppose I must die; for this is the truth, neither more nor less so help me God.'

"Then we had witnesses to prove that Walter had always been kind and civil to Richard, and so he always was; for the rest of us, were always making game of him and calling him 'Buttermusic,' or any comical name we could lay our tongues to: but Walter was always civil to him, and called him by his proper name before his face and behind his back, and that's what made me know how mortally he hated him.

"How's ever it was no good, the jury found Walter guilty, and against me there was no evidence: so Walter was sentenced to be transported for life and I was let go.

"Poor Walter he never flinched nor shed a tear; and Mary too she kept up wonderfully, poor girl, only she looked fearful pale, but she never gave way and tried all she could to cheer us up, and every day we was allowed to see him, 'till at last the evening came when the tender sailed, this took him to the convict ship at Harwich. We stood on the pier, poor Mary and me, and we saw the poor lad waving to us on the deck for the last time, and we thought how often in our happy days he had sailed out of that same harbour, waving his hand to her he loved so well and Mary gave one more look and then fell in my arms, and said 'Take me away, dear brother, take me away, for my heart is broken now.'

"She sickened, sir, and nearly died, and the doctors said if her life was saved her mind would go, and so it was.

"For a long time I kept her with me: but she got worse, and so miserable she seemed, that at last I took the advice of the doctors and brought her to London, and there I placed her in the Asylum, and I go to see her now and then; she does seem more peaceful I think, and sometimes she knows me and then she asks when 'Walter is coming back:' but for the most part she seems quite weak and childish, always braiding a net and wondering why the boat don't come back from sea.

"There sir," said, Sam, "that's my story, and I'm thinking we had better turn the hands up for its almost daylight, and the wind is coming from the north'ard."

I went on deck—it was a cold grey dull morning, one lonely star like a last waving hope was twinkling pale and dim in the far off west. I looked around at the cheerless scene, and I thought of the sad fate that had haunted these poor people, with their simple humble hopes and happiness. I thought of the once happy girl, now a broken hearted maniac, braiding her endless net and waiting for the boat that could never return. I thought of the brave honest manly sailor now, a degraded exile toiling far away among the Antipodes. I thought of the old lonely mariners still cherishing his one time worn sorrow, still hoping and believing in his simple faith that, the day would come, that would re-unite them all in a new Herring-Boat-Hall in heaven; and I wondered at the certain misery that we bring on ourselves and others whenever we are induced to violate the dictates of the truest and strongest feeling that God has given us.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

(Continued from p. 417.)

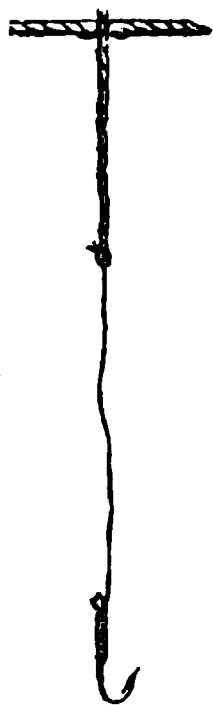
HERRINGS, pilchard, sprats, and sand launce, also form excellent baits. The two former should be cut in halves, and about one half of the back bone taken out of each portion. The head part should be baited by inserting the hook into the mouth and bringing the point out again just below the shoulder bones, then drawing the hook through and turning it, bring out the point on the opposite side, and the baiting will then be complete. In baiting the tail end, the caudal fin should be cut off, and the point of the hook run in at the very extremity of the tail, and being run through the back bone, should be brought out on the opposite side, and then drawn through and reversed, and again passed through the bait. If sprats are used, and they are of moderate size, the proper way is to put them on entire, baiting them in the same way as the head end of a herring or pilchard. If small, it may be advisable to put on a

second sprat, by running the point of the hook either through the eyes or the tail. If the sprats are very large, then the head and caudal fin should be cut off, and a portion of the back bone cut out, and it should be baited in the same way as above recommended, baiting the tail end of a herring or pilchard. Sand launce also form an excellent bait, and may, according to their size, be baited in the same way as sprats. Whittings, pouting, blinds, chads, wrase, or in fact almost any kind of small fish may be used as bait, either entire, if very small, or cut up in pieces if of larger size; but where the fish are spiny and hard scaled, the spines should be first cut off and the scales removed. Small crabs, prawns, shrimps, muscles, cockles, whelks, limpets, lug, and ragworms may also be used as bait. The intestines of pilchards also make a most attractive bait.

Cod fish almost invariably feed near the bottom on the English coasts; the lead, therefore, should only be kept just clear of the ground. When a fish bites it will be detected by some hearty tugs, quite hard enough to be felt, when this occurs it will not generally be advisable to pull up at once, unless you feel the fish is hooked; for if he has not succeeded in carrying off the bait, he will probably be so gratified with his prowess, and emboldened with success, that he will come back and attack the other, which will give you another chance of securing your prize, which you might have lost altogether if you had hauled up immediately. We would not, however, recommend the lines being allowed to remain down too long after a strong bite is felt; as the fish not unfrequently takes the lower bait first, and then moving on seizes upon the upper one, so that he makes no strain upon the line, until he pulls away at the latter, and although he has taken both baits, one bite only may be felt.

The deep sea lines or bolters are also well adapted for catching cod fish. These lines should be of stout cords, having hooks attached

Fig. 5.



to them by snoods about a yard long, fastened at regular distances about six feet apart from each other, or double the length of the snood, whatever that length may be, so that when the line is set the hooks may be kept from catching in each other, which they are apt to do if placed too near together. The snoods should be two stranded, and stouter than those used for the hand lines, and should be either whipped or knotted to the hooks in the same manner. They should be twisted double, about one-fourth of the length from the main line, which, as it stiffens the upper end of the snooding, will tend in a great degree to prevent it from twisting round the line, (see figure 5.) When large

congers and hake are plentiful, snoods of separate threads loosely fastened together, are sometimes used to guard against the teeth of these fishes, and the snoods are protected by twisting fine copper or brass, or wire around them.

The same kind of baits are used in the hand lines as on the bolter, and should be put on in the same manner. Some care, however, is requisite in placing the hooks when baited, so as to prevent the hooks and line from becoming entangled together in letting the lines overboard, which in unskilful hands is a very frequent occurrence, often causing great trouble and vexation; and the deeper the water, and the rougher the sea, the more likely is this untoward circumstance to take place. The best plan we have discovered of setting a bolter, is to coil the line into a wicker basket, like those used by washerwomen for their clothes. The lines are coiled at one end of the basket, and the baited hooks, with their points downwards, placed in even rows at the other extremity. A sinker, which may be either a stone, a piece of iron, or a small grapple, and having a buoy attached to it, is fastened to one end of the line; and the buoy being cast over, the sinker with the line attached to it is sent overboard until the weight reaches the bottom. The boat is then rowed along gently across the tide, in order the better to keep the hooks clear and the line shot out, as the boat proceeds through the water, care being taken to prevent the hooks from catching in each other as the line goes over, and should this occur, the boat's way should be instantly stopped, until the hooks are disentangled, otherwise the greatest confusion may ensue; therefore, as a precaution, there should never be so much way on a boat that it cannot instantly be checked if necessary; and for the same reason, whenever circumstances will permit, the lines should be set at the time of slack water. When the whole line is run out it should be fastened to a sinker similar to that at the other extremity with a a buoy line and buoy attached to it, and the sinker being cast overboard, should be lowered with the buoy rope till it reaches the bottom, when the buoy should be cast overboard and land marks taken in order that the precise spot may be ascertained. The latter precaution should never be omitted, unless when you anchor close to the spot, for not only is it difficult to descry a small buoy at any distance when the surface of the sea is at all disturbed; but many circumstances, such as weeds drifted by the current, or even a strong current itself; or a large shark or a monk fish rolling line, buoy, ropes and all around him, as both these fishes, when unable to break off the line are apt to do, may draw the buoy under water altogether, when it will be necessary for you to creep for your line, which you will have no difficulty in recovering by that means, if you know the exact spot where it is situated.

The most critical time in setting a bolter is lowering the sinker to the bottom, particularly in a pitching sea, and when the water is of any considerable depth, as the hooks are then more likely to become entangled together, or to catch in the snoods or the line, and draw the whole in a confused mass together, than during any other part of the process. To prevent this disaster, sufficient spare line, to which no hooks are attached, is sometimes tied to the sinker, sufficient to reach the bottom, and then fastened on to the bolter, so that none of the hooks are thrown overboard until this critical stage in the proceedings is over. Where the water is not very deep, it is a good plan to have about as many hooks as the line attached to them will reach the bottom, hanging over the gunwale of the boat, which may be lowered with less danger of entangling the hooks that is incurred in lifting them out of the basket.

From fifty to one hundred hooks are generally fixed to lines of this kind; but sometimes several lines are attached together so as to reach to a considerable distance, particularly in the lines set by the fishermen in the German Ocean, which are said sometimes to extend to some miles in length, especially those employed for catching turbot, which we shall have occasion to notice more fully hereafter when we come to treat of the turbot fisheries.

In taking up the line, the buoy line must be first hauled up until you get the sinker on board, and then the line should be coiled away into the basket, and the fish taken off until the whole line is got in; then the contents of the basket should be carefully upset in some convenient part of the bottom of the boat, as many fresh baits put on as may be required, and the line being coiled up carefully in the basket, may be laid down again in the same way as before. The time the line should be allowed to remain down will of course depend upon a variety of circumstances. If the baits are not liable to be taken off by small fish, crabs, star fish, and other vermin, which too frequently infest the ground, two or three hours may not be too long for the lines to remain down; but if your baits are likely to be soon cleared, it will be necessary to haul in the lines much oftener, otherwise much valuable time may be wasted in vain, as it sometimes happens that every hook will be cleared of bait before the line has been set for ten minutes. To prevent this consequence, a plan is sometimes adopted of having pieces of cork attached to the snoods, about two-thirds the length of the snood from the main line, and consequently one-third from the baiting hook, of sufficient size to float the bait clear of the ground, and out of the reach of the crabs and star fish. But lines so fitted are rather difficult to manage

where the hooks are numerous, as the corks, unless great care is taken, will cause the snoods to become entangled; nor will this plan, although good, as far as it goes, prevent the attacks of the smaller fish, particularly the small congers and chads, which, were they are at all plentiful, prove very troublesome customers to the fishermen; so that upon the whole, if you employ a great number of hooks, and are well provided with bait, the surest mode is to keep the lines constantly attended, having two or three lines set within a short distance from each other; and as soon as the last line is set begin to haul up, and rebait the first, and so continue till you wind up the labours of the day.

Where very long lines are set, they are often underrun instead of being hauled on board. This is managed by first hauling the sinker on board in the ordinary way, until you have as many hooks on board as you calculate will allow the sinker to reach the ground, and then the baits being all adjusted on the hooks, the sinker is again let down to the bottom, and the line ran along by the boat's side, instead of being hauled on board; the boat itself being rowed along in the direction of the line, and the fish taken off, and such hooks as require it fresh baited as you proceed, until you reach the end of the line, when the end sinker being hauled up, so that the whole line may be properly straightened by the buoy line, is again lowered, and any alteration in the land marks duly noticed in precisely the same manner as when the line is first set.

Before you prepare a bolter for actual service, especial care must be taken that the line is properly stretched, for unless this be done, it will kink up, and upon the slightest strain cause all the snoods to twist around the line, up to the very hooks, and effectually mar all hopes of success. Care also must be taken not to let the lines remain long wet after they are used, otherwise both the lines and snoods will very soon become rotten. As soon as possible, therefore, after fishing, the hooks should be run on a rack made for that purpose, which is nothing more than a flat piece of wood with a groove in it, as in figure 6, the line

Fig. 6.

being allowed to hang beneath, and this should be suspended upon a nail against some dry wall where no wet or damp can possibly reach it, until its further services are required.

Before taking leave of the cod fish, it may be proper to observe that notwithstanding these fishes inhabit the ocean, they will not only live, but thrive and get fat in a salt water pond of no considerable extent. Mr. Yarrell mentions three ponds of this kind in Scotland, one in Galloway, another in Fife, and a third in Orkney. The one in Galloway, he informs us, is at the seat of Colonel M'Dowell, and consists of a basin hewn out of the solid rock, and communicating with the sea by a fissure in the rocks. It is thirty feet in depth and sixty feet in circumference, and in this place, being constantly fed by a person appointed for that purpose, the fish confined there, particularly the cod fish, soon become so tame, than no sooner does their caterer make his appearance, than a hundred mouths are opened to greet his arrival. One cod, the same learned writer informs us, had lived twelve years in this confinement, which so well agreed with his constitution, that he had attained a very large size.

And now for cooking this most excellent fish, which may be done either by boiling, frying, broiling, stewing, or baking. First, then, how to boil a cod fish, which must never be attempted to be done whole; for a cod being much compressed towards the tail, that portion would be boiled to rags before the thick part about the shoulders would be three parts done through. The fish must, therefore, be cut in two, and the two parts dressed separately. Before, however, this is done, the fish must first of all be cleansed; to do which properly requires some degree of care, particularly in cleansing the backbone from blood, which, if allowed to remain, turns to a dark dirty brown in the cooking, and spoils the appearance of the sound, and sometimes renders it so unsightly, that no one will venture to eat it. To prevent all these disagreeable consequences, the fish, when cleaned, must be cut open for some distance below the vent; the sound must be cut through the whole length on one side, and not through the middle as usually done, but as close to the back bone as possible, leaving it attached to the opposite side, and then all the blood on the interstices of the back bone must be carefully scraped out with the point of a knife, or scrubbed off with a small brush; by which process, not only will the blood be thoroughly eradicated, but the sound itself will present a more attractive appearance to the eye, and can be more easily helped without deranging the other parts of the fish. Next, before placing the head and shoulders in the fish kettle, you should first bind some broad tape three o

four times round the head, to prevent the cheeks from breaking away, as they are sometimes apt to do; and the fresher the fish the more likely is this to occur: then putting the portion of fish into a kettle of cold water, salt water if you can get it, if not throw in a good handful of salt, and then add a bundle of sweet herbs, a couple of wine glasses o. vinegar, and a little shred horse-radish. The addition of these ingredients not only improves the firmness of the fish, but is also the surest means of preserving its good appearance, by preventing the skin from breaking. Watch attentively to see when the water boils, which the instant you perceive, you should check by throwing in a small quantity of cold water, which you should either continue to supply from time to time as the rate of boiling increases, or remove the kettle from too close a contact with the fire, so that the water may boil at a gentle rate, skimming off continually any scum which may accumulate on the surface, till the whole fish is thoroughly done throughout. Take care also to keep the kettle covered, lest soot or other dirt should fall into it, merely removing the cover occasionally to watch the progress of the boiling, and to skim off any scum which may have accumulated on the top. A moderate sized head and shoulders will take about half an hour. You may, however, easily perceive when the fish is sufficiently dressed, by inserting a fish slice by the back bone, when, if you can lift the flesh clear off it, and it appears done, the fish is ready for the table, and should be taken up immediately. It must be observed, that cod, if crimped, will take less time than if dressed in a solid piece. The fish plate should be lifted gently from the boiler, and held over it until the water is drained off, then the tape round the head must be carefully unwound, and the fish should be placed on a fish drain, upon which should be laid a clean napkin, and on which not one single drop of water should be permitted to fall. The fish ought not to be dished up until the moment it is intended to make its appearance at table; for if allowed to remain long under a cover, the damp arising from the steam will counteract in a great measure the good effects of your having placed the fish perfectly dry upon the dish. But if, as often happens, amidst the various other duties to be attended to in getting a large dinner ready, the fish cannot be sent to table the moment it is done, the proper course then will be, not to dish up the fish at once, but allow it to remain on the tin plate on which it was boiled, which must be placed across the top of the kettle, the upper side of the fish being covered over with a clean cloth, by which means it may be kept warm and ready to be dished up for a considerable time.

If you dress either the spawn or the liver of a cod fish, neither of

these should be dressed in the body of the fish, but be placed beside it in the kettle, otherwise they will not be done sufficiently, particularly the spawn, which, if large, will take a much longer time to cook thoroughly than the fish itself. Garnish your dish with scraped horse radish, and place the liver and roe, if any, by the side. If the cod has a soft roe, the latter should be fried, and the boiled fish garnished with it. Oyster sauce is the proper accompaniment to a boiled cod's head and shoulders, next comes cockle sauce, which some think equal; and which Bob Acres, we may remember, actually swore by. And then come shrimp, crab, lobster, anchovy, or cornubian; though there is no fish sauce whatever that may not be eaten with it. Cod may be dressed either quite fresh, or powdered with salt a few days previously; but codlings should always be salted a day or two before they are cooked. It is also a good plan to take out the eyes of codlings and fill up the sockets with salt, which will render them more firm, and considerably improve their flavour. The tail end of the cod is boiled in the same manner as the head, but only takes about one-half the time in the cooking.

There is also another very excellent mode of dressing a cod's head and shoulders, which is to boil it about two-thirds of the former time, and then taking it up, strip off the skin and place it before a brisk fire, basting it well with butter, and dredging it with flour until it froths; then strewing fine bread crumbs over it, continue basting, until it is thoroughly done. It should be garnished with fried parsley, or scraped horse radish and sliced lemon, and accompanied with the same sauce as a boiled head and shoulders.

The portion of the cod best adapted for frying is the part about the tail, which should be split close to the bone. The bone may either be cut out, or one side may be fried with the bone adhering to it. Cod should be fried plain without either egg or bread crumbs, and may be served up with the same sauces as other parts of the cod. If the thicker parts are fried, they should be cut in slices through the back bone, and may be dressed either with, or without egg and bread crumbs. Cod sounds and tongues also make a splendid dish, either boiled or fried; but whichever process is adopted, the sounds and tongues should first be steeped for three or four hours in warm milk and water, and then be well cleaned and scraped. If boiled, they should be done in milk and water, in which they should be allowed to boil gently until they become tender, and should be served up accompanied with egg sauce, plain melted butter, or oyster sauce. If fried, after being prepared according to the above directions, they should be dipped in batter, and fried of pale brown, and served up with plain melted butter, or egg sauce. T

batter should be prepared as follows:—Break a couple of eggs in half a pint of milk, add to this six table spoonfuls of flour, and gradually mix the whole together. This ought to be prepared for three or four hours before the latter is required for use, and it must be beaten up again just before the sounds are steeped in it. By this means the batter will be much lighter than if fried as soon as it is mixed.

Mrs. Rundle, in her excellent work upon cooking, informs us of a mode of dressing cod-sounds so as to look like little turkies, which make a most delicious dish. The sounds being about half boiled are allowed to become cold, and should then be opened and filled with a force-meat, composed of chopped oysters, bread crumbs mixed up with the yolk of two eggs, and seasoned with nutmeg, mace, pepper, and salt, and the sounds, after being carefully skewered up in as turkey-like a form as circumstances will admit of, should be larded down on each side as you would do a turkey's breast, and being then well dredged over with flour, are to be placed in a Dutch oven, and roasted before the fire, and when sufficiently dressed should be served up with oyster sauce.

To stew cod, the fish should be cut up in slices as for frying, and fried in butter till about half dressed; the pieces should then be placed in a stew pan, with equal portions of wine and water, just sufficient to cover the fish, and be seasoned with nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Whilst the stewing process is going on, fry an onion in the butter that remains in the frying-pan, and prepare at the same time a rich gravy, and pour this with the butter and an onion into a saucepan, a piece of butter about the size of an egg well rolled in flour, a pickled mushroom or two, half a score of oysters chopped fine, and a squeeze of lemon. When the fish is done, add the liquor in which it was stewed, letting the whole boil together for about a minute or two, and having then strained it through a hair sieve, and placing the pieces of cod on a dish, pour the gravy over them. If you wish to save your wine, then substitute half a pint of good meat gravy, or make your fish gravy richer than you would otherwise do. It may be as well to remark also that cider, if good, will answer the purpose nearly as well as the wine.

A cod fish is also excellent when baked. To do this properly, you fill a baking dish with about a quart of water, add to this an onion stuck with cloves, a piece of lemon peel, and a little grated horse radish, a large spoonful of pepper, and a blade or two of mace, and some grated nutmeg; plunge your fish into this, flouring well all that comes above water, sticking also pieces of butter about the size of oysters all over it, and then place the dish, fish and all, in the oven, and there let it

remain until the latter is sufficiently baked; then take it out from the baking dish, and pour out all the liquor from the baking dish into a saucepan, adding to it a glass of wine, or something less than half that quantity of vinegar, a few oysters, either fresh or pickled, chopped up in small pieces, a tea spoonful of ketchup or soy, and a good sized piece of butter rolled in flour. The whole must be stirred well together till it boils, and must be thrown into the dish with the fish, which should be garnished with fried bread and sliced lemon.

In broiling cod fish, if the fish is a large one, it should be cut in portions in the same way as for frying, only the egg and bread crumbs must in all cases be dispensed with. The pieces must be well floured and placed on a gridiron over a clear fire, throwing over them a little pepper and salt while dressing. When done, rub some butter into the fish before the fire, and serve up with plain melted butter, mustard and vinegar, or cornubian sauce will be found a very agreeable accompaniment to this dish. If you broil codlings, the best mode is to dress them entire, being split by the back and spread open, and being well peppered inside, throw a little flour over them to prevent their sticking to the bars of the gridiron, when done, rub butter into them, and serve them up accompanied with plain melted butter.

A very good twice laid made dish may also be made of cod that has been previously dressed, which is managed by pulling the cod fish completely to pieces with a fork, picking out the bones, and mixing it up thoroughly with about equal portions of cold mashed potatoes; to this should be added three or four hard eggs chopped up fine, mixed with a small quantity of melted butter, just sufficient to bind the whole together, which must then be made up in small flat cakes, of about an inch in thickness. These being fried of a fine pale brown, may be served up with plain melted butter, though some persons prefer them without any accompaniment whatever.

THE HADDOCK.

This fish (*Morrhua Eglefinus*,) bears some resemblance to the cod, but is more neatly formed, and may easily be distinguished from the latter fish by the black spot on each shoulder, said to have been made by the finger and thumb of St. Peter, who caught this fish, and took the tribute money from its mouth, which as a memorial of the miracle has been continued to the whole race of haddocks ever since; and in many of the pictures of Saint Peter, in addition to the keys of heaven which he carries in his right hand, he is also represented as holding on

or two haddocks suspended by a string. The dark mark on the shoulders of the haddock is not, however, universally round, for in many specimens it is found to assume a striped form, like the dark stripe over the withers of an ass, from which circumstances Mr. Yarrell suggests the reason of this fish having been termed the *onos* or *asinus* of the ancients, although by Pennant's account it received this appellation either from some fancied resemblance in the general colour, or because it was carried on the backs of those animals to market. Certain however it is, that the haddock could not have been likened to an ass from any affinity which the habits of the fish bear to this dull and most inactive of all quadrupeds, for there is not a more lively fish in the sea than a haddock, or one who struggles harder for his liberty, or affords better sport to the fisherman. According to Sir William Jardine and Mr. Yarrell, our name of haddock is derived from the French word *hadot*, by which this fish is distinguished by the French fishermen, and which the Scottish fishermen pronounce in some way similar, calling it in some places *haddow*, and in others *haddie*.

The marked distinctions between a haddock and a cod are that the head of the haddock slopes more suddenly from the top towards the nose, which projects considerably beyond the opening of the mouth; the eyes of a haddock are remarkably large and brilliant; the upper sides are of a dull greyish white, and the lower, white mottled with grey; the lateral line is strongly marked with black, the scales are small; the dorsal fins and tail are of a dusky bluish grey, and the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins are of the same cast, but are of a much lighter colour.

These fish usually spawn about February or March, from the effects of which they do not readily recover, so that the larger specimens are seldom found in good condition before July or August; nor do they often attain their highest state of perfection until late in the autumn, and may be considered in best season from the latter end of October to the middle of January. Haddocks, therefore, may be strictly called a winter fish, nor do they come upon many parts of our coast in any considerable quantities at any other season of the year. In some places they arrive at such certain periods that the fishermen know to a day when they may be expected; as on the Yorkshire coast, for example, where, according to Sir William Jardine, they constantly arrive on the 10th of December, in an immense shoal of no less than three miles in breadth, and eighty in length, extending from Flamborough Head to the mouth of the Tyne, below Newcastle; and during the season, the fishermen have often been known to load their boats twice a day, taking each time a ton of fish, which, from the abundance of the

supply, they were obliged to sell from eight-pence to a shilling, the score.

Haddocks are also found on most parts of our coast during the winter months, but in no parts in equal abundance to the Yorkshire coast. They are also found on the shores of Ireland, particularly in Dublin Bay, and off the Nymph Bank, both of which places have been famous for the large specimens of these fishes; but we believe the southern coasts of Devon and Cornwall supply fish of equal size and flavour to those taken at either of the former places; examples of fourteen, and even sixteen pounds, being often to be met with in the fish-markets both of Plymouth, Falmouth, and Penzance, and in most other market towns in the neighbourhood of those seaports during the winter season; whereas from two to four pounds is usually considered to be the ordinary size of an adult haddock met with in the London markets.

This fish does not, it seems, occur either in the Baltic, or the Mediterranean.

The haddock is a voracious fish, and may be taken with almost any bait. They feed near the bottom, and may be caught either with the bolter or the hand lines. We have usually taken them on the same lines we were using in catching whiting. When hooked, they struggle very hard, and may generally be distinguished from a cod fish by its quick and active jerking struggles. When, therefore, you have hooked a heavy fish of this kind, unless your tackle is very strong, you must yield a little to his struggles until he becomes in some degree exhausted, otherwise he will be likely to make his escape by breaking away with some of your gear. These fish take the bait best in fine or moderate weather, and are seldom caught in any quantity when it is stormy; at which times they are said to seek refuge amongst the weeds, or to ooze themselves in the mud at the bottom of the sea.

The haddock, when in prime season, is a most delicious fish, its flesh being firm and of a snow white colour, with a creamy curd between the flakes. It may be cooked either quite fresh, and it eats agreeably enough when slightly powdered, or even pickled or dried, although it is not considered to take the salt so well as a cod. Haddocks are excellent, however, when properly dried and smoked as "Finnon haddocks," in the manner they are prepared at Aberdeen, a place which has long enjoyed a reputation for preserving haddocks in this manner.

As these fish are apt to acquire a strong and disagreeable flavour from the oily nature of their livers, if permitted to remain long without being gutted, this process should never be delayed when the fish is

intended to be kept for any length of time. Heavy pressure should also as much as possible be avoided.

The criterion of the healthy condition of a haddock, like that of the cod fish, consists in the thickness and depth of the body, and the fullness at the poll and roundness of the back. If it sinks in the back and the latter presents a sharp ridge like the roof of a house, the fish is out of season. Its freshness is best shown by the brilliancy of the colours and moisture of the slime, the redness of the gills and the brightness of the eyes. When stale, the belly of the fish is apt to burst, and the intestines to protrude, though this is sometimes found to occur from pressure in package when the fish is perfectly fresh; but happen from what cause it may, it will never fail to give a rancid taste to the fish, particularly over the belly part, which is always the worst portion of the fish, and should never be served to those of your company whom you intend to honour. As a matter of precaution, where these fishes are intended to be carried to a distance, it would tend much to preserve their soundness, if they were gutted previously to being packed, which, though it would impair the appearance, that defect would be amply compensated for in the improved condition of the fish.

And now as the cookery of the haddock, which may be either boiled, fried, or broiled. If boiled, unless the fish is very large, it may be boiled entire, but it does not take quite so long a time in the cooking as a cod fish of the same dimensions. It may be eaten with the same sauces as cod. Mustard mixed up with plain melted butter is peculiarly adapted for this fish, as also for whiting, and can only be exceeded by the recently invented cornubian sauce.*

Haddock may also be fried and broiled in the same manner as cod fish.

* This combination of all sorts of good things is prepared by Mr. Thomas Symes Eyre, chemist and druggist, Launceston, who, before offering it to the public, submitted it to us for our approval, and we certainly pronounced, and still entertain a very high opinion of its excellence for every purpose of cookery whatever. It may, we understand, be now procured from most of the principal fish sauce vendors throughout the kingdom.

(To be continued.)

MY HOME.*

My home is a cot with a thatch covered roof
 Which the ivy endeavours to kiss,
 As it climbs the white walls with the woodbine and rose,
 And shelters the sparrows in bliss.
 And the blue smoke that twirls from the red chimneys high,
 Through the crown of huge oak trees appear ;
 Where roost the shrill peacock, the turkey, the hen,
 And heralds the morn-chanticleer.

And a garden well stocked with the choicest of flowers,
 Half surrounds it in cherished display ;
 And sweet there to toil, when the genial air teems
 With the perfume they scatter all day.
 And how soft are the sun's earliest trembling beams,
 Which the birds herald in with their song ;
 Light springs to the eye, and a joy to the heart,
 As the moments of life float along.

And then there are waters that silently sleep
 Where the stars seem to linger in love ;
 And the green gorgeous woods that stretch deeply away
 Are the homes of the pigeon and dove.
 And the nightingale sweetens its soul-treasured song
 On the soft midnight breath of deep rest ;
 While thousands of flowers teeming fragrance around,
 By the glow-worm are sought and carest.

'Tis a sweet rural scene,—yet in grandeur displayed,—
 The stout oak and elm towering high,
 And the sleek lazy deer, 'neath their shades, dozing day
 After day, with the fawns playing by.
 Ah ! what is more English substantial and rare
 Than a fine timbered park with its deer,—
 There's richness and pride in the turf that you tread,
 And there's greatness around everywhere.

I've a father and mother to love and revere
 For their honesty, kindness, and truth,—
 And sisters, and brothers, unpolished, yet true
 As the feelings that freshen our youth.
 The gipsy, and beggar, ne'er pleaded in vain ;—
 In return they ne'er pillaged the yard,—
 Though roost there in throngs their esteemed dainty fare,
 With a scarcely closed door the sole guard.

Could I paint but the thrill that my home ever gives
 When in mem'ry I grasp its bright scene,—
 Could I revel through life with its breath on my lips,
 What pleasure so sweet and serene.
 But the fate that my footsteps first tempted away,
 Never more will resume the bright trace ;
 And the beauties that blossom now lone in my breast,
 May wither and die to my face.

* Extracted from a volume of Poems, by W. Molyneux.—Published by Hunt & Son.

INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCES IN BOAT SAILING, ON SEA, LAKE, AND RIVER.

No. 1.—Notices of boat sailing on lakes, with oars or with sails, as practised on Windermere, Ullswater, Derwentwater (Keswick,) Bassenthwaite, and other lakes and meres.

THAN boat sailing I do not know a more pleasurable, exhilarating, and healthy exercise; be it with, or without sails, and on either the fresh water, or salt. After an experience of forty years on inland waters, and of upwards of five-and-twenty on the briny wave, it is presumed one may be allowed to give a rather decided opinion, seeing it is founded on practical experience in many varieties of craft and rig, in fine weather and the reverse. Decidedly then I give my "sweet voice" in favor of boat sailing, not exclusively by any means; but at the same time also with other active out of doors recreations, one and all in turn, I myself being one—

"Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam."

And again to insure safety some skill and all prudence must preside at the helm, or the ambitious boating Phæton may bring on himself the fate of Apollo's son. With discretion however, in fine fresh water weather the adventure is attended with less danger than might be apprehended.

No doubt boat sailing has its dangers and its unpleasantness too in the shape of what the French never, without a grimace, call *mal de mer*. Occasionally I have seen the waves of a lake seriously disturb delicate stomachs, even to feeding the char, or the trout, or the perch, which latter, numerous as they are said to be, most of the Izaak Walton tribe find scarce enough, especially I guess those two smart disciples of old Izaak parading the main street of Ambleside, ostentatiously displaying a dozen or so of perch in a landing net. Defiant of the dangers of the deep, from early youth till long past manhood, "boating" with either oar or sail, has its charms for most men and not a few women, bless their pretty airs and graces, if they would not squall so when there is nothing to be alarmed at, and not exhibit a somewhat porcine practice of invariably going to the side, which leans over to the manifest increase of danger, should there be any, also adding no trifle to the risk of an upset. This liking for "boating" in every shape,—if any doubt it, I recommend them to read (purchase it of course for a boat-manual, which no tourist should be without, any more than his guide-book, always advising him not to take Wordsworth's "clumsy frowsy poem," the "*Excursion*," for any such useful compendium, *harresco referens*, as I have known some do,)

Mr. Folkard's agreeable and clever work the "*Sailing-Boat*."* If a man have any taste for the thing at all, if he have any of the true spirit, love of the sport for its own sake, he will find its information useful on the lake, and equally amusing in doors, when the weather forbids open air exercise. This love of boating in all and every shape, I repeat, is particularly observable, when our large manufacturing and commercial emporiums, vomit forth their hundreds and thousands, to spend their yearly brief season of relaxation in search of that to be renewed vigor and health, which is to enable them again to encounter, their many months of toilsome labour. There is nothing to sneer at, my good exclusive young gentleman, in that pea green jacket; although a worn out Laureat, poor old Wordsworth, having in his latter days forsworn sack and taken to water beverage, attempted in the worst taste and the vilest spirit of exclusiveness, to get up a cry, that the aforesaid thousands, redolent of oil and cotton fuz, were poisoning the hills, the dales, the groves hitherto bestrode by Peter Bells, idiot sons of Betty Foy's; sacred to White Does of Rylstone; and a solitude only to be invaded by the stamp distributor in his character of "nature's sweet child simplicity" of which Lord Byron, for once I must needs sail in his wake, gave the true designation as mawkish silliness dressed in verse. I say don't curl that lip in scorn, for you count those very voices something, when they huzza, if your boat wins! Allow me to quote a remark which did infinite honor to Napoleon for your edification; "Madam;" said he to one of your superfine ladies abusing a poor Cooly, "respect the burden."

Now to all healthily constituted minds it causes a gladsome feeling to behold this keen relish to enjoy the yearly holiday, to see these thousands rush, some to the sea side, and others to the Scotch or our own beautiful lakes. As many as can, and they not a few, going with no other intent, "making a point," of having what no question it is to them a beautiful aquatic excursion in some sort of craft, after some fashion or other, and then having achieved great things, home they return to enjoy the boast of what they did in the way of boating; nay, some go so far as to call it their yachting performance. Mark you, young gentleman, it is this spirit which raises the hearty cheer to greet the winning boat, the cheer that makes your chest swell out, it may be like a pouter pigeon or a policeman in full dress; if it is so, that's not my fault but the similitude which is none of my manufacture, yet you prize it so highly, when the boat is yours! "Pray you," as Sir Parson Hugh says, "prief that in your note-book." Oh! but it is delightful to see people squashing laureat

* Published by Hunt and Son.

and Old Lady le Flemings, of Rydale Hall, who fought the losing battle with Mr. Lock and his surveying staff, on the wilds of Westmoreland lest a railway should pass over them; the simpletons! I mean the laureat and his congeners, not the wilds, Dunmail Raise and the Mighty Hellvelyn, without their puny aid would have fought their own battles had it been necessary, for the railway over them dropped, the more the pity, that they the aforesaid thousands may breath the wholesome free air, the fresh breeze, treading the green sward, and taking those health conferring walks on the heath clad hills, now and then starting the grouse from their cover, aye and thinking how they too could bag them! Let us in common fellowship enjoy these blessings, for such they are; and it may be done too along with boating, at least I see no reasonable why not, ye pea green-jacketted, Scotch-plaid inexpressibles—wearying “Mariners of England.” But surely does the genuine boat sailer sympathise with the pastimes of these parties, disporting not indeed on the briny wave, but perhaps quite as prudently on fresh water: let the vessel be what arrant Noah’s ark, or any other Argonautic monster it may, provided only they are safe. “This pearl safety” ought to be the first consideration, seeing that the crews who man them, possess as little skill as well may be for those who tempting the dangers of the deep, “go down to the sea in ships and dwell on the mighty waters,” deeming they have done great things, establishing to my fancy that naval renown, bang it! which keeps Campbell’s “Gentlemen of England” perpetually buzzing in my ear. Generally speaking, their skill is such, and their daring so disproportioned to it, it is a mercy the coroners’ returns do not show a five-fold increase of deaths, from being drowned in “boating.” Wonderful really when cargoes of young ladies and crews, of youthful admirers to match, venture beyond a certain depth; the safe plan being to keep the oars sounding every dozen strokes or so, or an accident seems inevitable.

I have known some sad cases of drowning happen in very shallow water, which, perhaps, a little presence of mind might have averted. These happened too without sails, as well as in fresh water, which in some imaginations seems warranted not to drown, especially at the little towns and big villages, which are the fashionable resorts on the borders of some popular lake.

Those who have witnessed but a single case of drowning feel sufficiently horrified. I, whose misfortune it has been to see some half a score, may be permitted a solicitude to lessen the number. To me, therefore, it would be infinitely more satisfactory, to see any kind of clumsy, but safe, if almost worn out ship-boat, yea, even an old collier’s,

in request at these same watering places; boats so broad it is next to impossible to capsize them,—without sail, of course, I mean, for with it in the way of turning bottom up, for the most part the run of crews prove themselves adepts; and even with oars in the hands of those who do not know how to use them. I have known promising attempts made, with an excuse, however, that such impromptus were often too well seconded by unruly passengers, or those whose absurd fears hurry them into the very mischief they would avoid. The village pedagogue, with a trivial acquaintance with the classics, and strangely enough no knowledge whatever of his mother tongue, aptly illustrating what modern education is, in an unconscious imitation of Holofernes in “Love’s Labour Lost,” religiously eschewing his sense in paying homage to his nonsense, would remark that in avoiding Scylla, they had run full bump on Charybdis.

— incidit in Scyllam eruitare Charybdim.

Now the present kind of rakish boat craft, or skiffs, or by whatsoever other name it is the owner’s pleasure to call them, are in a sad condition and no mistake. With oars alone, they look like having been expressly built for affording every facility to many persons for drowning themselves. I fancy the “knowing” lakish boater, in common with his more *pretentious* (is there any such word? Webster scouts it,) sea-going brother has the peculiarity of being charmed, or letting it be so understood, with danger in the shape of foaming waves, and storm and gales, for no earthly cause but danger purely, for the sake of danger by itself alone, possibly because they imagine it has a manly bearing. A word in the ears of those fresh or salt water “Mariners of England,” who neither themselves nor yet their bunting have braved the breeze as yet,—something far short of a thousand years—danger for the sake of danger in the code of signals by common sense imports—fools afloat! Besides, it as oft proceeds from fear, or that assumed indifference which is neither coolness, nor that true courage which promptly meets danger when it comes, but never seeks it.

What! I suppose some marine prig cries *what* in smooth water, and that fresh too? Pooh, pooh, my good man, you romance.—Not a bit of it, I reply; by way of sample let us turn our attention to lake Winan dermere,—that’s the right spelling according to the best county historical authority, the county history by Burn’s, (not the poet,) and one Nicholson, a bishop of Carlisle, with its fleets of skiffs, or rather truly described traps baited with tourists, and set for the express benefit of “crownier’s quest.”

Suppose the Kendal and Winandermere railway, with omnibus assistance, lands us at Bowness, at Low Wood, or at Ambleside, all famous stations. At any one of them you will find in any number these skiffs put together, built indeed, by a country joiner, or some cartwright, made up of three or four larch planks, with no quality to secure that first requisite in all boats intended for the use of the tourist—stability. They are worse in that, seeming to secure safety they do not any more than an Indian canoe, which every body knows the least movement overbalances, and over you go.

No longer ago than last summer a pleasure party from a Lancashire manufacturing town, and consisting of two of the principal families, the mayor, and the M.P. respectively the head of each, visited this lake—a visit ever afterwards to be remembered with sad recollections for them. Two promising young men belonging to the excursionists had been boat sailing; the wind having dropped, came to anchor, intending to go to the shore, they were fated never to reach in the skiff; they had been noticed by some parties fishing near, but as they were engaged in their own pursuit, apparently there being nothing to attract it, they paid no more attention, and thus did not witness the catastrophe. One of the two had been observed standing up gesticulating, and singing or shouting probably as a signal to inform their friends, they poor fellows, were coming. The sounds having ceased, it was supposed by the parties fishing, they had reached the shore. However, on looking around the skiff was perceived floating bottom up, whilst nothing of the young men was visible; the overturned skiff was immediately made for. Near it they found the oars floating; the water was of no great depth, and so clear and still, being described as being as smooth as a mill-dam, it was thought something could be seen lying on the bottom, supposed to be one of the bodies. They were got out as soon as possibly could be done. Too late for resuscitation, the vital spark having “fled its frail tenement of clay,”—a pitiable tale.

On the inquest it was stated that the boat being of the usual lake skiff construction, in the smoothest water no dependence could be placed on its not capsizing, without the greatest care in moving about in it. How dangerous it must be in a jabble common to lakes is evident, since by one standing up in it, when the water was as “lound” as a mill-dam it was upset, precipitating himself and his companion into a watery grave.

This lamentable occurrence is not single, accidents have frequently happened under similar circumstances in all the lakes I am acquainted with, where these drowning tubs (for they are nothing better,) are kept

for the use of the uninitiated to whom they are lent out, by the imposing parties who own them, at a rate of profit which if not exactly a Jew's ransom would nevertheless make his mouth water. Capsizings and hair-breadths escapes are consequently common. During the season for obvious reasons they are kept as quiet as may be. But I have known as many as four or five at once sent to their long homes. Being "fell-siders" the occasion for keeping it quiet might not press; their deaths found a place in the obituary of the provincial journal, besides being recorded in its columns,—a brief way of giving a report of inquest-jury's verdict, which often is the only epitaph when the poor perish. The inhabitants of places of resort, lest people should be frightened and stay away, are chary of information about accidents. The credit of the place is to be maintained, and the less said about "untoward events" is the better for them.

When poor folk suffer, reckless conduct is always surmised with a plain enough insinuation that inebriety was the cause. Undoubtedly at times it is likely to have been so; their betters, however, are not without suspicion by too free indulgence of bringing on their own destruction. Pic-nic boating parties have no business with champagne, when the day is sure to be hot and the gentlemen athirst with rowing!

Be they who or what they may, boating parties will do well to remember the old saying "that discretion is the best part of valour," particularly pot valour; therefore, whether the cruise is long or short, for the day or a few hours only, depend upon it there is no surer safeguard, than making it an invariable rule to take a small store indeed of the article, which is so large an ingredient in the manufacture of the article known as—Dutch courage. A word to the wise will suffice.

What sailing boats have to do on lakes, except for the commission of some suicidal act strongly to be suspected of those who venture to sail them, I cannot conceive. Nelson at all times had an insuperable dislike to sailing boats. He used to say there was less risk to life in fighting a battle than in going in them. Seeing the manifest danger of using sails on a lake, it seems very probable he might have given evidence of his condemnation of them by some vivacious demonstration of his opinion. Recklessly, skillessly, handled as they are, I never did set my foot in one, and I do not think the recommendation a bad one to follow my example. I remember, when a boy, promising never to do so, and the advice and the promise made that impression upon me. I never set my foot in one; on the contrary, I always entertained a well grounded horror of their dangerous qualities.

In regard to the sea what I have advanced does not hold good; on it

the necessity and utility of boats with sails are evident, and the use indispensable. But even along coasts with headlands from 200 to 500 feet above the tide mark, there exists the same objection to their use by mere pleasure seekers as on lakes, for the most part surrounded by high mountains intersected with deep gullies, down which whirlwinds, perfect tornados, without warning, rush with terrific and dangerous violence. The lake, smooth as a mirror, in an instant is lashed into waves sufficient to upset or swamp the common lake craft. Caught in one of these tremendous squalls experience is of no avail; the danger is upon you ere anything can be done; hardly can you let go the main-sheet from your hand—knowing no better, the inexperienced invariably make it fast if to save trouble only. The result is plain.

Some of the sailing craft on Winandermere no doubt may be unexceptionable, as far as any small sailing vessel can be said not to be exceptionable, by being where I conceive it ought not to be, on a lake. Some that I have seen, on account of build and sails, cannot be too soon turned into firewood. Many boats were so unlake worthy, they had no business there or anywhere else.

There is no law prohibiting amateur boat sailers if they please risking life at any and every moment—the uncertainty attending lake sailing, if not causing, greatly adding to the danger, in insurance office phrase, “increasing the risk,” at all events they may, and perhaps do, sail boats on lakes with less comparative danger. Well found boats, and some practice of course will lessen both risk and accident. But seeing what boats for hire are, and the demand there is for them in the service of parties of pleasure, not so reckless as utterly ignorant, full of innocent fun, frolic, and a restless joyousness, which have not unseldom occasioned many a capsize and not a few more serious accidents, it is plain how objectionable this lake boat sailing is. Fond of boating as I am, I feel for the uninitiated, that it is a pity so healthy a source of enjoyment cannot be rendered safe in the proportion that it is, as it ought to be, in England a popular pursuit and recreation.

It remains but to add, that when accidents do happen they are felt with a tenfold deeper melancholy, in that they appear to result from causes seemingly so inadequate to produce them. Above is the serene blue sky, around the beautiful mountain and wooded scenery, and the silver sheet of water reflecting all these peaceful beauties of nature on the very spot, troubled but for the instant by the plunge of the unfortunates, then forming over them a placid canopy as though nothing had occurred. By-and-bye the evidences are drawn up, causing one involuntarily to exclaim, seeing how calm and beautiful is all around,

no breath of air stirring, not a ripple disturbing the glass-like mirror—how could it come to pass? There they were all spirit and life; you look round—there is no one, naught to show even the void just now filled by a living being!

“The calm wave rippled to the bank

* * * * *

Some motion from the current caught,
Bestirred it,—no! 'twas but the beam
That checker'd o'er the living stream:
You gaze, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemmed the tide, then mock'd the sight;
Then all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.”

A scion of the true “Grey Coat” yeomanry of Westmoreland, at one period, I occasionally visited this neighbourhood. During one of my excursions I had the following account given me of drowning, occasioned by the upsetting of one of these sail boats in a tremendous squall.

A gentleman, a lieutenant in the navy, with his servant, some twenty years ago, came to pass a few days at Low Wood Inn, (I believe, following the fashion, it has now transmigrated into the Low Wood Hotel,) to have some sailing on the lake. The vessel he engaged was one lent on hire; well found and ballasted heavily, as every lake sailing boat had need to be. Some days passed in following the pastime pleasantly enough, sometimes fine, sometimes squally, but without threatening dangerous consequences. Of course he was attended by his servant, who worked the fore-sail sheets, his master taking the helm and main-sheet in charge. The boat was cutter-rigged, that is to say carried a main-sail, (with in fine weather a gaff-top-sail!) fore-sail and jib, as then and still is too usual, disproportionably large. I understood by this the boat was over-sailed,—of course under reefed sails always showing too much canvas. I forget the exact tonnage—it might be some six or seven tons; a short trial of lake weather made it apparent ballast by far was the best friend, and understanding what he was about the trim was excellent. The running rigging was altered to satisfaction or fancy, and in alteration naval gentlemen we all know are a bit whimsical;—among other things, strange enough in those secluded inland waters, the jib and fore-sail sheets were led and worked aft; everything was ship-shape and Bristol fashion—every loose rope and sheet coiled carefully to guard against possible, though supposed unlikely danger.

All this was every day rule, and against it I have nothing to urge, save that it was indeed labour in vain, as to my fancy all lake sailing, under every circumstance, must be. One morning it blew pretty fresh; everything was made snug, and they sailed about for several hours to the misgiving of the spectators, the weather having much altered from not safe to the extreme point of danger, the squalls pouring down the gulleys and round the headlands in perfect tornados. Well, the master was in extacies; and after "anything for dinner," would try it again, as it was the finest day's sailing he had had; he would not be said nay, and to all the solicitations to remain, his reply was, "there was nothing to apprehend danger from." Not so the man, who prudently declined venturing after the morning's experience, his master considerably not making a point of it, observing "he had no right to risk any other life but his own." Preparation was made accordingly, everything to make assurance was once more overhauled; and when it was made right by the first lieutenant's self, all that foresight and skill could prompt would be certainly seen to; all loose rope-ends were secured, every end and sheet coiled, and seen to run free. Under all sail, close-reefed, he started on his afternoon's cruize, and his last:—in less than an hour the cutter was seen to capsize, and sink not so far from the side but that a good swimmer, such as he was, might have reached it.

But so it was not to be. The lieutenant went down with the boat, the sheets were found to have somehow got inextricably entangled round his legs; and so little fearing any such result he had not taken even the precaution to take his boots off. When the boat was recovered he was found thus fastened.

One day standing on the shore of this beautiful lake I watched the manœuvres of three very different kinds of lake boats, a cutter rigged one; a common sailing boat; and a stone barge. Observe, the weather was charming, a pleasant breeze just ruffled the surface, barely sufficient to impel the cutter forward, and she would hardly have moved if she had not had a main-sail one third too large, with a tremendous jib and fore-sail. The small boat under such a cloud of canvas, any sudden puff must swamp it; though with so light a breeze, just rippling the water, she fairly flew on a wind to the evident chagrin of the cutter's crew. When both reached a certain bluff beyond which a smarter breeze came down the mountain, the cutter then took the lead showing a clean pair of heels. Thus far the skiff had beaten the cutter hollow; but as soon as it was likely to get into "troubled waters" she was wisely put about and ran over the course back. The cutter dashed on and on, showing her superiority in a breeze answering to her capacity. During this per-

formance the stone barge was quietly running before the wind under a large square sail, pretty much like those used by the boats on the Loire, as I have seen them with a favourable wind, ascending the stream from Saint Nazaire, Paimbœuf, or Nantes to Orleans, further than which up the Loire I have not been. At some little distance I yet could discern this stone barge was loaded to within a very few inches of the gunwale; being undecked, even the small waves of a lake would break into her, and seeing that but a trifling addition of water ballast added to the overloaded cargo, whenever it happened, such a boat must go to the bottom.

I did not perceive that her crew were actuated by any very irrepressible ardour to compete with the other craft, though on occasion I have seen that attempted. I mention these different sort of craft for the purpose of pointing out their various capabilities for drowning. Within my own knowledge they were, and most likely are, used in three lakes (if not more), namely,—Bassenthwaite, Keswick, and Winandermere. I can enumerate nearly a score of drownings of ignorant quarrymen and wood cutters in these punt-like things, for they are nothing else as to stability, when overloaded, being like a long square box of planks fastened together; as to form, a Thames barge is a prince to them. I understand in shape they are like a long box with some attempt to round the corner parts. To prevent the risk of life from swamping, whether intended for carrying wood, stone, or gravel, I think they should have much greater breadth than at present; at the same time narrowing towards stem and stern, both of which should overhang something in the punt shape; remembering the breadth should be carried well fore and aft with a flat floor. Suppose from stem to stern they are on deck 20 feet or so long, with a breadth never less than 6ft. 6in., or 7 feet; and 3ft. 6in., or so deep; I would have the hold formed by a plank one foot broad from the gunwale inwards, reaching from stern and stem deck, having a strong combing along the inner edge; from this to the floor to be strongly planked for preventing overloading, the principal cause of accident, so far as from inquiry I have been able to ascertain. The dimensions given are intended merely to give an idea of the proportions which should be observed. The men using this stone barge or boat are necessarily ignorant; if careful, they might be entrusted with a moderate sized square sail for running before the wind otherwise with oars only, which with or without a sail instead of a rudder they must steer with.

G. B. W.

(To be continued.)

TOM TRUCK.—A NAUTY-CALL LIE-RIC.*

TOM TRUCK he wur as bould a tar,
 As are set fut in shoo;
 He luv'd his country, luv'd his ship,
 And luv'd his Sal and Sue;
 With hand an' hart he sarv'd his queen,
 With grog he sarv'd his wench;
 And in the war he sarv'd his gun,
 And that sarv'd out the French.

To heddiccate a jolly tar,
 Aint nare a bit of use,
 Ownless the rigler larning he,
 Lays in at the caboose,
 If Jack arnt skollard taut-enuf,
 To lingo *Parlay Voo*;
 Lor luv his hart, he's larn'd the art,
 To wollop them as do.

To luv an' fite, an' lots of both,
 Is on a sailor's log;
 Hoo nose no other spellin' nor
 A spell at wheel and grog;
 For each o' them is Jack alive,
 For nyther on 'em loath;
 And blow'd if he aint No. 1,
 To take a trick at both.

Says Tom—"my preshus eyes an' limbs,
 Jist haul your slack aboard;
 Don't set your jawing stun-sels bo,
 Afoor your kites is lower'd;
 What ! teach an ould troo-blew to con,
 The landsmans all-fie-bet !
 Why nuffin on this arth is so,
 Onpossible as that.

No! no! my harties, pipe "belay,"
 We've bends, we wants no crooks;
 We've plentee Hangers got aboard,
 And axes no Pot-ooks.
 Two ownly letters on 'em all,
 As Jack cares for a D,
 Is they as has the Ryno in,
 And them's *his* A B C.

I'm bless'd if all the bousing taut
 Of larnings inky breed,
 Can go to spile a Salt so mutch,
 As make him rite an' reed.
 I nivver know'd a chap as riz,
 By sitch owdashious meens;
 Essept a sojer, pussers-stoord,
 Or Bishop of Mayreens !

his
 JACK + JIB.
 mark.

* *Qy. Nautical Lyric.—Printer's Devil.*

THE CUTTER YACHT GONDOLA,

This yacht is property of W. H. Woodhouse, Esq; and was built by Messrs. Ratsey and Son ; her dimensions are;

				ft.	in,
Length for tonnage	-	-	-	63	3
Beam	-	-	-	17	8
Length on Deck	-	-	-	68	0
“ of Mast	-	-	-	63	6
“ Bowsprit	-	-	-	46	0
“ Boom	-	-	-	58	0
“ Gaff	-	-	-	36	0
“ Topmast	-	-	-	43	0
Hoist of Mainsail	-	-	-	44	0
Draught of water aft	-	-	-	10	8
“ forward	-	-	-	7	2

Height from waterline to top of bulwark, forward is 7ft.; aft 4ft. 6in.; from forepart of stem to mast is 26ft.; bowsprit outside stem is 33ft.

LECTURE ON YACHTING.—*By Commodore Berncastle.*

At the usual monthly conversazione of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club in October, Commodore Berncastle gave a very interesting lecture on the “Rise and Progress of Yachting, with its influence on the Naval Supremacy of this Empire.” The Commodore spoke for more than two hours, and his lecture seemed to afford the highest gratification to the members assembled, amongst whom we noticed several foreigners of distinction, including Monieur Dupont de Busac, late député de l’Isère and the associate of the illustrious Caviagnac. Each of our eighteen yacht clubs was passed in review, the date and other details of its foundation given, followed by a statistical summary of the aggregate number of men employed, and sums annually expended in wages, fitting out of yachts, with various other useful information likely to interest the aquatic world.* He also gave details of foreign yacht clubs, including the American, Russian, Dutch, and Belgian, which altogether present but a miniature force, as compared with that of the United Kingdom, which might well be called the “classic ground of yachting. He then gave a nov

* As a proof of the increased support the public at present gave to yachting he alluded to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, which in the short space of two years had attained the extraordinary number of 600 members, and 80 yacht ranging from 300 down to 3 tons; and again at Liverpool two new clubs had recently been formed with every prospect of success.

account of yachting in the eastern seas, from his own personal experience at Bombay, Singapore, Hong-kong, Macao, and Canton, in all of which places yachting appears to be carried on with the same spirit as at home. He instanced amongst other distinguished yachtsmen the names of Rajah Sir James Brooke, and the lamented Mr. Sheddon, to prove of what importance to science and to civilization this favourite English amusement might often be turned; the one having thrown open to British enterprise that *terra incognita*, Borneo, and almost suppressed piracy in the Eastern Archipelago; having civilized the savage Dyaks, turned their deadly *krisses* into ploughshares, and introduced the benefits of christianity where before his arrival the only ambition of the natives consisted in ornamenting their huts with the greatest number of heads they could possibly cut off from their neighbours. The other having circumnavigated the globe (no other yacht has ever done it) and gone in search of Sir John Franklin to the Arctic regions, when death put a stop to his glorious career in the prime of life, at Mazatlan, the 16th November, 1849.

The Hon. Erskine Murray was another instance of the enterprising spirit of private individuals. In his schooner, the *Young Queen*, he sailed in 1843 from Port Philip for Borneo, to enter into friendly relations with the sultan of Brune in his own capital, that might have led to the establishing of a British factory in the heart of that rich unexplored kingdom. He was without any notice fired upon from all the forts and chased down the river for two days, by a large fleet of Malay proas, sustaining a running fight against overpowering numbers with the most determined courage, when a cannon ball struck him dead, as he was in the act of loading a gun, whilst his vessel was actually in sight of the sea, and in another hour would have escaped from his dangerous pursuers.

Many other names equally celebrated had distinguished themselves in different parts of the world; and at home the yacht builders occupied the the highest position as naval architects, White of Cowes, having frequently been ordered by the Admiralty to build men-of-war, that had turned out to be of a most superior class, of which the "*Daring*" is a familiar instance.

In another department, Ackers had by his Code of Signals brought that intricate branch to the greatest perfection, and it had received the sanction of the Royal Navy. Time would not allow him to enter further in the list of distinguished yachtsmen, but the few names already mentioned would serve to illustrate well the utility of this truly English pastime.

Looking at our maritime position, he said, that nothing could so much tend to strengthen and to elevate it as a nautical spirit diffused by the medium of yacht clubs throughout the length and breadth of the land. It might almost be styled a *naval militia*, since the eighteen clubs contained 600 vessels, amounting to 25,000 tons, and carrying 3,000 men, with a proportionate number of guns, a force larger than the navies of most countries, with the exception of the first-rate powers. Such being the importance of the subject in a national point of view, he considered that he could with

justice say :—"That every man who devoted any time to yachting, devoted so much time to the service of the state."

The gallant Commodore sat down amidst tremendous cheering, and has been requested to give a repetition of his highly instructive and interesting lecture.

**A LECTURE ON THE ELEMENTS OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION,
AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE NATURE AND LAWS OF
ELASTIC AND NON-ELASTIC FLUIDS.—*Delivered by T. Ditch-
burn, Esq., on the 18th of November, at the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.***

It would seem in searching the records of the past, that some great natural convulsion had swept away every page of the history of mechanical science, and we find that historians have engaged themselves almost entirely in recording the rise, progress, and ruin of their race; language has been exhausted in lauding military glory, the desolating march of tyrants has been chronicled with effusion. The philosopher mourns the desolation, and the man of science is saddened as he looks at the almost universal blank. Whenever we attempt to penetrate the veil of obscurity, that hides from our view the works of ancient mechanics, we cannot but regret that some one amongst them did not for the sake of posterity, undertake to record the state of mechanical science. We know, however, that many learned men of old, deemed it a part of wisdom to conceal in mysticism discoveries in science: Plato was angry with all who "debased the excellence of geometry by applying it to sensible things."

Few of the principles of the theory of ships *now* remain uninvestigated; most of the properties have been examined, and the laws on which they depend pretty clearly explained and defined, either by the aid of mathematical demonstration, or by experimental induction. There are, however, some questions, which though solved in theory, yet depend on the results of *physical* experiments for perfecting their practical application.

The elements of naval construction, a term generally applied to the theory of ships, have been classed into two divisions; those which are dependant on the known laws of nature, and those, the solution of which involves laws but imperfectly developed.

The first division embraces by far the greater part of those principles on which the most essential properties of ships depend, and these are alone sufficient to insure the attainment of a certain and considerable degree of excellency in a ship, to give her a preponderance of any peculiar property, to discover the causes of any bad quality, and to obviate its tendency by an appropriate remedy.

The other division consists chiefly of such as are dependant on a knowledge of the nature and laws of elastic and non-elastic fluids; a subject which has hitherto baffled alike the researches of the mathematician and experimentalist.

But even these difficulties will be eventually overcome by the patient industry of the inductive philosopher.

The time has certainly not arrived when the naval architect can effect with precision, the synthetical composition of a perfect ship; but he can (as observed) by the aid of the principles already established produce one with a preponderance of good qualities.

Many have concluded that the *theory* of ships is perfected, forgetting that in every science a perfect theory is almost invariably the result of the perfection of the science, rather than that the perfection of the science results from the theory. "To argue against this principle, (says a talented writer on this subject,) "would be to retrograde from the nineteenth to the sixteenth century, and to assert that Bacon lived in vain."

The *form* of a ship need not necessarily remain imperfect because the curve of the solid of least resistance is unknown, since enough has resulted from the consideration of the nature of that solid to prove that, however it might be applicable to the navigation of smooth waters, the perfect solution of its form could only be desirable to the naval architect, as contributing to the theoretic perfection of the science, and would add but little to its practical utility in its application to vessels which have to encounter the terrific powers of the elements in open seas.

Indeed, it has been proved, that a ship built with a bow and form approximating to the said solid, so called, of least resistance, was unable to withstand the violence of the waves and heavy pitching motion.

The commercial world has had abundant proof, that theory without practical knowledge, is as a ship without her rudder,—a steam boiler without fuel.

The art of ship-building may be regarded as the legitimate offspring of natural science, hence comes the necessity of a knowledge of the laws governing fluids, and of solid bodies floating on fluids. It has been observed that to understand anything thoroughly we must descend to particulars, and that when we know what is right we are enabled to judge when we are near enough.

In connection with these truisms, I would make a few observations on the nature of water,—a fluid has been defined as a solid set in motion, but this is not correct, no more than electricity is the perspiration of the universe. Fluidity may be defined as that property in bodies which tends to the formation of globules, or drops; and this property is not found to exist in but one of the three states in which matter exists, that of the *solid*, *fluid*, and *gaseous*. The solid state may be reduced to powder and is found to possess no fluidity.

The globular particles of water, notwithstanding compression, will move in relation to each other with the smallest conceivable force; and by so yielding are easily moved amongst themselves, and give no sensible resistance to motion within their mass in any direction. I have used the term *globular particles*, I should have said *minute globular atoms*, for the inconceivable smallness of atoms is admitted on all sides, and no philosopher has yet been enabled to descend the scale of magnitude sufficiently far to determine the

size of the atoms of any substance whatever. Inconceivable *smallness*, as well as similarity of size and figure, seem absolutely indispensable to the present operations of nature. Take for instance the process of organization, the phenomena of light and vision, variation of temperature, and innumerable other processes.

A very able writer of the present day, maintains that all substances originated from one simple, elementary, self-moving, and eternal substance, and from this eternal substance all the elementary atoms of nature were formed, their difference of quality depending, not upon the difference of the original substance ; but upon that of their magnitude and form, and of their hardness, depending upon the intensity of the cohesion of their parts. "Thus," he says, "might the elements of light, heat, electricity, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and all other substances, be formed originally from one substance. These various atoms uniting by their own self-moving powers, according to prescribed laws, would form all the various compounds of nature with all their properties. For instance, a definite proportion of oxygen, uniting with a definite proportion of hydrogen, heat, light, &c., would form a *molecule of water*; and several molecules of water, united with a certain intensity of cohesion, would form a liquid ; and so with less heat the molecules crystalize and form a solid ; with a greater amount of heat they would exist in the form of vapour." We know that modern chemistry confirms this, and we know that all substances have been reduced to less than sixty kinds, termed *elementary*, only because our imperfect experiments have not succeeded in decomposing them. We have no reason to suppose that we have yet discovered even *one* elementary substance. If the process of decomposition were carried to its fullest extent, we should find, no doubt, that all ponderable substances, together with light, heat, and electricity, all originated from one elementary simple substance, possessing a self-moving force, with intelligence sufficient to govern it in all its infinite combinations and operations, producing all the immense variety of phenomena constantly taking place throughout universal nature.

But to return.—We know that water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen gas, and every one is aware that water ceases to exist as a fluid under a lower temperature than about twenty-eight degrees, and that *heat* increases its fluidity. The cause, as I have said, of the *fluidity of water*, is ascribed to the minute spherical form of its atoms and to heat; there can be no doubt that caloric is a great cause of fluidity.

It is a curious fact that the component parts of water, constitute the most combustile and explosive compound known, and at the freezing point, contain 140 degrees of latent heat. It is a good conductor of sound and free from friction.

This independant action of fluid bodies, (equilibrium) is a property which has perplexed the learned men of every age. The pressure of a fluid depends upon its depth, and the quantity. This at a first view appears absurd. It is the height or depth that produces the pressure and not the bulk. A few ounces of water may be made to lift, or support the greatest weight; a pipe

for instance of four inches diameter and 140 feet perpendicular height, would at the lower end or orifice, exert a pressure of 8,640-lbs., equal to the force of high pressure steam. Half-an-inch of water will float a ship; it is the height that produces the pressure and not the bulk, and that it has a pressure upwards as well as downwards we are all aware, if not, bore a hole through the bottom of your boat and the fluid will ascend with a pressure proportioned to the area of the hole.

I will now speak of the buoyant properties of the fluid. A body floating in a fluid is pressed upward by a force equal to the weight of the said body, no matter its shape. The specific gravity of the fluid will effect the displacement of the floating. A ship we know will draw less water in the Downs than at Blackwall; the denser the fluid the less the immersion, and *vice versa*.

That the upward pressure of water is in proportion to the depth, and that at ten feet deep it is ten times as great as at one foot deep, may be easily proved; thus,—suppose a log of wood twelve inches square, twenty feet long, sides parallel to each other, and place it on the water, where its specific gravity is half that of the water; it will sink six inches, because the quantity of the water displaced is equal to the entire weight of the log. Now the *sides* are at right angles, or *square* to the surface of the fluid, and as the pressure of the fluid is at right angles to the surfaces on which it acts, the sides of the log will be pressed together, but this pressure has no tendency whatever to raise or sink the log; it is entirely supported by the upward pressure under and against its lower side. Now, if we suppose, placed end downwards in a vertical position, it will sink till it has immersed itself half its length, (ten feet,) there being only one square foot of surface to be acted upon by the upward pressure of the water. In the first position it had twenty square feet of surface to be pressed upwards, but this was only at six inches below the surface; in the vertical position we have one *square foot at ten feet below* the surface, but the square foot at ten feet below the surface is twenty times as deep. In both these cases, the weight of the log and pressure of the fluid, balance each other, which proves that the pressure on one foot square at the depth of ten feet, is equal to the pressure on twenty square feet at the depth of six inches. This is always the case no matter the *form* immersed.

I have said that the pressure of the fluid on the perpendicular part of a ship's sides, or bottom, has no tendency to lift her; the whole structure, with cargo, &c., is entirely buoyed up by the vertical pressure of the water on those parts of the bottom which are more or less inclined from the perpendicular; this is an important fact. The force which this pressure exerts to bear up a vessel, I mean the vertical pressure on an inclined surface, is inversely as the angle of inclination of the surface from the horizontal position. For example, let *A, B, C, D, E*, be the side and bottom of a vessel; *F, G*, the water-line. Now the pressure is perpendicular to the surfaces upon which it acts; therefore on the bottom part *D, E*, it is the surface *D, E*, multiplied by the depth *E, G*; the direction of this pressure is represented

by the line H, I . The pressure on the part D, C , is the surface C, D , multiplied by the perpendicular depth of its centre of gravity below F, G . If L , be the centre of C, D , then L, M , is its depth. Now $C, D, \times L, M$, is represented by the line K, L ; and K, L , is perpendicular to C, D ; but K, L , is not lifting the vessel in a vertical direction, but is pushing in the direction K, L . But the force K, L , may be resolved into two forces, one pressing upwards, a, L ; the other horizontally, as b, L ; and the force K, L , is to that on a horizontal surface, as b, L , to a, L . In like manner the pressure of M, N , on the part B, C . Hence the vertical pressure on inclined parts of the bottom of a vessel, is as the surfaces of those parts multiplied by the depth of their centres of gravity, and by their angles of inclination from the perpendicular.

It is generally known, that all bodies lighter than water, *bulk for bulk*, will float; this is by some thought to be the effect of some secret law or unknown principle in fluids, but it is to be attributed to its being without friction. This property allows it to float with its whole weight in all directions.

Suppose a body to have sunk so as to displace a quantity of water equal to its own weight, it cannot be at rest unless the straight line which connects the centre of gravity of the body and the centre of pressure, be vertical to the surface of the water. The centre of pressure is the centre of gravity of the fluid displaced.

Let A, B, C, D , be the log of timber as before, sunk so far as to displace its own weight; C, G , its centre of gravity; C, D , its centre of immersion; now, as all bodies fall through their centres of gravity, the weight of the log is supposed to be concentrated in that point, and the body naturally endeavours to descend by its gravity in a line at right angles to the horizon, as in the line G, D ; but the upward pressure of the fluid on the lower end is sufficient to bear up the log, and its force is supposed to be concentrated in C, D , and tends to raise the log in the direction of D, G ; now, the weight of the log is downwards, the upwards pressure of the fluid is just equal to the weight of the log, therefore these two forces being equal and opposite to each other, destroy each other, and the log remains in equilibrio. Here we have a state of equilibrium of a very unstable kind, for it is obvious that the least touch would destroy it; the slightest force on the log above the water would incline it. Now, in this the weight and force act the same; it is obvious that it cannot remain in its present position, but will tumble over, and lie with its sides parallel to the water, when it will remain in a state of rest. Now, if we observe the position of the centre of immersion in this state, we shall find it vertical to that of gravity, as G, D . The body would descend through G, D , but is prevented by an equal force in the direction of D, G ; it therefore remains at rest and has now acquired a very considerable amount of stability. The state of the first is termed *unstable equilibrium*, the last state the equilibrium of stability.

It is also well known that squared, a log whose specific gravity does not exceed three-quarters that of water, will not float with either of its side parallel to the surface of the water. From what has been shown, a bulk of

three-quarters of the entire bulk of the log, will weigh as much as the log, hence only three-quarters of the log will be immersed. The log is a regular figure, the centre of gravity of the log is in the centre of its length, and the centre of motion is at the surface, the centre of effort is found to be at the centre of gravity; hence it is plain there is no stability while the log remains with one of its planes parallel to the surface of the water, and it will not rest until it obtains a position that will separate the centre of effort from the centre of absolute gravity at the farthest possible distance; and if this separation cannot be made, the log will have no stability; hence the reason why a log, as described, will assume a position, in which two of its corners form a vertical line. Thus it will be seen, that the right angles pressure from the exterior surface inward, is of a more elevated character, and raises the centre of effort above the centre of absolute gravity, in the same ratio that the proportion of breadth is increased over the draft of water. Assuming the log to have been twelve inches square, the draft of water was nine inches, while the breadth was twelve; but when the log was canted, the breadth was seventeen inches, while the draft of water was but eleven. In the former case the centre of cavity was one inch and a half below the centre of absolute gravity, while in the latter it was but one inch; thus it is plain that the stability of the log did not depend upon the depressed location of the centre of cavity; had this been the case the stability would have been the greatest when the surface of the log was parallel to the horizon, as it was then at the lowest possible point. Is it not plain that the direction of the exterior pressure is upward from the lower edge to the extreme corners? Hence it follows that the centre of effort has taken a more elevated position, and as in this position, the centre of effort has its highest possible location, so also the log in this position has its greatest stability. From this simple illustration, we may deduce this truth, that vessels having no more breadth than depth, have no stability.

CRUIZE OF THE ALBATROSS, (7 TONS,) ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Left Blackwall on Sunday the 17th of July, at daylight, bound for the Brighton Regatta: ran down to the Nore with a light air of wind, which freshened off Whitstable to a strong breeze, and we reached Margate at one p.m., with two reefs in the try-sail and storm-jib. Landed a passenger whose perpetual sea sickness interfered with the comfort of the crew.

Monday morning at 11 a.m., weighed from Margate Roads with two reefs, and a good deal of sea from the south-west. On opening the Foreland, sprung a leak, which caused us to put into Ramsgate Harbour.

Tuesday morning, laid her on the Hard to have the leak stopped; at 11 p.m., left the harbour, but the flood proving too strong for the light air of wind, obliged us to anchor outside until the ebb, when we sailed with a fair wind to the westward.

Wednesday morning, sighted Dover, the wind freshening suddenly. The Phantom, bound also to Brighton, passed us in the night and hailed us off the South Foreland. Reached Dungeness at noon, and anchored to leeward of the Roar Bank. Landed and saw a great number of hares, some of the crew indulging in the pleasures of the gun, for which there was plenty of work.

At 4 p.m., proceeded for Brighton; when off Farleigh, the wind still increasing, we sprung a dangerous leak, requiring hands to be kept constantly at the pumps, and fearing that we could not reach Brighton in safety, and in time for the regatta in which we were entered to sail, we bore up for the Downs, and anchored there for the night.

Thursday morning finding that the wind served for Calais without affecting the leak, which being then on the weather side had much abated, we reached that port in two hours and a half, and remained there until Friday afternoon when we sailed with a fair wind, and crossing the channel, made for the South Sand Head Light and Ramsgate Harbour. At night hailed a small yacht at anchor in the Downs, which proved to be the Pet, 8 tons, of Weymouth, Rev. E. Hughes, P.W.Y.C., celebrated in the *Yachting Magazine* for her voyage round England, in 1852.

Saturday at noon left Ramsgate with a light wind, and arrived at Gravesend at 4 a.m. the next morning, when we heard for the first time that the Brighton committee, expecting we were detained by the weather, had put our match off to Friday or Saturday, which had we known when we were in sight of Beechy Head, we might still have *made an effort* to be present at.

A.B.

THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THIS celebrated and popular club is progressing in numbers,—and such is the good feeling existing between the Metropolitanians, that the members are so amalgamated together the three clubs appear to be one; for whenever a meeting takes place at either, the heart is gladdened by the familiar faces of gentlemen who are members of the trio. And on the 17th November this was exemplified,—a strong muster of the real true blue sort of supporters of yachting attended at Willis's, St. James, according to annual custom, to celebrate the foundation of the club.

The Commodore, J. Goodson, Esq., (whose heart and soul seem devoted to yachting,) took the chair at half-past six, p.m., Messrs. Halfhide and W. Goodson acting as croupiers, when about 120 gentlemen sat down to dinner. After the cloth was removed, the Commodore rose to propose the first toast "The health of her Majesty the Queen," which was given from the chair with a suitably loyal speech, in which allusion was made to the manner in which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, had been encouraged by his royal parents in the fond attachment he had evinced from childhood for nautical affairs, and that there was no doubt

his being, in a few years more, a staunch supporter of yachting. The National Anthem was then sung in excellent style.

The Commodore next gave "Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." He spoke in the most eulogistic terms of the Prince Consort's conduct since he had become a resident in this country, it being such as had endeared him to the entire nation, and to dilate upon his many amiabilities, Mr. Goodson observed, would be, on his part, altogether unnecessary.

Glee—"Hail, Albert! Consort of our Queen!" admirably rendered.

The Chairman said it was an invariable rule in that society to give "The Army and Navy." There was no country on earth where that toast should be more enthusiastically drunk; and should war ever break out—which heaven forefend—the maritime and military powers would be found, as of old, able and willing to defend their country. In giving the toast, he took the opportunity of coupling with it the name of his gallant friend Captain Preston.

Captain Preston returned thanks. He said he gloried in belonging to that profession (the navy,) which had ever been the terror of their enemies and the bulwark of their empire. It was true they had good and dauntless soldiers, but if ever a necessity should arise, the occupiers of the "wooden walls" would be found asserting their superiority.

Duett—"The Army and Navy," by Messrs. Perren and Ransford.

The Commodore said there was a toast he should then propose which need but to be mentioned to insure a triumphant cheer; it was "Prosperity to the Royal London Yacht Club" [three times three.] He said that when he looked around him and saw the brilliant assemblage then collected, he could not but entertain feelings of the most pleasurable nature with regard to the club. But three short years since, and a room much smaller than the one they were then in, would have sufficed to hold all their members, whilst now, could they be all collected together, twice that space would not be sufficient. The fundamental principles of the club were good, and based on honesty, integrity of purpose, and a sincere and hearty desire for its welfare, and the longer it existed the more prosperous would it become. There were then waving over his head two ensigns presented to them from Lowestoft, a circumstance which showed the unanimity and good feeling which existed among yachtsmen all over the globe:

Song—"The Sailor's Journal," by Mr. Ransford. This song was encored after which

The Chairman passed a warm panegyric on the Corporation of London, and proposed the health of that body, coupling with it the name of Mr. Tress.

Mr. Tress expressed his acknowledgments, and assured the company that the corporation, like a certain nameless personage, were not as black as they were painted; the commercial interests of this great city had not been neglected, as was too frequently asserted, and it would be made apparent to the world 'ere long that they had been a much maligned community.

Glee—"You Gentlemen of England."

Mr. Scott Russell felt great pleasure in proposing a toast, which, although a very old member of yacht clubs, he almost doubted his right to the peculiar honour of so doing on the present occasion, being so young a member of the Royal London. The Royal London Yacht Club was a glorious example of what half a dozen honest Englishmen could do when they went to work shoulder to shoulder, and pulled together in the right direction, with stout hearts and honest minds. It was the amazement of foreigners that Englishment would commit themselves to the perils of the deep in such tiny craft as belonged to some of the yacht clubs. He once asked a Prime Minister of France why they had never instituted Joint Stock Companies in his country, to which he candidly replied, that the reason was, because they had no confidence in one another. But he was happy and proud to say that in England they had it in the fullest sense of the word, and no where did it exist more amply than among the members of that club. Their worthy Commodore (Mr. Goodson,) was a living example of it. That gentleman, by his untiring energy, had brought the club together, and kept them together. He (Mr. Russell,) had been lately at the Antwerp regatta, and had seen a gentleman then present (Mr. Cardinall,) carry off the gold cup with his schooner (The Aquiline.) He (Mr. Russell,) had promised to become a member of that club, and had done so, and should get a yacht purposely built. In conclusion, he gave "The health of their Commodore, James Goodson, Esq."

Song—"The Anchor's Weighed," by Mr. Perren.

Com. Goodson felt deeply grateful for the compliment paid him, and duly appreciated the kindness of his friends, but it was far beyond the extent of his rhetorical powers to return thanks in terms by any means adequate to the occasion. Mr. Scott Russell was a gentleman of gigantic mind and almost superhuman energy, and with an associate like him, such a word as "fail" could never be found in their vocabulary. He felt proud of the unanimity that existed among yachting clubs, and long did he hope it would continue.

Rear-Commodore Andrews, R.N., next gave "The health of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal Harwich, and other yacht clubs;" and in doing so, especially alluded to the usefulness and zeal evinced on all occasions by his friend the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, (A. Arcedeckne, Esq.) He spoke at some length on the national importance of such clubs, which was becoming more and more apparent every day, expatiated on the good done by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Benevolent Society, who he said had agents who were bound to feed and clothe any unfortunate who might be shipwrecked; and that would be some comfort even to the gentlemen then present, should any of them ever be placed in such an unhappy position. Finally, in speaking of the ruling powers of a club, he observed, "that having a good head was the surest means of securing sound members."

Glee—"The New Mariners."

A. Arcedeckne, Esq. in responding to the toast, said it was quite impossible for him to follow in the torrent of wit and fun which had flowed from the

lips of his facetious and eloquent friend, who would make a formidable rival even to T. P. Cooke himself. Yarmouth, Harwich, and Lowestoft, he said, had a "triumvirate" of yachting clubs unequalled even in the experienced recollection of that gentleman, usually designated as "the oldest inhabitant;" and if the London clubs would only join them, there would never be the slightest fear of their "sticking in the mud." He concluded a most humorous speech by alluding to the many very excellent qualities possessed by his Rear-Commodore, Mr. Cardinall, whose health he proposed.

Ballad—"Wapping Old Stairs," by Mr. Genge.

J. Cardinall, Esq., returned thanks, but in so low a tone of voice, that the greater part of his speech escaped us. He concluded, however, by assuring the company that it would give him much pleasure in seeing any or all of them down at Harwich, where they should be entertained "like the sons of Irish Kings."

The Chairman next gave "the Press," and expressed his warmest thanks on the part of the club, for the able and kind support they had invariably experienced from that powerful engine, and alluded in particular to *Bell's Life*, which he designated as the strenuous advocate of all manly exercises.

This toast having been briefly responded to—

Mr. Liddle proposed the health of their Rear-Commodore, Captain Andrews, R.N.

Song—"The sea is England's glory," by Mr. Ransford.

Captain Andrews, in reply, begged leave to assure the company that all his exertions for the success and prosperity of the club had been with him purely a "labour of love." The fact was, that their worthy Commodore was so vigilant and efficient an officer, that he had left little or nothing for him to do; but he might always depend upon his (Captain Andrews',) hearty co-operation in everything tending to promote the interest or augment the prosperity of the Royal London Yacht Club.

Mr. Biddle gave the health of the treasurer and other officers of the club.

Mr. Eagle (the treasurer,) returned thanks, and in alluding to their financial affairs, said that a considerable sum of money had already been invested, and that sum would be agreeably increased before long.

The Secretary's health was next proposed, and the glee "The bark before the gale" having been sung, Mr. Gregory returned thanks in a neat speech.

On the healths of the stewards being given—

Mr. William Goodson expressed his acknowledgments on the part of himself and brother stewards. He said, the kind and anxious support he had experienced was a stimulating incentive for them all to do their duty, were such an incentive necessary. But they were amply repaid for their trouble; he should only look round that room, and on that delightful assemblage, and exclaim, "Does not a meeting like this make amends" for all their anxiety.

A Glee—"King Canute," then followed, and

The health of the visitors, and several others, succeeded, and it was not until a late hour that the meeting broke up, after the enjoyment of a most social and agreeable "reunion."

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

THE second annual dinner of this flourishing club took place on Wednesday, the 9th of November, it being the anniversary of the Prince of Wales birthday, at the Freemason's Tavern, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Grand Banqueting Hall was specially decorated for the occasion with numerous naval devices, flags, union jacks, &c., tastefully arranged across and around the spacious room, in the centre of which were two beautiful models of Lord Londesborough's celebrated Mosquito, presented to the Club by one of its staunchest supporters, executed by the ingenious Farley, and of the Una, centre-board American yacht, presented to the Club by Lord Mountcharles. They were the objects of general and well merited admiration.

The presidential chair was surmounted with an elegant trophy, composed of the ensign, broad pennant, and burgee of the club, and under a glass shade directly opposite the chair was a statue of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the garb of "a true British sailor." The attendance of members was not so good as had been anticipated, the festivities at Guildhall, it being also Lord Mayor's Day, possessing superior attractions for some twenty or thirty of the club. A reserved seat on the right of the chair for an Indian rajah, invited by the commodore, was vacant from the same cause.

Amongst other distinguished foreigners we noticed Monsieur Dupont de Busac, late député de l' Iserè, à l'Assemblée Nationale de France. Nevertheless at seven o'clock about 100 gentlemen sat down to a very sumptuous repast, including all the delicacies of the season and wines of the choicest order. The chair was occupied by Commodore Berncastle, the vice-commodore and treasurer acting as *croupiers*. Messrs. Gordon and Chubb, honorary secretaries, sat at the immediate right and left of the chair. The festive assemblage was enlivened throughout by the strains of a band stationed on a dais at the extremity of the hall. After "the health of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family" had been given separately and received with every demonstration of loyalty,

The Commodore gave "Success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club," remarking that as there was "a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood led on to fortune," so was there a tide in the affairs of yachtsmen which taken at the flood had led on to prosperity, to honour, and to the most unexampled and brilliant success. To none could this apply so well as to the gentlemen he was at present addressing, who, in the short space of two years, had by their energy and perseverance raised the Prince of Wales Yacht Club to the proud position it had now attained, of one of the first clubs in the metropolis, with a force of 600 members, and a fleet of 80 sail, ranging from 300 tons down to the modest 3 tonner. The red burgee with the spotless plume, had become a favourite colour with yachtsmen in all parts of the world; it was carried from the banks of the Thames to the

white cliffs of Albion and the friendly shores of France ; it was carried on the waters of the Tagus, at the Mauritius, on the coast of Coromandel, and even at the Antipodes, their glorious colours were flying. How different had been the fate of other yacht clubs established within the last quarter of a century ; there had been the "Victoria," "Loyal" "Clarissa," "British," "Coronation," "Union," "Wharnccliffe," "The Sailing Society," and "Fitzhardinge fleet," but from some cause or other their existence was ephemeral, they had been effaced from the tablets of memory, they had disappeared,

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind."

Probably they did not possess, like yourselves, all the constituent elements so necessary to ensure *permanent success*, nor had they equally with you the *genius* of yachting, the perfect union and good feeling, the practical experience, the love of scientific improvement, of order, of discipline, the devotion to their colours, the ambition to raise in the highest possible degree the noble and national occupation of yachting in which you have so eminently distinguished yourselves. Do not think that your task is accomplished ; it has only just began ; like the tide of your own majestic river, you must never stand still. Although your graceful clippers are laid up, dismantled on the stagnant mud, your intellect must not remain dormant in the long season you have before you. Has it not been said ? "If man is the noblest work of the creator, the ship is the noblest work of man." Now then is the time for action ; for devising improved plans of construction upon new lines, altering and ameliorating those that are found defective. A wide field is open to you in the various branches of your art ; in sails, rigging, spars, ballast, berthing, signals, anchors, life-buoys, &c., &c. Several members now present had already rendered great service to the cause by the numerous improvements they had carried out in small yachts, increasing their accommodation and speed to a most extraordinary degree. With such men amongst them they could not fail to rise in public estimation, and by following their example, they would add new strength to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club. He observed that yachting was a truly national occupation with Englishmen, and tended materially to strengthen our naval supremacy, by imparting to civilians that nautical taste, which is the essential basis of a maritime nation ; it might almost be styled militia. To show the paramount influence of yachting, he stated that the eighteen royal yacht clubs, comprised 600 vessels, whose burthens amount to 25,000 tons, and were manned by 3,000 picked seamen ; the capital invested was £700,000, and the annual outlay exceeded £100,000 ; a force larger than any but the first powers of Europe, and that, therefore, it might be truly said, that any one devoting his time to yachting, devoted so much time to the service of the state. He concluded by giving the aforesaid toast, and sat down amidst great applause.

Mr. Tuckwell proposed the health of the commodore, whom he designated as a gentleman of great activity, energy, and integrity, a thorough sailor,

and who gave his orders with such urbanity, and in so pleasant a manner, that the officers and members felt it not only their duty to obey, but their happiness to support. (Three times three.)

The commodore returned thanks in his usual manner, and attended to his office, being no sinecure, but declared it to be with him "a labour of love," and as long as he was supported as he had been by the members he did not care about the work, as having accepted the responsibilities of office, he knew but one course, which was *to perform his duty*.

The club was favoured with some excellent songs from Messrs. Webber, Skillett, Gibbons, Messent, Ayckborne, Bassett, and others, alternating them with the toasts of the different officers, according to order of precedence.

Mr. Cooper proposed the health of Vice-commodore Knibbs, whom he designated as an honest man, an excellent fellow, a jovial companion, and a capital vice-commodore.

The vice-commodore returned thanks in an able manner, and said, that as long as he held the honourable position, he would perform the duties to the best of his ability, and would at all times promote the prosperity of the institution that was the object of their common care, and should always endeavour to merit their good wishes.

Mr. Bassett spoke in glowing and eulogistic terms of Mr. Turner, the respected treasurer, and gave his health.

The treasurer returned thanks, and humourously informed them that the financial state of affairs was most prosperous, that they had still many "a good shot in the locker," that the "sinews of war" were strong, and would be more so, no doubt.

The health of the honorary secretaries, Messrs. Gordon and Chubb, was given by Mr. Burr.

Mr. Gordon in acknowledgment said, that having been with the commodore, the original founder of the club in 1851, he would stand by it on all occasions: brevity being the soul of wit, he would conclude by hoping often to meet them on similar annual festivities.

Mr. Chubb in an eloquent speech returned thanks for the honour done to him.

The toasts of the sailing committee, the auditors, the stewards, the navy and army, the press, the Royal Thames and Royal London Yacht Clubs, the ladies, the visitors followed, and it was not until a late hour that the club separated, having spent a very social, delightful, and harmonious evening.

The Royal Yacht Squadron yacht Sylphide, Thomas Leyland, Esq., owner, Mr. Richard Mowll, master, arrived at Spithead on Monday morning, from Marseilles and Gibraltar. She sailed from the former port on the 9th ult., and the latter on the 31st. She spoke on the 8th of November, lat. 45° 15', long. 14° 10', the ship Harmony; on the 14th lat. 49° 40', long. 9° 50', the ship Seringapatam, on the 15th, lat. 48°, long. 8° 15'.

Our Editor's Locker.

FISHING PUNTS.

Portsmouth, October 28th, 1853.

SIR.—Would the author of "The Sailing Boat" add to the favour he has already conferred on the public by mentioning where and by whom a punt could be built upon the principles recommended by him in his amusing work, p.p. 97, 103. I have tried several species of boats for such purposes, but I imagine that something is yet to be achieved, which his suggestions may materially aid in effecting.

I am, &c. W. J. D.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

[Farley of Fleet Street is making a model which when completed we shall be in a position to satisfy our correspondent.—ED.]

ADVERTISEMENT OF YACHTS.

Weymouth, November, 1853.

SIR.—I continue to take your magazine, and wish it success. I see by your November number that a former letter of mine has not been forgotten; thanks for this. I never observe in it advertisements of yachts for sale. I am desirous of purchasing a small vessel of 10 tons, new, and of character, but consider it imprudent to advertise wants, or would do so, besides, the advertisements of several vendors would tend more to promote the wish I have expressed above than the solitary advertisement of one purchaser.

I am, &c. EAU-DOUCE.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

ALARM v AURORA BOREALIS.

Cowes, November 20th, 1853.

SIR.—I admit it is rather late to notice the above match but I think it is an act of justice to the owner of the Alarm, to record the actual facts concerning it:—

Any one reading the account in your October number would naturally suppose that it was a *very hard contended match*, and when there was the most wind, the Aurora had the best of it. There was no mention of an additional sail, the Aurora carried most all the way round; a most powerful sail in light winds, which the Alarm did not carry. I can only compare the account you inserted to a grand match at billiards, in which one party beat the other *two in twenty-four*, but nothing is said about the winning party giving the other *six* at starting, which being unknown to the public appears a very hard match.

The account says "In the run from the Noman to the Nab, the Swede shortened her distance," but leaves out setting a top-stay-sail: then again "Off St.

Catherines point, the Alarm was about a quarter of a mile ahead of the Aurora Borealis, and catching a puff off the land, she ran away from the Swede, leaving her about three miles astern before the breeze could befriend her. The wind having at last overtaken the Swede, she soon made up for the loss she had sustained, and eventually, she passed her opponent off the Needles." Now, any one would conclude from this, that as soon as the Aurora Borealis, got into a good breeze, she could pass the Alarm, and consequently must sail *much faster* than the Alarm, even to have caught her, set aside the passing, for it should be remembered the Alarm was *three miles ahead*.

The real facts of this is, the Alarm ran into a calm and the Aurora brought up the breeze till they got close together, when they both merely drifted, and the Aurora *did not pass* until the Alarm, let go her kedges. The account also states "that the Aurora was not prepared to let go the anchor, but got it ready, and before this was accomplished, the ebb tide had drifted her a mile to leeward." Nothing could be more absurd, she must have drifted at the rate of twelve miles an hour, during the time; but this answered the purpose of making all believe her wonderfully fast.

Now, as you have shown a strong desire to do what you deem justice to the foreigner, I venture to request your equal partiality in favor of the Britishers, and by inserting the account enclosed, which appeared in *Bell's Life* the 11th of September last, all parties must be satisfied with your readiness to make your magazine a valuable repository and a useful book of reference.

Before closing this letter allow me to state that the Alarm challenged the new American wonder, the Sylvie. Now, sir, your magazine is I know in circulation in the United States, and as you stated at page 281, her owner L. Depau, Esq; was willing to test her sailing qualities with anything in Europe,* but Mr. Depau objected to the challenge unless the Alarm reduced her canvas, and he was allowed to carry what he pleased, which I contend was tantamount to a refusal. The offer of the Alarm was to sail four different courses, for £50 each: viz:—before the wind, against the wind, wind before the beam, and, wind abaft the beam.†

I am, &c.,

A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

"A correspondent states that the following will be found a correct account of the match between the schooner Alarm, Joseph Weld, Esq., and the Aurora Borealis, Captain Beckman. This was a sweepstakes of £50 each, open to all schooners of any nation or tonnage. As there were no other schooners entered besides the Alarm and Aurora Borealis, the owners drew for stations, which fell to the lot of the Aurora Borealis to have the weathermost, and it was agreed upon to start under their fore-staysail alone. On Tuesday, August the 23rd, there was considered by the sailing committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to be a sufficient breeze, with the expectation of more, to try the rate of sailing of the two fine schooners of both nations. The yachts thereupon repaired to their respective stations, abreast of each other in Cowes Roads, the Aurora

* So the United States papers stated.—ED.

† We should esteem it a favor if one of our readers would state precisely the particulars of Mr. Depau's refusal.—ED.

Borealis being a short distance to windward of the Alarm. At 10h. 55m. the preparatory gun was fired from the Squadron House, and at 11h. precisely another gun announced the hour of their departure. The course was to the eastward, thence passing outside of the Noman's Buoy, and the Nab Light Vessel round the Isle of Wight. The yachts started with a moderate breeze from the north-east, heads to the westward, and a strong flood tide. The moment the gun was fired they got up all sail, and tacked to the eastward, and from the situation of the wind kept their reach on the port tack towards Old Castle Point, and having reached the White Buoy, they both immediately went about and stood on the opposite tack to gain an offing, Alarm drawing on the Swede fast. Having reached over towards the other shore, they again went about, the Alarm still under the lee bow of the Swede, but now having the wind clear of her, she soon brought the Swede in her wake, and fetched round the Noman's Buoy 1½m. before her. They then ran to the Nab Light with flowing sheets, the Swede getting up a main-top-stay-sail, a most powerful sail in light winds, and which Alarm has not got. On rounding the Nab Lightship, the wind became right aft, and fell away almost to a calm. The Alarm, off St. Catherine's, was about half a mile ahead, and then, catching a breeze, increased it to about three miles, but in drawing on towards the Needles, she run into a calm, and there remained till the Aurora Borealis brought up the breeze; they then drove round the rocks, and so near were the vessels to one another that each apprehended going foul. The Aurora Borealis shot out into the stream, the Alarm dropped her kedge anchor, whereas the ebb tide carried the Swede out. The movement was observed from the Swede, but she was not prepared for this. Eventually they got their anchor ready, and also brought up. As soon as this was observed by those in the Alarm, they instantly weighed the kedge and proceeded onward. The Swede was then about one quarter-of-a-mile astern of her. The Alarm was soon underway, with a light breeze from the southward. The Swede was soon after her, but the Alarm being stopped with the tide in getting in at the Needles, the Swede got up again near her, but whenever she came into the same wind and tide, she always dropped astern, and arrived at the goal of decision two minutes astern of Alarm, making one of the most interesting matches of the season.—*Bell's Life.*"

Ireland, November 21st, 1853.

Sir.—Will some one of your subscribers oblige by answering the following question,—What draught of water would be sufficient to enable a yacht of 25 tons (not intended for match sailing, but merely pleasure cruising) to turn well to windward. There are various opinions on the subject, so your attention thereto is requested by,

Your's faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

Messrs. Ratsey and Sons are building a fine Schooner of 130 tons for John Naylor, Esq., which is to be called the Hornet.

EXEOTHEIS.

"Sir knight forbear, though it grieve me sair,
And heavy my heart will be ;
Go spread thy sail to the southern gale,
And tarry no more with me. "

Sir Harold heard—nor a sigh nor a word
In sorrow or wrath uttered he,
But he went his way, and his heart that day,
Was heavy as heart might be.

And away—and away—through the drift and the spray,
And far o'er the desolate sea ;
And the cry of the blast, as it hurried past,
Was—" tarry no more with me."

Loud laughed the crew, for the south wind blew,
And their galley away flew she;
And Sir Harold quaffed and he bitterly laughed.
" I'll tarry no more with thee."

And the winds fell asleep in the caverns deep,
Where the sons of old Auster dwell,
And the sea was at rest, her billowy breast
So drowsily rose and fell.

'Tis sweet at eve to listen
To the soft wind's melodie ;
And to watch the pale stars glisten
In the silvery shining sea.

But the sun went down with an angry frown,
And all hearts did quake for fear,
Of a distant roar, like a rocky shore,
But never a shore was near.

And Sir Harold slept ; but soon he leap't
Aloft with a shout and a cry,
" Yon gathering roar is no rocky shore,
But the Maelstrom raging high. "

And it roared and it whirled, and the sea demons hurled
Their horrid arms high in the air;
And a plunge and a dash, and a sickening crash
And a long last shriek of despair.

And it roared and it whirled, and the billows hurled
Their gaunt arms far o'er the sea,
And a voice from the gloom of the deep sea tomb,
" I'll tarry no more with thee."

A. V.

MR. CLARKSON'S PATENT LIFE BOAT.

THE life-boat on Mr. Clarkson's patent principle ordered by the Dover Royal Humane and Shipwreck Institution, has arrived here. The boat is constructed of a combination of cork, canvas, and wood, alternately laid and adhered by marine glue; and, while it is susceptible of great compression, is still invulnerable to the heaviest shocks to which it is possible for it to be exposed. The boat is 28ft. long, 7ft. 6in. wide, and 2ft. 7in. deep. She is fitted with a long straight bottom; and the construction of the bow and stern provides great internal room, and have round tops, which give greater facility for her to right in case of upsetting, and a surer footing for persons rescued from wrecks. The boat was launched in the bay, and tested in the presence of a great number of the committee of the Royal Humane Society. The crew expressed the greatest confidence in her, and a very general admiration was evinced by the group of sailors, coast-guards, and others who were congregated on the shore. Mr. Clarkson gave some additional experiments with his captain's gig, a smaller boat, but made of similar material and on the same principle as the life-boat. The boat was pitched off the pier into the sea by several men, but she instantaneously righted and relieved herself of water. Several tests were then tried upon her, and among others she was turned over keel upwards. This was not effected without difficulty. She turned into the proper position immediately, successfully demonstrating in this particular the efficacy of the principle which the patentee has adopted. Several comparative tests were made upon the boats ordinarily used, but were of course failures. It is to be feared that Mr. Clarkson's invention is not so well appreciated as it might be, for although he holds the highest testimonials in its favour, including a report by the Lords of the Admiralty, neither his material nor his boat have come so generally into use as they ought to have done.—*Dover Chronicle*.

THE NEW LAW ON PILOTAGE AND THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

By the 16th and 17th Victoria, chap. 129, all pilots are under the authority and control of the Trinity-house, whether they are Trinity-house pilots or Cinque Port pilots. A union is effected, as it was expedient, according to the preamble, that the right of piloting ships outwards from the port of London, and the right of piloting ships inwards to the same port, should be vested in one body of pilots, and that such pilots should be subjected to uniform authority and control. The amendment of the laws relating to merchant shipping is declared by the act 16th and 17th Victoria, chap. 131, which was passed on the 20th of August. The object of this act is to regulate the marine fund, and to make alterations in the merchant service. There is a clause to the effect that any ship unduly assuming the British character may be seized, and, if the assumption is established, confiscated. It is declared to be expedient to prevent the undue assumption of the British flag and national character. Both these acts came into operation on the 1st inst., and are to be carried out by regulations, &c.

THE NEW SPORTING YACHT "RIFLEMAN."

THIS graceful craft has lately been built at the ship-yard of Mr. Madams, at Whitstable, for that distinguished sportsman, William Lantour, Esq., Udale House, Ross-shire. The Rifleman is a yacht of 25 tons O. M.; length over all, 40ft.; beam, 13ft.; mast, 64ft.; boom, 38ft.; gaff, 14ft.; bowsprit, without stem, 10ft. Being intended more immediately for wild-fowl shooting on the northern shallows and rivers, her draught of water not exceeding three feet and a half; so that her build, though much after the plan of the America, is not, perhaps, exactly the best adapted for fast sailing. Nevertheless, the Rifleman is judiciously provided with a most important auxiliary to a vessel of her description, the American centre-board in the keel, which, when required for deep water sailing, can be lowered to the depth of five feet, and be wound up again at pleasure. Of Kentish oak of unusual strength, copper fastened, and sheathed with Muntz metals, with comfortable cabins and other conveniences, with eight tons of cast-iron ballast, patent blocks, galvanized chain cables, &c., this unique specimen of naval architecture, is withal corky and elegant in appearance—reflecting great credit on both the projector and the builder. Her sails, which are also after the American fashion—jib and foresail in one—were furnished by Graves, sailmaker of Whitstable; and in point of shape, make, and quality, leave nothing to desire.—*The Illustrated London News.*

LIEUTENANT FIFE, OF NEWCASTLE.

A most important work has been undertaken by Lieutenant Fife, of Newcastle, viz :—"The formation of an artificial river from the Indus to a dry channel called the Eastern Narra. It was discovered that, many years ago, after an extraordinary flood in the Indus, when some water escaped across the plain into the Narra, a considerable revenue was obtained from a part of the country which had ever since laid waste. A survey consequent on this discovery was commenced. The result of this survey showed the dry channel had a course of nearly 300 miles to Luckpot on the coast. That for a great part of its course it meanders over a plain of beautiful soil, and that a supply of water from the Indus could be easily turned into it sufficient for both cultivation and navigation, for some five lakhs of rupees. By means of this splendid work a desert waste will be converted into a garden, and a fresh line of communication opened for the traffic of the Indus.—*Bombay Times.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If a WOULD-BE-SAILOR will forward the work to us (postpaid) we shall be enabled to rectify the error—for it is evident there is one somewhere—it shall be returned free.

Mr. Ditchburne will deliver a second lecture at the Prince of Wales Yacht Club on Thursday the 15th of December.

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